

# The Light Of the Face

*by* Jerry Ratch

We all have our place  
But it's always there, isn't it  
Streaming throughout our lives  
The light of the face  
Where most of the soul comes to rest

We see it best when the hard wind blows  
Cause in the course of events  
The wind will know our names  
Even the wind will know our names

The singer and the beggar choose life  
The mice in the storm choose life  
The men in their boats  
The plum and the fig choose life  
So, why shouldn't I?  
Yeah, why shouldn't I?

