

Fiona Apple

"Pale September"

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Pale September
I wore the time
Like a dress that year
The autumn days
Swung soft around me
Like cotton on my skin
But as the embers
Of the summer
Lost their breath
And disappeared
My heart went cold and
Only hollow rhythms
Resounded from within
But then he rose
Brilliant as the moon in full
And sank in the
Burrows of my keep
And all my armour
Falling down
In a pile at my feet
And my winter giving
Way to warm
As I'm singing him to sleep

He goes along just

As a water lily
Gentle on the surface
Of his thoughts
His body floats
Unweighed down by
Passion or intensity
Yet unaware of the
Depth upon which he coasts
And he finds a home in me
For what misfortune sows
He knows my touch will reap

And all my armour
Falling down
In a pile at me feet
And my winter giving

Way to warm
As I'm singing him to sleep
All my armour
Falling down
In a pile at my feet
And my winter giving
Way to warm
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