

I Am Stretched on Your Grave

Sinead O'Connor

I am stretched on your grave
And will lie there forever
If your hands were in mine
I'd be sure we'd not severMy apple tree my brightness
It's time we were together
For I smell of the earth
And am worn by the weatherWhen my family thinks
That I'm safe in my bed
From night until morning
I am stretched at your headCalling out to the air
With tears hot and wild
My grief for the girl
That I loved as a childDo you remember
The night we were lost
In the shade of the blackthorn
And the chill of the frostThanks be to Jesus
We did what was right
And your maiden head still
Is your pillar of lightThe priests and the friars
Approach me in dread
Because I still love you
My love and you're deadI still would be your shelter
Through rain and through storm
And with you in your cold grave
I cannot sleep warmSo I'm stretched on your grave
And will lie there forever
If your hands were in mine
I'd be sure we'd not severMy apple tree my brightness
It's time we were together
For I smell of the earth
And am worn by the weather

Songwriters

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