

Natalie Grant

"Broken Thread"

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Broken Thread

Waking early I hear myself breathing
Covered up in my hand me down hand me down
Hiding under my patchwork freezing
With my wedding dress calling me, calling me
I dress myself in dis-function
Do I drown you in sympathy, sympathy
You could be my winter messiah
Scarred around and around me....around me

Cause im stiched up like an angel chord, I'm fixed up
They try to run and hide somewhere in there defense
And now want to hand me down again.....

On a broken thread
On a broken thread

I choose to set you on fire
No-more wearing and tearing me, tearing me
Your still my only desire
And now it seems like your leaving me, freeing me,
healing me.

Cause im stiched up like an angel chord, I'm fixed up
They try to run and hide somewhere in there defense
And now want to hand me down again.....

They try to run and hide somewhere in there defense
And now want to hand me down again.....

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