

All Blues Hail Mary

Tom Jones

From the mountain comes a soul
And the stones grow up like trees
From the mountain comes a soul
And the stones grow up like trees

All blues hail Mary with her roses
But you're their masterpiece

Cut away each blade of grass
Our feet cannot tramp down
The limb of every hanging tree
That time's left hanging round

All blues sing that love is light not glory
And a story, not a crown

I won't be death's sad trophy now
While I still lie awake
I won't be death's sad trophy now
While I still lie awake
All the blues sing of love and death and you
As chances yet to take

How dark this bit of light so late
That falls across your breast
How dark this bit of light so late
That falls across your breast

All blues and the grace by God and the
I will have to
I will have to learn the rest