

# Sinead O' Connor, I Am Stretched On Your Grave

I am stretched on your grave  
And will lie there forever  
If your hands were 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 safe in my bed  
From night until morning  
I am stretched at your head  
Calling out to the air  
With tears hot and wild  
My grief for the girl  
That I loved as a child  
Do you remember  
The night we were lost  
In the shade of the blackthorn  
And the chill of the frost  
Thanks be to Jesus  
We did what was right  
And your maiden head still  
Is your pillar of light  
The priests and the friars  
Approach me in dread  
Because I still love you  
My love and you're dead  
I still would be your shelter  
Through rain and through storm  
And with you in your cold grave  
I cannot sleep warm  
So I'm stretched on your grave  
And will lie there forever  
If your hands were 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