

Terence Trent Darby "She Knows I'm Leaving"

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She knows I'm leaving
And might not come home
We may lose pebbles from our family stone
I'll do my duty
I won't back down
But in truth, I'd rather stay around

Please Lord
Can we come to our senses
Lord
And start mending our fences
Lord
And look through much brighter lenses
Lord

I'll send more money to ya
Pray for me Hallelujah

She knows I'm leaving
And prays that she
Can root the branches of our family tree
My mother wears
Her worries in her hair
But these are the thorns that the rose must bear

Please Lord
Can we come to our senses
Lord
And start mending our fences
Lord
And look through much brighter lenses
Lord

I'll send more money to ya
Pray for me Hallelujah

PS:
Wait for me baby until I fall

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