

Dark Corners

You can know your heart—
you can know your mind—
know yourself as wise and kind,
and still be shocked by the things you find
in dark corners.

You can know your husband—
you can know your wife—
know somebody for all your life,
and still never know the things they hide
in dark corners . . .

. . . where the rattling bones
mark the danger zones—
dark corners—
we've all got 'em.

You can know your neighbor—
you can know your street—
know the cop who guards your beat,
and still be frightened of things you meet
on dark corners.

You can know the state—
you can know the church—
know how it all is supposed to work,
but even our leaders have things that lurk
in dark corners . . .

. . . where the rattling bones
mark the danger zones—
dark corners—
we've all got 'em.

Behind some genteel Southern manners
there's a monster on the move.
And its kind runs rampant around the world—
fearing only love and truth they hide
in dark corners . . .

. . . where the rattling bones
mark the danger zones—
dark corners—
we've all got 'em.

Words & music by Michael Cody, Steve Grossman, Mark H. Chesshir, Gene Ford
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