

Jennifer Warnes, Song Of Bernadette

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 want to 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 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.
I just want to hold you, won't let me hold you,
Like Bernadette would do.
I just want to hold you, come on let me hold you,
Like Bernadette would do.