

Touch

Morning Glory

Mother Mary came to me
Weary for reprieve
She asked me to be merciful
And make my request brief
I saw the tracks upon her veins
The stains upon her sleeves
I saw the bruises on her arms
Then I know her disease

When I'm touched by the affliction
When I'm touched by the disease
When I'm touched by the obsession
And the pain becomes too much

Won't you come descend your perch
And fix me with a touch

“Confess to you I will,” she said
“If you would hear me please
I'm forsaken by my only son
And damaged on my knees
Unwanted by heaven or earth
I wander I'll at ease
I can not stop
I need your help
Won't someone wash my feet?
Comfort me this moment, son
So I might be released”

When you're touched by the affliction
When you're touched by the disease
When you're touched by the addiction
And the world becomes too much
Well won't you come descend your perch
And send me home with a touch
[For a lost friend]