

Quiet Place
Words and music by Tom Savre © 2000

There's a quiet place way up north – down an old forgotten blacktop road
That dips and winds - twists and climbs
 Makes its way through birch and pine - along the ridge over that rocky shore
Endless waves of lazy summer clouds are drifting high across the blue
There's no other place I'd rather be when this lovely summer day is through

 I'll be standing in awe watching the sun drop down behind the distant trees
 Walk back through the woods to the cabin lights so warm and bright and welcoming
 Lie in bed and listen to a barred owl calling - old wooden boats rocking on the waves
 Windows open to a gentle breeze and the songs of the loons out on the lake

(Short instrumental break)

Wake up early on a sunny morning – got so many options to explore
Ovenbird and winter wren - mourning warbler - all my friends - singing right outside the cabin door
Love these blissful days when time stands still – there's so much I want to do
There's no other place I'd rather be when this lovely summer day is through

 Running out through a field full of fireflies – playing kick the can - ghost in the graveyard
 Fall back in the grass under a summer sky trying to find another shooting star
 It's so clear you can see the moons of Jupiter tonight
 Cassiopeia - shimmering Pleiades – soft glow of the northern lights

(Instrumental break)

There's a little orange mushroom on a moss covered log
Pitcher plant and sundew growing in dark enchanted sphagnum bog
Yellow ladies slippers blooming under tamarack and spruce
There's no place I'd rather be when this lovely summer day is through

 Sitting out by the fire with old friends sharing another year of history
 Let the bright coals inspire a warm debate over life's deepest mysteries
 Summer's coming to an end – there's a chill in the air – it won't be long
 Someone's strumming a folk guitar trying to play this old familiar tune

(Instrumental break)

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