

# Sinead O' Connor, Three Babies

Each of these  
My three babies  
I will carry with me  
For myself  
I ask no one else will be  
Mother to these three  
And of course  
I'm like a wild horse  
But there's no other way I could be  
Water and feed  
Are not tools that I need  
For the thing that I've chosen to be  
In my soul  
My blood and my bones  
I have wrapped your cold bodies around me  
The face on you  
The smell of you  
Will always be with me  
Each of these  
My three babies  
I was not willing to leave  
Though I tried  
I blasphemed and denied  
I know they will be returned to me  
Each of these  
My babies  
Have brought you closer to me  
No longer mad like a horse  
I'm still wild but not lost  
From the thing that I've chosen to be  
And it's `cause you've thrilled me  
Silenced me  
Stilled me  
Proved things I never believed  
The face on you  
The smell of you  
Will always be with me  
Each of these  
My three babies  
I will carry with me  
For myself  
I ask no one else will be  
Mother to these three