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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 dont 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 thats 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 cant.

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

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