

# 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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