

Blake's View

M. Ward

Death is just a door, Blake said it first
It's just another room we enter
It's a threshold that hurts Birth is just a chorus, death is just a verse
In the great song of spring that the mockingbirds sing
We come and we go, a-weeping and a-wailing
Our heads in the hands of the nurse Well, put your head on my shoulder, baby, tell me where it hurts
You say you lost your one and only, could it get any worse?
I said, "Death is just a door, you'll be reunited on the other side" Birth is just a chorus, death is just a verse
In the great song of spring that the mockingbirds sing
We come and we go, a-weeping and a-wailing
Our heads in the hands of the nurse Well, put your head on my shoulder, baby, tell me where it hurts
You say you lost your one and only, could it possibly get any worse?
And death is just a door, you'll be reunited on the other side Yeah, death is just a door, you'll be reunited on the
other side, alright
Yeah, death is just a door, you'll be reunited by and by

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