

# 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