

Tara McLean, Reach

Why did you look the other way
When I told you I had something to say
Can you imagine that
Can you imagine that it could be
Why do you scream at everything unfair
Tell me would you know the truth if it was there
If you would reach for me
If you would reach for me it could be
*Something real
When your faith has left before the morning
Someone there softly breathing
A body to awaken
When the time comes to tear you
A cruel enemy
You could hold on to me*
What is there that strips you of your pride
There is nothing left of you inside
If you would reach for me
If you would reach for me it could be