

I Am Stretched On Your Grave

Sinéad O'connor

I am stretched on your grave
and will lie there forever
if your hands were in mine
I'd be sure we'd not sever
my apple tree my brightness
it's time we were together
for I smell of the earth
and am worn by the weather

When my family thinks
that I'm safe in my bed
from night until morning
I am streteched at your head
calling out to the air
with tears hot and wild
my grief for the girl
that I loved as a child

Do you remember
the night we were lost
in the shade of the blackthorn
and the chill of the frost
thanks be to Jesus
we did what was right
and your maiden head still
is your pillar of light

The priests and the friars
approach me in dread
because I still love you
my love and you're dead
I still would be your shelter
through rain and through storm
and with you in your cold grave
I cannot sleep warm

So I'm stretched on your grave
and will lie there forever
if you hands were in mine
I'd be sure we'd not sever
my apple tree my brightness
it's time we were together
for I smell of the earth
and am worn by the weather.