

# Sinead O'Connor, I Am Stretched On Your Grave

I am stretched on your grave  
And I'll lie here forever  
If your hands were in mine  
I'd be sure they would not sever  
My apple tree, my brightness  
It's time we were together  
For I smell of the earth  
And am 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 earth  
With tears hot and wild  
For the loss of the girl  
That I loved as a child

Do you remember the night  
Oh, the night we were lost  
In the shade of the blackthorn  
And the cold chill of frost  
Oh, and thanks be to Jesus  
We did all that was right  
And your maiden head still  
Is your pillar of light

The priests and the friars  
They approach me in dread  
Because I love you still  
Oh, my love 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 here forever  
If your hands were in mine  
I'd be sure they would not sever  
My apple tree, my brightness  
It's time we were together  
For I smell of the earth  
And am worn by the weather