

# Maid

## Fancie

Hello, my foul weather friend.  
These thick sheets of rain  
seem to have hindered your way again  
and the winds, I can feel the winds, they've gotten so strong,  
no wonder You're back to our home.  
My ears are always open to your laments  
and my will is always weak for your advances,  
and I'll play the maid and clean up the mess  
Your face, I look at your face and it's changed since we last spoke  
it's weathered and beautiful,  
so weathered and so beautiful  
please have a seat, I was going anywhere  
but that can wait  
because I'd rather have you here while I can  
then I'll pack it all up and take you with me again  
My ears are always open to your laments  
and my will is always weak for your advances,  
and I'll play the maid and clean up the mess  
I wasn't like anyone else  
so real and so strong, so you said  
it's always," welcome back, I'll take your bags "  
things haven't changed much since you left my side  
and though your rooms been unoccupied,  
I have tried to give it up.  
So here are my ears again and here are my arms  
and here are my hopes again,  
just please keep coming back.

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