

## Martha Reeves & The Vandellas

### "The Maker"

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My Maker (title)

My brother, my sister, my lover, my maker  
Did someone here fake it, someone here fate it  
Did someone here take it, someone here make it  
Someone here steal it, someone here lease it

It's under the table where we used to take it  
The briar, the bracken, the ebb flow the cold shoulder

I've been seen crossing  
Somebody else's mind

So I'm dreaming, let's start at the endings  
Of love and sex, it's a strange one, often a staged one  
(?)  
Maybe we can get it on the ground (?)  
The story is a new one, it's based on a re-run  
You wouldn't have known it if I hadn't brought it up  
Oh, maybe we should just let it go  
Oh no

I've been seen crossing  
Somebody else's mind

Nothing is sacred and I cannot shake it  
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed  
By the sight of night, the sharp moonlight  
It dyes the sky

And I'm wondering now if you got my last call  
Or was the music too loud, when you let out the hounds  
Oh, maybe you should come and see my show  
Oh no

I've been seen crossing  
Somebody else's mind

I love you so  
(boiling some water to kill myself)  
Let it be known  
(boiling some water to kill myself)

I love you so  
(boiling some water to kill myself)  
Let it be known  
(boiling some water to kill myself)  
I love you so  
(boiling some water to kill myself)  
Let it be known  
(boiling some water to kill myself)  
What I can say  
You've been crossing  
You've been crossing my mind  
Nothing is sacred and I cannot shake it  
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed but  
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed but  
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed but...

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