

The Writer

Musae

You wait for a silence, I wait for a word
Lie next to your frame, girl unobserved
You change your position and you are changing me
Casting these shadows where they shouldn't be
We're interrupted by the heat of the sun
Trying to prevent what's already begun
You're just a body, I can smell your skin
And when I feel it, you're wearing thin
 But I've got a plan
 Why don't you be the artist
 And make me out of clay
 Why don't you be the writer
 And decide the words I say
 'Cause I'd rather pretend
 I'll still be there at the end
 Only it's too hard to ask
 Won't you try to help me
Sat on your sofa, it's all broken springs
This isn't the place for those violin strings
 I try out a smile and I aim it at you
 You must have missed it, you always do
 But I've got a plan
 Why don't you be the artist
 And make me out of clay
 Why don't you be the writer
 And decide the words I say
 'Cause I'd rather pretend
 I'll still be there at the end
 Only it's too hard to ask
 Won't you try to help me
You wait, I wait, casting shadows, interrupted
You wait, I wait, casting shadows, interrupted
 You wait, I wait, casting shadows
 Why don't you be the artist
 And make me out of clay
 Why don't you be the writer
 And decide the words I say
 'Cause I'd rather pretend
 I'll still be there at the end

Only it's too hard to ask
Won't you try to help me
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'Cause I'd rather pretend
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Only it's too hard to ask
Won't you try to help me

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