Mary

Sarah McLachlan

Mary walks down to the water's edge and there she hangs
Her head to find herself faded a shadow of what she once was
She said, "How long have I been sleeping and why do I feel so old?
Why do I feel so cold?
My heart is saying one thing but my body won't let go"With trembling hands she reaches up, a stranger's flesh is offered
And I would be the last to know, I would be the last to let it show
I would be the last to goTake her hand, she will lead you through the fire
Oh and give you back hope and hope that you won't take too much
Respecting what is left she cradled us, oh she held us in her arms
Unselfish in her suffering she could not understandThat no one seemed to have the time to cherish what was given
Oh and I would be the last to know and I would be the last to let it show
I would be the last to go

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