

Jenny Morris

"Woodcut"

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I've still got these fingers left on this hand
Take off your belt and I'll do what I can for you
You sure look like you could be some kind of harm

And maybe it's true
You're more gifted than most
You'll still be remembered by the notch in my bedpost
Left in your wake at the break of the day that comes
after

There's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
No
You don't love me
Don't say that you do because you can't

It would be my pleasure to sit here and talk with you all
day
But there's no part of me that's not wasting away
We speak of these things,
Promises that might be but never are

Oh
Change is beyond me
I'm helpless to start
Don't try to touch me
I'll just rip apart
All the people and things I wish that I knew how to care
for

There's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
No
You don't love me
Don't say that you do
You
You can't

There's no one above me to stain my fierce hands
No
You don't love me
Don't say that you do because you can't

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