

## **Polly Paulusma**

# **"This One I Made for You"**

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Tiny heart flutter between my fingers and my thumb  
You're very in trouble before you've began  
I see your tiny heart worrying, a turning of wheels  
Just grab on to something and dig in your heels

This place is made of blood and bones  
Expect you've seen better homes  
But this one I've made for you

I've seen your heart, I know your name  
So don't go bailing out again  
No, this one I've made for you, I've made for you

Now, everyone's forgotten what they came here for  
They were once in a garden, now, they're going to war  
And while your tiny heart flutters, between my fingers  
and my thumb  
There's some sporty nose soldier laughing and joking  
And poking her gun

This place is made of blood and bones  
Expect you've seen better homes  
But this one I've made for you

I've seen your heart, I know your name  
So don't go bailing out again  
No, this one I've made for you

This place is made of hearts and souls  
Of broken crowns and little holes  
But this one I've made for you

I've seen your heart, I know your name  
So don't go bailing out again  
No, this one I've made for you, I made for you

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