

# Blake's View

## M. Ward

Death is just a door, Blake said it first

It's just another room we enter

It's a threshold that hurts Birth is just a chorus, death is just a verse

In the great song of spring that the mockingbirds sing

We come and we go, a-weeping and a-wailing

Our heads in the hands of the nurse Well, put your head on my shoulder, baby, tell me where it hurts

You say you lost your one and only, could it get any worse?

I said, "Death is just a door, you'll be reunited on the other side" Birth is just a chorus, death is just a verse

In the great song of spring that the mockingbirds sing

We come and we go, a-weeping and a-wailing

Our heads in the hands of the nurse Well, put your head on my shoulder, baby, tell me where it hurts

You say you lost your one and only, could it possibly get any worse?

And death is just a door, you'll be reunited on the other side Yeah, death is just a door, you'll be reunited on the other side, alright

Yeah, death is just a door, you'll be reunited by and by

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