

## Far Away

Martha Wainwright

Far away  
In some lovely way I hear your call  
Whatever happened to them all?  
Whatever happened to us all?

I know that we've never met before  
But that was then, and now I need you more  
Is someone here keeping the score?  
Is there only dying at your door?  
Taking me down off this cross  
Lay me down, down, down in the dust  
Whoa, love, take my hand across the crowd  
I have been digging underground  
What'er remains is yet to be found  
I have no children  
I have no husband  
I have no reason  
To be alive  
Oh, give me one

Green grass blades are all on fire  
I own the crack that's in the wind  
From your window I see bars & the birds  
They sing & they sing & they sing & they sing  
And the dogs  
They bark & they bark & they bark & they bark & they bark  
Ah

Whatever happened to them all?  
Whatever happened to us all?

Annie had two young baby boys  
And Jimi went crazy, crazy, crazy late last fall  
Ah