# Feather Tongue

## Lyla Foy

Sit inside cinnamon eyes
Put me to the test
Keep in a frame the picture you painted
Of perfect happiness
Hold that feather tongue
Don't make a scene
No war of words up my sleeve
All that you want
All that you needTake up the cause
Your feet to the floor
All the signs were right
Comfort of knowing your carriage is waiting
Should get you through
Through the nightCarry yourself to the ringing of bells
At the rivers rim
How can I find a way through the water
To sink or swim
Hold that feather tongue
Don't make a scene
No war of words up my sleeve
All that you want
All that you needQuick as a camera
High up a hillside
Wave the world away
If you could keep me
Under your fingersHold that feather tongue
Don't make a scene
No war of words up my sleeve
All that you want
All that you need

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