

NO ONE IN PARTICULAR

Written by Patty Francis

I walk outside at night, with the moon on the rise,
Sometimes I feel such strength beaming down from the skies,
I lift my head up high, and after closing my eyes,
I say thank you to no one in particular.

I'm a lucky one, I've known much kindness and grace,
So many helping hands that led me from place to place,
And when my time is through, I'll summon up every face,
And say thank you to no one in particular.

Some may not understand, they question what I do,
If I don't have a name for what I'm talking to,
Think it's a waste of time, when those words leave my tongue,
But if no one ever hears this song, it's still being sung.

It's an act of faith, made in full solitude,
It's the kind of thing that could be easily misconstrued,
And it's not a prayer, but it's profound gratitude,
When I say thank you to no one in particular.

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And if no one hears this song, well it's still being sung,
Another way of thanking no one in particular.