

Vanessa Daou "Make You Love"

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It's four A.M. November ten, a strange electric hour
I'm swallowing the morning of your flower
Petal by petal I'm laying you bare, red as any rose is
(watch her as she opens and she closes)
Let me turn your tears into wine
Let me turn your darkest hour into light
Let me turn your crow into a dove
Let me be the one to make you love
It's four A.M. November ten, a vague and hazy time
You lie asleep, you're breathing like a child
I'm writing with my poet's hand
To reach you with my pen
I know that I can make you love again
Let me turn your tears into wine
Let me turn your darkest hour into light
Let me turn your crow into a dove
Let me be the one to make you love

In those words I create you
Into someone who will
Always come back
Once you've closed the door.
Into someone who will never refuse
When I ask for more.
But if I think I can own you
With some lavender prose
Or a violet song, I am wrong.
And if I think I can have you
With a salty kiss or a sultry dance,
Well, I can't.
Let me turn your tears into wine
Let me turn your darkest hour into light
Let me turn your crow into a dove
Let me be the one to make you love

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