

More Than Melody

[Anna Nalick](#)

Hey Mr. Love, I've been singing and still
There's a hole in my heart only a man can fill
But he's had a blistered love and we're sharing a bed
But he's not in a state to be readily left in my hands
In my hands, in my hands, in my handsHey love, live it up
'Cuz I'm getting closer
And I want love, give it up
This poetry and prose and words are not enough
'Cuz you're more than melody to me, I thinkSo morning come and I'm nervously clad
In these sheets not my own and these hands where they don't belong
And I'm all but a victim in my prison head
I should run for my gun but I'm lying instead in your hands
In your hands, in your hands, in your handsAnd you say hey love, live it up
'Cuz I'm getting closer
And I want love, give it up
This poetry and prose and words are not enough
'Cuz you're more than melody to me, I thinkAnd holding out our hands before us
All the world will love and whore us
My heart, oh Lord, is in your handsIn your hands, in my hands
In your hands in my hands
In my hands, in your hands
In my hands, in my hands, in my
Ooh, yeahHey Mr. Love, I'm too tired to sing
But he is more than melody to me

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