

Far Away

Martha Wainwright

Far away, in some lovely way I hear your call
Whatever happened to them all?
Whatever happened to us all? I know that we've never met before
But that was then and now I need you more Is someone here keeping the score?
Is there only dying at your door? Taking me down off this cross
Lay me down, down, down in the dust Whoa, love, take my hand across the crowd
I have been digging underground
Whatever remains is yet to be found I have no children, I have no husband
I have no reason to be alive, give me one Green grass blades are all on fire
I own the crack that's in the wind From your window I see bars and the birds
They sing and they sing and they sing And the dogs, they bark and they bark
And they bark and they bark Whatever happened to them all?
Whatever happened to us all? Annie had two young baby boys
And Jimi went crazy, crazy, crazy late last fall

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