

**Veda Hille****"Three"**

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One, two

Three, crazy at a bus stop  
Three, in a shifting bed  
Three, congregated at the church of midnight  
madness

Three, entwined  
Three, divine  
Three, embrace to stave off sadness

And who are we, noisy fools  
Who laugh and bend the rules  
Is this a word that can be spoken?  
The solace that we seek  
With grasping becomes weak  
We must love each other whole or broken

Three, footprints in sand  
Our hearts, in three hands  
Three, desires fill the air with water

Three, filling holes  
Three, playing roles  
Am I mother, am I daughter?

And who are we, noisy fools  
Who laugh and bend the rules  
Is this a word that can be spoken?  
The solace that we seek  
With grasping becomes weak  
We must love each other whole or broken, broken,  
broken

Is it true, is it true?  
Is it true, is it true?  
Could we marry and bear children?  
Is it true, is it true?  
Is it true, are we true?  
How many blanks are there still to fill in?

(Guitar solo)

Three, silent speak  
Of hell and heaven  
Three, dance with fear inside

Three, brush eyes  
Three goodbyes  
Three, touch caught in timeless tide

And who are we, noisy fools  
Who laugh and bend the rules  
Is this a word that can be spoken?  
The solace that we seek  
With grasping becomes weak  
We must love each other whole or broken  
Love each other whole or broken  
Love each other whole or broken, broken, broken

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