Help Me Breathe

Sophie B. Hawkins

A silent woman parts her lips to speak before she ought
She makes a cross of her emotions and a panic of her thoughts
Out of her mouth she comes in rages like Vesuvius in heat
She runs ahead of her intentions though she?s programmed for defeat
By the hunger and the hatred the prostitution of her nature
She has given and forgiven for to give her Kunt forgave her
To the longing for a loving hand or fist or cock or spike
But you know you cannot reach her 'til she?s taken back her life
A lonely child of fourteen finds her future in a drum
She plays for present day omissions and for whom she must become
Out of her passion breaks the stillness of a solitary mind
A strict devotion to the rhythm with a substitute for time
She looks out of her window at the changes in the sky
She never wants to leave her sanctuary bedroom books and lies
But she?s grown up on the outside with an instinct for the pain
That drives the men inside her wild and women wanting her insane
Both lovers bring their cameras to the beach on New Year?s Eve
They are expecting nothing other than to see what they believe

Four feet walking toward the lighthouse in the freezing winter rain
She flashes stately in the distance humming her somnolent refrain
You are here now you are here now there is nothing left to fear now
With each step the sunk is sinking though the truth is less unclear now
They have won a thousand battles they have wrung their own demise
Now they are standing still and weeping for a love they can?t despise
A silent woman and a lonely child have nowhere else to go
But to the lighthouse in December before the New Year takes its toll
They have found inside each other what they had lost within themselves
Now they are bonded to forever in their search for something else
Generations like the water shape the face of every stone
A pedigree?s an invitation to discover you?re alone
Out in the kitchen or the courtyard or the bedroom or the bank
It only takes a fateful moment to become the one you thank
And light shall lift them higher and higher
And dreams shall carry them on and loss shall lead them
To life?s final hour where death shall overcome

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