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Jonatha Brooke "What We Are"

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Can you love with such misgiving This crooked little heart I got from you Disdain in your demeanor Can you love through irony, fear and truth

The fear to repeat another's life The irony of dying much the same way Expert at nothing, master of omission, Day to day

I have to laugh with each distraction My heart is rearranging time There's order in my mother's house But there is such disarray in mine

And this is God's own creation And it is such a familiar scene The endless conversation of missing you Of things not being what they seem

What we are and what we were Will never be the same What we are and what we were Will never be the same

So I will love without misgiving This crooked little heart I give to you 'Cause there's order in the meaning Of all that's innocent but true

And this is God's own creation And it could be such a perfect scene Here the culmination of loving you And things that are what they seem

What we are and what we were Will never be the same What we are and what we were Will never be the same

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