

# 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]