

# She

## Harry Connick, Jr.

Lay a hand upon the water  
Well within, well within  
Wash away to fair morrow  
Ride ahead, ride aheadMake 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 upShe 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 mercuryDon'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 leaveYou 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 youShe 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 mercuryAnd 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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