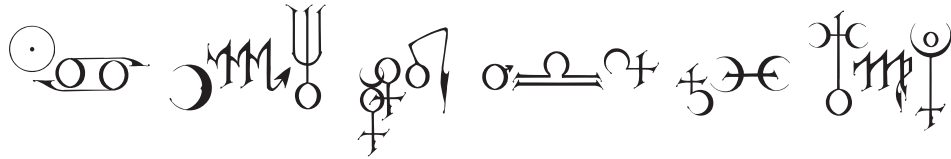


L * * * * *



You ask of Heaven, "Has a harp been stolen?"
Summer style, voice pure golden –
Just one listen when she's on stage,
Makes you feel you're in another age.

Maybe more its her sisterly presence,
Some might say its her business sense essence –
Her power to dream and make things real,
Honest and true, yet aware of the deal.

If you want to know, if the truth were out,
Turning her key's what she's really about –
The whole wide world locked out of love,
And she a Savior in eyes from above.

Who else bring such warmth and grace,
Return to mind eternal trace,
In words as clear as can be spoken –
She's come back home to fix what's broken.