

# 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 YOUNG Published by

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