Jodi

T.S. Monk

You give us bread, you keep us warm
What I do for you in turn
I leave you with this memory stained
Between the sheets, under the rain
Your face is pale, your lips are red
Your eyes are dark, you might be dead
But I will hold you even then
Until you breathe and I am fed
Jodi, my dear, I'm sorry but I must disappear
I leave you with a song and a tear
Just please don't wash away
This is my crutch, you had me at the face and the touch
But I can only give you so much
Before it goes away
You could be my end
You could be my end
We can do this on our own
But you're still telling me
What I want, what I need
'til I can't even be
Here on my own

And in the dark and on the floor
The bottle caps, well they just pour
And you can tell I want you more
Beyond the few, beyond the storm
But this won't stay, yeah I confess
That I am not what you have guessed
I'm just a whore and nothing less
And I won't stop until I rest
Roll into town with thunder on our backs, heads are proud
We wander through your gates and your crowd
To ponder what we'll take
And though you are far, I keep you in a place in my heart
And never let the beast tear apart
What happened there in May
You could be my end
You could be my end
We can do this on our own

But you're still telling me
What I want, what I need
'til I can't even be
Here on my own

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