

woodcut (age of rockets remix)

Jenny Owen Youngs

I've still got three fingers left on this hand
Take off your belt and I'll do what I can for you
You sure look like you could be some kind of fun
Maybe it's true you're more gifted than most
You'll still be remembered by the notch in my bedpost
Laughed in your wake
At the break of the day that comes after
There's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
No, you don't love me, don't you say that you do
Cause you can't
Be my pleasure to sit here
And talk with you all day
But there's no part of me that's not wasting away
As we speak of these dreams,
Promise might be but never are
Oh, change is beyond me
I'm helpless to start
Don't try to touch me
I'll just rip apart
All the people and things
I wish that I knew how to care for
There's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
No, you don't love me, don't you say that you do
You - you can't.
There's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
No, you don't love me, don't you say that you do
Cause you can't.

Songwriters

JENNY OWEN YOUNGSPublished by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>