

Violet Hour "For Mercy"

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Wrapped in her raincoat
She crosses herself as she walks from the church
Head bent in sorrow
Her life feels so empty she's nowhere to turn
She can't tell her husband
He won't understand
Why his blood is thinner
Nor thicker than sand
Oh Mercy, whatever will become of me

Fourteen days later
Still nobody knows but it's starting to show
Sleep in the armchair
Old Harold gets fatter and ceases to care
She said on that day

That till death do us part
But now she has someone
Who's close to her heart
Oh Mercy, whatever will become of me

Fighting her conscience
Her suitcase is packed and she's ready to leave
Still feeling unsure
The statue of Mary now points to the door
Skipping and smiling
She catches her plane
The child she had longed for
A new home and name
Oh Harold, whatever will become of you

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