

Ocean and a Rock

[Lisa Hannigan](#)

what you at my gentle spoken friend i lack a frame to put you in when you're an ocean and a rock away
i feel you in the pocket of my overcoat my fingers wrap around your words they take the shape of games we play
i feed your words through my buttonholes pin them to my fingerless gloves green and prone to fraying
Thoughts of you, warm my bones I'm on the way, I'm on the phone, Lets get lost, me and you, an ocean and a
rock is nothing to me.

i am far away from where you lay, awake the day while you fall to sleep an ocean and a rock away
i keep you in the pockets of my dresses and the bristles of my brushes spin you into my curls today
I spoon you into my coffee cup, spin you through a delicate wash I wear you all day
Thoughts of you warm my bones I'm on my way, I'm on the phone lets get lost, me and you an ocean and a
rock is nothing to me

Thoughts of you, warm my bones, I'm on the way, I'm nearly home, Lets get lost, me and you an ocean and a
rock is nothing to me

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