

Woodcut

Jenny Owen Youngs

I've still got three fingers left on this hand
take off your belt and I'll do what I can for you
you sure look like you could be some kind of fun maybe it's true you're more gifted than most
you'll still be remembered by the notch in my bedpost
laughed in your wake
at the break of the day that comes after there's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
no, you don't love me, don't you say that you do
cause you can't be my pleasure to sit here
and talk with you all day
but there's no part of me that's not wasting away
as we speak of these dreams,
promise might be but never are oh, change is beyond me
I'm helpless to start
don't try to touch me
I'll just rip apart
all the people and things
i wish that I knew how to care for there's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
no, you don't love me, don't you say that you do
you - you can't. there's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
no, you don't love me, don't you say that you do
cause you can't.

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