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Sixpence None The Richer "Dizzy"

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I'm like Thomas doubting fingers running the scars Your wrists and side touching flesh will make my mind believe

I want to be like David throwing his clothes to the wind to dance a jig, in my skin to be re-made by your cleansing again

[Chorus] I gave you myself it's all that I have

broken and frail I'm clay in your hands and spinning I can see all is it only Israel for you my love

I want to be like David throwing his clothes to the wind to dance a jig, in my skin to be re-made by your cleansing again

[Chorus]

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