Beggar's Prayer

Emiliana Torrini

Mamma said lift your head from the sieve of your hands
Mamma said eventually this hurting will end
But the shock waves on my bones will linger
Like the ghost of you here in my bed
When I was lost you thought me a beautiful find
Sometimes I think of you sleeping, so sleep for a while
I find myself asking, "Who'd do this to love?"
And the white shouldered mountains, they pointed above

Lord, you just dropped me here by the side of this road
Out here's too cold and I don't want to walk it alone
I got a bottle of your blood inside me
And an old beggar's prayer on the tip of my tongue
Mamma said lift your head from the sieve of your hands
Mamma said eventually this hurting will end

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