

## Shakespears Sister "G-d The Weaver"

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She's beautiful in face and form way above the norm  
and in this cold world her words tumble out warm. I  
don't want to die but in her eyes drown I need her like  
make up needs the clown.

Her loveliness invades me flower attracts the bee She's  
a temple and I am her devotee don't want to be alone  
want to be with her O that I was the covers of her sidur.

I feel hot and a lovely fever knowing she's how a  
believer that we are two strands and G-d is the weaver.  
Her beauty it is given given from above I am captivated  
by her love.

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