There’s a place
There’s a place
A place where the sweet winds blow
Where the bright streams sing
And a hawk takes wing
And the green woods, they still grow.

There’s a world
There’s a world
Where everything’s connected deep inside
The bobcat and the bear
The eagle and the hare
From the mountain to the endless, rolling tide.

And maybe we belong there, too
Maybe it’s not far away at all
Maybe it’s as near as a wild thing in our hand
A broken wing, a broken spirit that we mend.

There’s a dream
There’s a dream
That calls us from the vast and jeweled night
Down a dim and misty trail
Through forest, field, and vale
That leads us to the sunrise and the light.

And there’s a door
There’s a door
To a hidden world of mystery and grace
And wildness holds the key
That’s there for you and me
To find life and be a part of its embrace.

And maybe we belong there, too
Maybe we’re not far away at all
Maybe we’re as near as a wild thing in our hand
A broken leg, a broken spirit that we mend.

Hooves upon the prairie, wings upon the air
A great and living circle, a holy place we share
A flash upon the water, a rustling in the wood
And an ancient voice that whispers, “It is good…”

And, there’s a time
There’s a time
To hold with what we know is right and true
That every life is real
And we either hurt or heal
And we choose just who we are by what we do.

And maybe we belong here now
Maybe we’re not far away at all
Maybe we’re as near
As a wild thing in our hand
A broken limb, a broken spirit that we mend.

And maybe we belong there, too
Maybe we’re not far away at all
Maybe we’re as near as a wild thing in our hand
A broken wing, a broken spirit that we mend.

Our own wings
Our own spirit
That we mend.