

My Love

Sara Bareilles

He bends his breath around my name
And I am humbled I feel small and plain.
But his arms are angels by his side.
You need not ask if they're open, just how wide. His lips are day, and his skin is night.
Ooh, and with our love we conjure up the twilight.
His fingers are music to my soul.
And I feel his song play everywhere I go. My love, my love is on his way
Can't wait to see the day I thankfully lay me down
My love my love is on his way
I'm waiting patiently, but if you see me now
My love, please hurry He loves with rhythm, and paints with flame
He comes in pieces with no name
I won't need answers I'll just know
Cause I've read the sonnets about his soul He can be ordinary in the best ways
And still dance like a poet through every word he says. My love, my love is on his way
Can't wait to see the day I thankfully lay me down
My love my love is on his way
I'm waiting patiently, but if you see me now
My love, please hurry All that I never knew can you see me now
All that I never said, can you see me now He makes me crazy, he makes me cruel.
Oh, but I pray he makes me anything but a fool Ooh, my love

Songwriters

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