

# Tara MacLean, Reach

Why did you look the other way  
When I told you I had something to say  
Can you imagine that  
Can you imagine that it could be

Why do you scream at everything unfair  
Tell me would you know the truth if it were there  
If you would reach for me  
If you would reach for me it could be

Something real  
When your faith has left before the morning  
Someone there softly breathing  
A body to awaken  
When the time comes to tear you  
A cruel enemy  
You could hold on to me

What is there that strips you of your pride  
There is nothing left of you inside  
If you would reach for me  
If you would reach for me it could be

Something real.....