

Bette Midler, Song Of Bernadette

There was a child named Bernadette.
I heard the story long ago.
She saw the queen of heaven once
and kept the vision in her soul.

No one believed what she had seen.
No one believed what she heard,
that there were sorrows to be healed
and mercy, mercy in this world.

So many hearts I find
broke like yours and mine,
torn by what we've done and can't undo.
I just wanna hold you.
Come on, let me hold you
like Bernadette would do.

We've been around, we fall, we fly.
We mostly fall, we mostly run.
And every now and then we try
to mend the damage that we've done.

Tonight, tonight I just can't rest.
I've got this joy here, here inside my breast.
To think that I did not forget
that child, that song of Bernadette.

So many hearts I find,
hearts like yours and mine,
torn by what we've done and can't undo.
Well, I just wanna hold you.
Come on, let me hold you
like Bernadette would do.

I just wanna hold you.
Won't you let me hold you
like Bernadette would do?