

Knife, The "Marble House"

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I cut your nails and comb your hair
I carry you down the stairs
I wanted to see right through from the other side
I wanted to walk a trail with no end in sight

The moment we believe that we have never met
Another kind of love, it's easy to forget
When we are all alone then we do both agree
We have a thing in common, this was meant to be

You close my eyes and soothe my ears
You heal my wounds and dry my tears
On the inside of this marble house I grow
And the seeds I sow will grow up prisoners too

The moment we believe that we have never met
Another kind of love, it's easy to forget
When we are all alone then we do both agree
We have a thing in common, this was meant to be

Now where's your shoulder? What is its name?
What's your scent? Say it again
If it goes faster can you still follow me?
It must be safe when it's on TV

I raise my hands to heaven of curiosity
I don't know what to ask for, what has it got for me?
The others say we're hiding, it's forward as can be
Some things I do for money, some things I do for free

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