

Jenny Owen Youngs "Woodcut"

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I 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 a notch in my bedpost.
Left in your wake,
at the break of the day that comes after.

There's noone 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 noone above me
to stain my fierce hands.
No you don't love me,
Don't you say that you do,
you can't.

There's noone above me
to stain my fierce hands.
No you don't love me
don't say that you do
because you can't

