

# 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 hands  
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 think  
So 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 hands  
And 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 think  
And holding out our hands before us  
All the world will love and whore us  
My heart, oh Lord, is in your hands  
In 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, yeah  
Hey Mr. Love, I'm too tired to sing  
But he is more than melody to me

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