

She

Harry Connick, Jr.

Lay a hand
Upon the water
Well within, well within

Wash away
To fair morrow
Ride ahead, ride ahead

Make your mark
Upon the rock
For another one

Ashes tell tales
Fire gives faith
Burn it up burn it up
Burn it up burn it up

She would waste not, not in struggle
No other shall there ever be
And what she is to love, listen oh my brother
Is as the wind to mercury

Don't you pray
Of a heartless town
Or you'll be forced to flee

Don't you live
In a soulless city
Or you'll have to leave

You don't need
No place of birth
Hither to come home

Many a night
Were you ready for your bed
But your bed not ready for you

She would give of herself
And ask not return or eternity
And what she'd offer, listen oh my brother
Is as the wind to mercury

And she'd hold not, of another man
No other shall there ever be
And whom she would hold
Listen oh my brother
Is as the wind to mercury