

I Am Stretched On Your Grave

[Sinead O'Connor](#)

I am stretched on your grave and will lie there forever
If your hands were in mine, I'd be sure we'd not sever
My apple tree, my brightness, it's time we were together
For I smell the earth and am worn by the weather When my family thinks that I'm safe in my bed
From night until morning, I am stretched at your head
Calling out to the air with tears hot and wild
My grief for the girl that I loved as a child Do you remember the night we were lost
In the shade of the blackthorn and the chill of the frost
Thanks be to Jesus we did what was right
And your maiden head still is your pillar of light The priests and the friars approach me in dread
Because I still love you, my love and you're dead
But I still would be your shelter through rain and through storm
And with you in your cold grave I cannot sleep warm

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