

I Am Stretched Out On Your Grave

Charlotte Martin

I am stretched on your grave
And I'll lie here forever
With your hands in mine
I'd be sure we'd not sever

My apple tree, my brightness
It's time we were together
For I smell of the earth
And am worn by the weather

When my family thinks
That I'm safely in bed
From night until morning
I am stretched at your head

Calling out to the earth
With tears hot and wild
For the loss of the girl
That I loved as a child

The priests and the friars
Approach me in dread
Because I still love you
My love, and you're dead

I'll still be your shelter
Through rain and through storm
And with you in your cold grave
I cannot sleep warm

I am stretched on your grave
And I lie here forever
If your hand's in mine
I'd be sure we'd not sever

My apple tree, my brightness
It's time we were together
For I smell of the earth
And am worn by the weather

She's alive, I see her coming
She's alive, I see her running
She's alive, I see her coming
She's alive

She's alive, I see her coming
She's alive, I see her running
She's alive, I see her coming
She's alive

She's alive, I see her coming
She's alive, I see her running
She's alive, I see her coming
She's alive

She's alive, I see her coming
She's alive, I see her running

She's alive, I see her coming
She's alive

Don't you forget to look up
Don't you forget to look up
Don't you forget to look up
Don't you forget to look up