

Behind the Armory

Neko Case

Flies in amber, sand in soap
Air trapped in the glass
Tongue-tied, I cut and run
Fleeing ever faster Behind the armory
I will never let you see
Behind the armory
Still, I want you to love me Sleeping giant Joan of Arc
Fold me in your grace
From the garbage to the stars
Make new constellations Behind the armory
Still, I want you to love me
Still, I want you to love me Through the vines and the street
Slants the light and the heat
As narrow as the archer's window grows
But it's a rare stone
In a century's thrown to me Through the vines from the street
Slants the light and the heat
As narrow as the archer's window grows Behind the armory
I will never let you see
Behind the armory
Still, I want you to love me
Still, I want you to love me

Songwriters

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