

# 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 to 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...