Dizzy

Sixpence None The Richer

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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