

Six Pence None The Richer "Healer"

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Amber liquid wetting winecups to the stem
Spilling drops to glisten on the earth like little gems
That myself mistook so foolishly when I stopped to
steal a drink
Of the liquid amber melting in my eyes, in my hands,
and on my lips

Earthy blankets full of golden lint and thread
I see the children play as I am on my way again
To another place; I'm sorry to say that we
Blurred the picket fence
Still the children play, they wrap themselves in the
middle
To sip sunlight and drink innocence

Hey today
Beauty is my healer
Hey today
I'm gonna steal her

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