

# Abney Park, I Am Stretched On Your Grave

I am stretched on your grave  
And I'll 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 of the Earth  
And I'm worn by the weather.  
When my family thinks  
That I'm safely in my bed  
From morn until night  
I am stretched at your head  
Calling out to the air  
With tears both hot and wild  
For the loss of a girl  
I loved as a child.  
Do you remember the night  
The night when we were lost  
In the shade of the blackthorn  
And the chill of the frost?  
Oh, and thanks be to Jesus  
We did what was right  
And your maidenhead still  
Is your pillar of light.  
I am stretched on your grave  
And I'll lie there forever  
If your hands were in mine  
I'd be sure we'd not sever  
Oh, the priests and the friars  
They approach me in dread  
For I love you still  
My wife, and you're dead  
I still will be your shelter  
Through rain and through storm  
And with you in your cold grave  
I cannot sleep warm  
So I am stretched on your grave  
And I'll lie there forever  
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