

Mclachlan Sarah**"Mary"**

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Mary walks
down to the water's edge
and there she hangs her head
to find herself faded
shadow of what she once was

She says "How long have I been sleeping?
and why do I feel so old?
why do I feel so cold?
my heart is saying one thing
but my body won't let go."

With trembling hands she
reaches up
a stranger's flesh is offered

and I would be the
last to know
I would be the last
to let it show
and I would be the
last to go.

Take Her hand
she will lead you through the fire
give you back hope
and hope that you don't take
too much respecting what is left
she cradled us
she held us in her arms
unselfish in her suffering
she could not understand
that no one seemed to have the time
to cherish what is offered

and I would be the
last to know
and I would be the last
to let it show
and I would be the
last to go...

Mary walks...

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