

Son of a Widow

mewithoutYou

I'll ring Your doorbell
Until You let me in...
And I can no longer tell
Where "You" end and "I" begin.

Grape on the vine, grape on the vine,
We've been alone a long time.
Grape on the vine... why not be crushed to make wine?

Pay no attention to me
Dancing with my girl...
With every intention to be failures in this world.

Grape on the vine, grape on the vine,
We've been alone a long time.
Grape on the vine... why not be crushed to make wine?

Six of my closest friends
Will dig up the ground...
All my accomplishments
Gently lowered down.

Grape on the vine, grape on the vine,
We've been alone a long time.
Grape on the vine... all is the same to the souls of those so much resigned.
Grape on the vine, grape on the vine,
We've been alone a long time.
Grape on the vine, grape on the vine...

The Son of the widow
You raised from the dead...
Where did His soul go
When He died again?