Becomes The Color

Emily Wells

I became the color
I become the daughter and the son
When the feast is over
welcome to another one

Lay my body down down
Down upon the water
Wrapped up in the clothes of my mother and my father
Oh this is longing
I want to be complete
I was waiting round in a little jump seat
I--I had a hunger
A mouthful of interludes
You'll do anything just to get rescued
I had longing, isn't that the key
Take take taste taste taste sweet
They said I'd gone south
Said I'd gone asunder
They don't know hunger or what I been under
They were all laughing
Thought I was debris
I was just free

We were ready to behave
But there's no freedom
Without no cage
Whatever you think you've become
Don't worry bout it dear it's where you come from

Oh no no
Take me from my misery
There's no such thing as living comfortably
There's no such thing as going home
I'm not formed of myself alone
All the other others, they just fade to black
When you think you have me is when I don't look back
Keep on laughing, calling after me
Keep on laughing, I'm just free

We were ready to behave

But there's no freedom
Without no cage
Whatever you think you've become
Don't worry bout it dear it's where you come from

(faintly)
We were ready to behave
But there's no freedom
Without no cage
Whatever you think you've become
Don't worry bout it dear it's where you come from.

Lyrics submitted by Kelli Weston.

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