

# Yashodara

Prince Siddhartha had a wife,  
He loved her like he loved life,  
She was fine, she was fair,  
When he said goodbye, he said to her

Yashodhara, look at where life leads,  
Yashodhara, I'm going to try to get free.

I took a little trip into town,  
I learned that death will cut us down,  
I woke up by the city wall,  
Freedom to die is no freedom at all.

Yashodhara, look at where life leads,  
Yashodhara, I'm going to try to get free.

Like you, I never heard an old man sigh,  
I never knew that people die,  
Like you, I never heard a sick man moan,  
Today I learned this body ain't my home.

Yashodhara, death is haunting me,  
Yashodhara, love won't set us free.

Then I saw another man,  
Who walked in robes with bowl in hand,  
His gaze looked neither left nor right,  
His brow was clear, his eyes were bright,  
I asked him what he did all day,  
He said, "I cultivate the Way,"  
"I watch my mind, I watch my breath,  
In the end, it's life and death."

Yashodhara, I couldn't love you more,  
Yashodhara, that's why I'm walking out that door.

Some will say that I'm a fool,  
Some will say that I'm too cruel,  
This is the best thing I can do,  
When I get free, I'll come back for you,

Yashodhara, look at where life leads,  
Yashodhara, I'm going to try to get free.

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