

Still Burning

Sixpence None the Richer

You are the burning, the flame that is turning
My smoldering ash into a bird
So stay close my brother, I couldn't stand the loss
You are the bridge of action I need you to help me cross
I need you to help me So when you break my arms
I'll take hold of you
I know your heart is a hand
That takes hold of me The hand that is breaking is the hand that is making
All the dead things in me grow
A gift of a holy loss
This burning at the dross So when you break my arms
I'll take hold of you
I know your heart is a hand
That takes hold of me Why do you set out to break the one thing
The one thing that I have to give
It's hard to believe that I could
That I should begin again
But I know your heart is a hand So when I break your arms
You'll take hold of me
You know my heart is a hand
That takes hold of you So when you break my arms
I'll take hold of you
I know your heart is a hand
That takes hold of me So when you break my arms
I'll take hold of you
I know your heart is a hand
That takes hold of me

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