

**She Sings . . . Amy F. Bernon**

Far away in a far-off land lives a child who loves to sing.  
She opens up her fragile heart, and her song, it takes wing.  
She sings la la la . . . .

On the grass, on the cool, green grass that was hers since she could run,  
She lies with hair open like a fan in the warmth of summer sun.  
She sings la la la . . . .

She lies with hair open like a fan.

She cries for light when the day is done.  
She fears what night may bring.  
She cries for those who have never loved,  
And for those never sing.