

Laura Marie "Surface"

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Somebody has to surface - come from under your skin
Somebody has to bear down for his life to begin
May he strengthen on his way.
Let him know, if he could stay, I hope to meet him
I hope to see that day

Somebody has to sleep here in the fold of our arms
Somebody has to be here so we know who we are
May he come within our grasp, take our hands and hold
them fast
I hope to meet him. I hope to hear his laugh.

Here we are in tiny hands
They carry our tiny beating hearts

Somebody has to grow up, be a brilliant young man
Somebody has to trust love, be as strong as we can
When the will of love is done may that sorrow never
come
I want to meet you. I want to meet you, son

Here we are in tiny hands
They carry our tiny beating hearts

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