

The Certainty Of Miracles

Words and Music: Pat Drummond.

For Judy Howell.

Date line: Port Fairy Folk Festival, Port Fairy, Victoria.

A song of hope and a work song for songwriters. About time we got a mention!

She came to Cradle Mountain with a pocketful of dreams,
looking for a miracle; hoping for a miracle.

Bore the first of her six children when she was in her teens.

She thought it was a miracle; and, Lord, it was a miracle.

She made a home and she made a life
as someone else's mother; someone else's wife.

Chorus; But the days are coming, she whispered to herself.

The days are coming; I'll do something for myself."

She said "I might be what I might be.

If you could hear the songs I hear inside of me!"

We might believe what she believes. In the certainty of miracles.

She lost her youth to her husband's farm and a finger chopping wood,
waiting for the miracle, watching for the miracle.

She wrote her songs alone at night, some weren't very good
but some of them were miracles; sounded just like miracles.

She raised her children under southern skies
while the music ran within her like a river through a life.

Chorus:

I guess we grow a little cynical of things like miracles as we get old.

All these broken prayers and promises seem to get the best of us.

The greatest miracle of all is that we still have hope.

She came dancing through the music at a festival of chords.

Talk about a miracle; smiling like a miracle.

Her song was on the singers lips; a chance in the Awards.

It seemed just like a miracle. Perhaps it was miracle.

And despite my dark and my cynical side,

I felt the flicker of flame in me I thought had almost died.

Chorus; "The days are coming," I whispered to myself. "The days are coming

though we all need a little help; we might be what we might be.

If we could feed the flame of hope that warms our dreams!

We might believe what she believes. In the certainty of miracles! "