

## **Sewing With Nancie** **"150"**

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(White)

It seems off time again, I'll let the tapes sync up.  
Quick, the walls are caving in, I'll show you here  
what I mean with all thats done before the humour met  
my hurt side. When four best friends collide the  
heart is where you go. How was I supposed to know  
that you couldn't let this go? It seems so separated  
but this came together like a wound into the flesh.  
It means this is everything. To measure up the rock  
to my heart and its percent of me. Well it's a  
hundred and fifty, and thats the way it will be. How  
was I supposed to know that you couldn't let this go.  
You can't fake this heart. It's not the same to you.  
I'm not in debt to any heart except my own. This is  
my medicine, my effort, my home. I'm not in debt to  
anyone except myself. This is my happiness, my  
sickness, my health.

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