

Mary

Agnes Obel

Heaven hid her face as we fell down
Age old habits echoed in the ground
One would sing and one would hold me down
They might listen if I make no sound Oh I know this
From my high school heart
That nothing is over
From a touch it will begin
Wide on the sky
In my house the silence rings so loud
Under doorways, through the hallway down
Waiting for the secret to grow out
What we do when no one is around Oh I know this
From my high school heart
That nothing is over
From a touch it will begin
Wide on the sky In the dark I hear you sing
Fingers move and chords they ring
Be the witness of my shame
Swaying in the summer rain
Feathers falling from your wing
In the dark I hear you sing

Songwriters

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