

Martha Wainwright "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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