

They danced like sirens,
Hoping the sun would come out again,
And I was born in the fog of that day,
Could they hear a babe, under all that faith,
Or have they forgot what it was they made?

Crawled out of the fog, found a river,
Found a log and floated away,
Didn't think I'd be coming back this way.
But my feet resolute, found their root,
And brought me back to its place.

And on the hill where I was born,
There is a rose without a thorn,
They cut it off each year and give it away.

But can they hear a babe, after all these days,
Or have they forgot what it was that they made?

So left to wander blind,
I Find myself in cautious times, and they say,
Love's labors never lost,
But labor on to this very day.

So I walk into the fog,
Find a babe atop a log, and all alone,
Took him under, took him on,
Taught him everything about the world I've come to know.

He blames me for every wrong ever he made,
I'm blamed for every wrong ever he made,
Forgive me I am only a maid,
Forgive me I am only a maid.

But I can still see a babe,
Under all that blame,
But I am forgot from the day I am laid.