

## Julia Stone

### "The Line That Ties Me"

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The walls are talking and the only person who can hear me is nearly gone.

I stand by your bedside, on the edge of words

That I can't say, for the fear that I might fall.

Maybe I'm afraid that the pictures that I paint,

Won't capture the beauty of you.

And the last thing that you hear is the silence in your ears,

As I sink beneath the weight of it all.

I could call you my lover, call you a beast,

Call you the island, where faith doesn't reach.

Call you a lion, call you a man,

You're the line that ties me to things.

I don't understand.

Your smile as you wither, is as pretty as the picture,  
You wouldn't sell to the lady next door.

You tell me music and art, it doesn't have a price,

It's for the heart, I should give it away,

Use it for the freedom of us all.

I could call you my lover, call you a beast,

Call you the island, where faith doesn't reach.

Call you a lion, call you a man,

You're the line that ties me to things.

I don't understand.

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