

You Are

Punch Brothers

About a year from now I wake up
in the arms of who I want,
Without the need to hide our nakedness
in pure and holy thought, but rather blessing thrice the shutters never closed,
the bed still made,
the early afternoon as morning "Mmm" as
"Hey, are you awake?" You take my love and my lust,
cold clock my mind out,
turn in my keys to the kingdom,
and lip-lock my body down. You are, you are, you are to me like a very, very wild thing.
These are, these are to me like the games I played
before I heard they weren't safe
to play. You are to me like a very, very wild thing. About a year from then I say "Goodnight!" and kiss, kiss, kiss
the phone
to sleep the sleep of one who finally wouldn't rather sleep alone. You take my love and my lust,
cold-clock my mind out,
turn in my keys to the kingdom
and lip-lock my body down. You are, you are, you are to me like a very, very wild thing.
These are, these are to me like the games I played
before I heard they weren't safe
to play. You are to me like a very, very wild thing. You take my love and my lust,
cold-clock my mind out,
turn in my keys to the kingdom
and lip-lock my body down.
You churn my blood as it boils,
raise a cream,
and white-wash my fear away.
God, if I don't stop now I know
this won't be half of
what it's gonna take. You are, you are, you are to me
like a very, very wild thing.

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