

# Wailin' Jennys, Row Him Home

(Nicky Mehta)

Across that river through the orange squares of light  
Past the streetlamp like a beacon in the rain  
You've stopped in all this motion  
You're heavy with news too sudden  
You're breathing through this undertow of pain

And all your friends will gather soon  
And you'll surface then to bring them through  
You'll say "it's better this way" and "at least we knew"  
But this practice in leaving  
All these small moves to grieving  
Does it ever really promise what's deserved?

You want to take him in your arms  
And carry to the river  
Find the boy he once was and row him home  
You want a majesty restored  
Find the place where love was born and let him go

Many Sundays passed since the day of his first leaving  
You stopped asking for the rule to be reversed  
And with the grace that follows those who know what love is  
You held his hand and walked towards this strange rebirth  
And as the friends gather round to bear witness  
You struggle with the fight to find some peace, to make it worth it

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