## **Anchor**

## **Trespassers William**

Oh, our dance was slow And you fumbled with my hands Whispered, "Time to sleep"

You have dreams awaiting your quiet mindDoes your heart get weaker When you see how far we've to go?

Forget all the promises

You're tired and you're drifting and you're lowAnd if you can't steer

Then it would be safer to drop the anchor

And if you can't feel

It's selfish to use up all of the bandagesI can read your eyes

If this is real then it'll end

I shouldn't look so surprised

This happens over and over againDoes your heart get fiercer When you think someday I might go?

Forget all the promises

You're tired and you're drifting and you're lowAnd if you can't steer

Then it would be safer to drop the anchor

And if you can't feel

It's selfish to use up all of the bandagesWhen you're alone, when you're hollow Then you'll ask me to come and feel you

Come and feel you, don't think I will doWhen you're alone, when you're hollow
Then you'll ask me to come and feel you
Come and feel you, don't think I will do

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