

Sorrow Song

By Tom DeFrangé

Build your house with sticks and stones
fashioned out of sorrow.

Mend your roof with sadness, friend.

Make it strong so it won't bend
when it rains tomorrow.

Rest your heart by the fireplace
that burns the grief in side you.

Give your fear a warm embrace.

Let it move at its own pace
as it walks beside you.

The cost of grief often seems like
more than what we can afford.

But the strength we gain
can be its own reward.

Repeat Verse 1

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