

# Dizzy

A.R. Kane

I'm like, Thomas doubting  
Fingers routing the scars in your wrists and side  
Touching flesh will make my mind believe  
But I want to be, like David  
Throw his clothes to the wind to dance a jig, in my skin  
And be remade by your cleansing again  
I give you myself, it's all that I have  
Broken and frail, I'm clay in your hands  
An' I'm spinning unconcealed  
Dizzy on this wheel, for you my love  
I'm like Peter crying, crowing burning my ears

Still you come near, you take my hand  
And place it upon an eternal chance  
I give you myself, it's all that I have  
Broken and frail, I'm clay in your hands  
An' I'm spinning unconcealed  
Dizzy on this wheel, for you my love  
I give you myself, it's all that I have  
Broken and frail, I'm clay in your hands  
An' I'm spinning unconcealed  
Dizzy on this wheel, for you my love

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