

# Sarah McLachlan, Mary

Mary walks  
down to the water's edge  
and there she hangs her head  
to find herself faded  
shadow of what she once was

She says "How long have I been sleeping?  
and why do I feel so old?  
why do I feel so cold?  
my heart is saying one thing  
but my body won't let go."

With trembling hands she  
reaches up  
a stranger's flesh is offered

and I would be the  
last to know  
I would be the last  
to let it show  
and I would be the  
last to go.

Take Her hand  
she will lead you through the fire  
give you back hope  
and hope that you don't take  
too much respecting what is left  
she cradled us  
she held us in her arms  
unselfish in her suffering  
she could not understand  
that no one seemed to have the time  
to cherish what is offered

and I would be the  
last to know  
and I would be the last  
to let it show  
and I would be the  
last to go...

Mary walks...