

## Harry Chapin

### "She"

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Lay a hand  
Upon the water  
Well within, well within

Wash away  
To fair morrow  
Ride ahead, ride ahead

Make your mark  
Upon the rock  
For another one

Ashes tell tales  
Fire gives faith  
Burn it up burn it up  
Burn it up burn it up

She would waste not, not in struggle  
No other shall there ever be  
And what she is to love, listen oh my brother  
Is as the wind to mercury

Don't you pray  
Of a heartless town  
Or you'll be forced to flee

Don't you live  
In a soulless city  
Or you'll have to leave

You don't need  
No place of birth  
Hither to come home

Many a night  
Were you ready for your bed  
But your bed not ready for you

She would give of herself  
And ask not return or eternity  
And what she'd offer, listen oh my brother

Is as the wind to mercury

And she'd hold not, of another man  
No other shall there ever be  
And whom she would hold  
Listen oh my brother  
Is as the wind to mercury

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