

Hazel O'Connor, If Only

What do you do when they turn on the light
You guard your heart, so they steal your sight
You reach out in blindness, touch the alone
His icicle fingers chill you to the bone
What do you do when the cat gets your tongue
No way to tell it's all going wrong
Mouth out the words on the telephone
Nobody answers, nobody's home

What's done has been done, and I won't be the one
Who despairs in the wheelchair, resigned to 'if only'
No, I'll stand up again and I'll run
I'll jump up till I touch the sun
Because I won't be the one to be bound
By the sound of 'if only, if only, if only...'

Well, I reach out in blindness now, but what do I care?
I'll walk into walls and I'll stumble downstairs
I'll laugh like a fishwife, I'll cry like a clown
Up is the only way to go when you're down
When I reach a mountain top, then I start to climb
I'll walk on the water, I'll turn water to wine
Hope is the one thing we got on our side
Hope can be salvaged when all else has died

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