

# Pale September

[Fiona Apple](#)

Pale September, I wore the time like a dress that year  
The autumn days swung soft around me, like cotton on my skin  
But as the embers of the summer lost their breath and disappeared  
My heart went cold and only hollow rhythms resounded from within

But then he rose, brilliant as the moon in full  
And sank in the burrows of my keep And all my armour falling down, in a pile at my feet  
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep He goes along just as a water lily  
Gentle on the surface of his thoughts his body floats  
Unweighted down by passion or intensity  
Yet unaware of the depth upon which he coasts  
And he finds a home in me

For what misfortune sows, he knows my touch will reap And all my armour failing down, in a pile at my feet  
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep  
All my armour falling down, in a pile at my feet  
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep

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