

## The Wheat Field

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In the October light I adjust to the shadows  
I brace for the winter with flannel and flame  
When the afternoon sun's like a ripe golden apple  
I walk by the wheat field and whisper his name

In the cinnamon mornings I wake with a chill  
From a frost thinly tracing the shutters and eaves  
Through the fog in the valley I follow the path  
Of a wind from the north through the last autumn leaves

(chorus)

Till the truth can be written in stone  
I will keep all I know to myself  
What I've done—where I've been  
In clouds rimmed with crimson the message is clear  
I can never return through the wheat field again

In the glow of the sunset the river runs red  
Where the secret is kept at the edge of the field  
Near the path by the willow the answers will stay  
Buried deep in the past till the wounds can be healed

(chorus)

There was fire and steel in the thunder and fury  
When out of the smoke came a face that I knew  
As he fired at my gray coat I fell at the feet of my brother  
And clung to his collar of blue

In the October night I retreat to the shadows  
I pray for release—I atone for the shame  
When the late harvest moon's like a ripe autumn pumpkin  
I walk by the wheat field and whisper his name