

# Slow Song

Jane Weaver

Come down to my level  
And share this cold with me  
The space once filled heavy  
With loss now lies empty I tried to run but I got stung  
A thousand times rolled into one  
The ache still burns with every word  
I broke to find the trust again Come down to my heaven  
And share this warmth with me  
We'll bleed here together  
And lick our wounds better I tried to run but I got stung  
A thousand times rolled into one  
The ache still burns with every word  
I broke to find the trust again I'll take the sting and close the door  
On everything that I became  
I close my eyes to see your face  
It holds me up, it knocks me down I tried to run but I got stung  
A thousand times rolled into one  
The ache still burns with every word  
I broke to find the trust again I'll take the sting and close the door  
On everything that I became  
I close my eyes to see your face  
It holds me up, it knocks me down You knock me down  
You knock me down  
You knock me down  
You knock me down

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