

# In A Week (feat. Alana Henderson)

Hozier

I have never known peace  
Like the damp grass that yields to me  
I have never known hunger  
Like these insects that feast on me A thousand teeth  
And yours among them, I know  
Our hungers appeased  
Our heartbeats becoming slow We lay here for years or for hours  
Thrown here or found  
To freeze or to thaw  
So long we become the flowers  
Two corpses we were  
Two corpses I saw And they'd find us in a week  
When the weather gets hot  
After the insects have made their claim  
I'd be home with you  
I'd be home with you I have never known sleep  
Like the slumber that creeps to me  
I have never known color  
Like this morning reveals to me And you haven't moved an inch  
Such that I would not know  
If you sleep always like this  
The flesh calmly going cold We lay here for years or for hours  
Your hand in my hand  
So still and discreet  
So long we become the flowers  
We'd feed well the land  
And worry the sheep And they'd find us in a week  
When the cattle show fear  
After the insects have made their claim  
After the foxes have known our taste  
I'd be home with you  
I'd be home with you They'd find us in a week (Lay here for years or for hours)  
When the weather gets hot (So long we become the flowers)  
They'd find us in a week (Lay here for years or for hours)  
When the cattle shows fear (So long we become the flowers) And they'd find us in a week  
When the buzzards get loud  
After the insects have made their claim  
After the foxes have known our taste  
After the raven has had its say I'd be home with you

I'd be home with you  
I'd be home with you  
I'd be home with you  
I'd be home with you  
I'd be home with you

Songwriters

ANDREW HOZIER BYRNE Published by

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