

# Ashley MacIsaac, Cello Song

Strange face, with your eyes  
So pale and sincere.  
Underneath you know well  
You have nothing to fear.  
For the dreams that came  
To you when so young  
Told of a life  
When spring is sprung.  
You would seem so frail  
In the cold of the night  
When the armies of emotion  
Go out to fight.  
But while the earth sinks  
To its grave  
You sail to the sky  
On the crest of a wave.  
So forget this cruel world  
Where I belong  
I'll just sit and wait  
And sing my song.  
And if one day you should  
See me in the crowd  
Lend a hand and lift me  
To your place in the cloud.