

Emmy the Great & Tim Wheeler "Creation"

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And then the child becomes the worrier,
And you're the worrier, so worry over this-
What's the thing that has you reaching out to it like a
phantom limb?
And to the action comes a character,
And he reveals a wish to see himself in ink,
So you take a pen,
you write a list called 'all the stages that the world
begins',

And then the years relay the seasons,
You fill the sky, you give him means to lift his chin;
And then the tides relay the oceans,
You give him reason for believing
That he's in
Some
Creation.

To make him grow you give him barriers,
To make him grow you give him barriers to fell,
Now he wants to know if there's a narrator;
You dry the riverbed, and so he builds a well.
And when the woman comes, he marries her,
And then the woman is another to himself,
Now she wants to know if there's a narrator-
She wants to know if there's a narrative to tell,

And then the years relay the seasons,
You fill the sky you give them means to lift their chins,
And then the tides relay the oceans,
You give them reason for believing-
And then the years relay the seasons,
You fill the sky you give her means to lift her chins,
And then the tides relay the oceans,
You give her reason for believing
That she's in
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