

You were born in the shade  
Beautiful and pale  
Your dad was always away...  
You gave birth in July  
Since then my baby and I  
Well we hide away...

Sorrys, 7 years of sorrys  
I was trying to catch your eyes  
rolling, than to the river  
you were caught in  
I saw you flowing  
and couldn't swim back...

Well, now your silent spirit  
It was too cold and shaking  
Thought he saw you waiving  
I guess he wasn't ready  
To be raised by someone unhappy  
I took all the pain for him

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