

# It's 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  
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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