

Mary

Sarah McLachlan

Mary walks
down to the water's edge
and there she hangs her head
to find herself faded
a shadow of what she once was
She said "How long have I been sleeping
and why do I feel so old
why do I feel so cold
my heart is saying one thing but my body won't let go"
With trembling hands she reaches up
a stranger's flesh is offered
and I would be the last to know
I would be the last the let it show
I would be the last to go
Take her hand
she will lead you through the fire
give you back hope
and hope that you won't take too much
respecting what is left
she cradled us
she held us in her arms
unselfish in her suffering she could not understand
that no one seemed to have the time
to cherish what was given
and I would be the last to know
and I would be the last to let it show
I would be the last to go...
Mary walks...