

Carnet de Chant	THREE BABIES		1/1
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		Sinead O'Connor	

Each of these
 My three babies
 I will carry with me
 For myself
 I ask no one else will be
 Mother to these three
 And of course
 I'm like a wild horse
 But there's no other way I could be
 Water and feed
 Are not tools that I need
 For the thing that I've chosen to be
 In my soul
 My blood and my bones
 I have wrapped your cold bodies around me
 The face on you
 The smell of you
 Will always be with me
 Each of these
 My three babies
 I was not willing to leave
 Though I tried
 I blasphemed and denied
 I know they will be returned to me
 Each of these
 My babies
 Have brought you closer to me
 No longer mad like a horse
 I'm still wild but not lost
 From the thing that I've chosen to be
 And it's `cause you've thrilled me
 Silenced me
 Stilled me
 Proved things I never believed
 The face on you
 The smell of you
 Will always be with me
 Each of these
 My three babies
 I will carry with me
 For myself
 I ask no one else will be
 Mother to these three