Delivery Delayed

Peter, Paul & Mary

How early is beginning?
From when is there a soul?
Do we discover living,
Or somehow are we told?
In sudden pain, in empty cold
In blinding light of day
We're given breath and it takes our breath awayHow cruel to unformed fancy,
The way in which we come
Overwhelmed by feelings
And sudden loss of love
And what price dark confining
The heart is to forgive
When all at once we're called upon to liveThen by giant hands we're taken
From the shelter of the womb
That dreaded first horizon
The endless empty room
Where communion is lost forever
When a heart first beats alone
Still it remembers no matter how it's grownWe grow, but grow apart
We live, but more alone
The more to be, the more to see
To cry aloud that we are free
To hide the ancient fear of being alone

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