

# Peter, Paul & Mary, Delivery Delayed

How early is beginning?  
From when is there a soul?  
Do we discover living,  
Or somehow are we told?  
In sudden pain, in empty cold  
In blinding light of day  
We're given breath and it takes our breath away

How cruel to unformed fancy,  
The way in which we come  
Overwhelmed by feelings  
And sudden loss of love  
And what price dark confining  
The heart is to forgive  
When all at once we're called upon to live

Then by giant hands we're taken  
From the shelter of the womb  
That dreaded first horizon  
The endless empty room

Where communion is lost forever  
When a heart first beats alone  
Still it remembers no matter how it's grown

We grow, but grow apart  
We live, but more alone  
The more to be, the more to see  
To cry aloud that we are free  
To hide the ancient fear of being alone

And now we live in darkness  
Embracing spiteful holds  
Refusing any answers  
For no man can be told  
That delivery is delayed  
Until at last we're made aware  
And first reach for love  
To find t'was always there  
Always there.