

She

Harry Connick, Jr.

Lay a hand upon the water
Well within, well within
Wash away to fair morrow
Ride ahead, ride ahead Make your mark upon the rock
For another one, ashes tell tales
Fire gives faith, burn it up, burn it up
Burn it up, burn it up She would waste not, not in struggle
No other shall there ever be
And what she is to love, listen, oh my brother
Is as the wind to mercury Don't you pray of a heartless town
Or you'll be forced to flee
Don't you live in a soulless city
Or you'll have to leave You don't need no place of birth
Hither to come home, many a night
Were you ready for your bed?
But your bed not ready for you She would give of herself
And ask not return or eternity, yeah
And what she'd offer, listen, oh my brother
Is as the wind to mercury And she'd hold not of another man
No other shall there ever be, no
And whom she would hold, listen, oh my brother
Is as the wind to mercury

Songwriters

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