

## Mark Owen

### "In Piece"

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Everyone's running  
me though, I'm crawling  
picking up the pieces of your heart  
I'm trying to put you back together  
put you on my mantelpiece  
so I could live with you in piece  
in piece

If I found your hair  
your golden hair  
I would sow it with my fingers through the shirt I wear  
and everyone will stare

If I found your eyes  
I tell no lies  
I would offer them like sunlight to the broken skies  
and everyone will cry

And I will see you till my lips turn silver  
And I will see you till the cities tremble like little girls  
And I will see you till the earth's will is done  
till it offers it's fruits to everyone

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