

Amy Speace

"Bring Me Back My Heart"

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She sings herself to sleep when she's alone
Bring me back my heart!
Bring me back my heart!
She lays between the Bible and the phone
Bring me back my heart!

Bring me back my heart!
Keeping track with pennies she's collecting all the stash
A coin for every morning she awakes and he's not
there.
She's made a trail to guide his way back home
Bring me back my heart!
Bring me back my heart!

She remembers every whisper promise that was
shared
False to dreaming, repeating each one like a prayer.
With beads she counts through fingers, then...
Bring me back my heart!
Bring me back my heart!
Between the cradle and the mocking stone
Bring me back my heart!
Bring me back my heart!
Bring me back my heart!
Bring me back my heart!

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