

Its Your Love

[Hannah Lou Clark](#)

Woe is a gobstobber in my mouth
Hold my breath, count to ten, spit it out
Hair on my head falls like autumn leaves
My mirror shows a weight of human frailty
It's your love

It's your love

It's your love

It's your love

Your hand in the shape of a gun
It's your love
Blue is the dress for the bride to be
A prophecy revealed in every magazine
The world is a mirror born inside my cheek
And I'm spitting glass I'm spinning plates like circus freaks is

It's your love

It's your love

It's your love

It's your love

Your hand in the shape of a gun
It's your love
I choose a blue veil

In the red room

And if I'm a good girl

Can we go home soon?

I saw the black dog

I got stage fright

It's your love

Boy, your love makes me alright

It's your love

It's your love

It's your love

It's your love

Your hand in the shape of a gun

It's your love
You're my love

You're my love

You're my love

You're my love
And I turned all the flames in the sun in sorrow
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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