

# Charlotte Martin, I Am Stretched Out On Your Grave

I am stretched on your grave  
And I'll lie here forever  
With your hands 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 am worn by the weather  
When my family thinks  
That I'm safely in bed  
From night until morning  
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  
The priests and the friars  
Approach me in dread  
Because I still love you  
My love, and you're dead  
I'll still be your shelter  
Through rain and through storm  
And with you in your cold grave  
I cannot sleep warm  
I am stretched on your grave  
And I lie here forever  
If your hand's 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 am worn by the weather  
She's alive, I see her coming  
She's alive, I see her running  
She's alive, I see her coming  
She's alive  
She's alive, I see her coming  
She's alive, I see her running  
She's alive, I see her coming  
She's alive  
She's alive, I see her coming  
She's alive, I see her running  
She's alive, I see her coming  
She's alive  
She's alive, I see her coming  
She's alive, I see her running  
She's alive, I see her coming  
She's alive  
Don't you forget to look up  
Don't you forget to look up  
Don't you forget to look up  
Don't you forget to look up