

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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