

Moya Brennan

"So Am I"

Visit "[So Am I](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Our room across is a mile wide
She comes, and look now how you are the fireside
I'm watching
She's waiting to show you the pearls in her Betty Clark
eyes
She sighs the whistling winds you sail in
She cries and you are alive
She's saying she's sorry and oh,
So am I
So am I
For ninety seven days
That should have been an hour
I know
It's all you can do when she's so very near
Praise be
The king of the settee and his Guinivere
I'll get up and go out and no doubt
You're giving it all to her, oh
So am I
So am I
The ninety seven days, the fifteen blessed hours
And it's easy
As it goes, so am I
How an hour of ninety days will
Soon run out of time
The weight of the world has the head in your hands
(She's indian giving again)
You're sorry and sick and you know
So am I
So am I
That ninety seven days
And fifteen sodding hours
Came to nothing
Taken in?
So was I
She's going going gone and you know
That's fine
So am I

