

## Vanessa Da Mata

### "Make You Love"

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It's four A.M. November ten, a strange electric hour  
I'm swallowing the morning of your flower  
Petal by petal I'm laying you bare, red as any rose is  
(watch her as she opens and she closes)  
Let me turn your tears into wine  
Let me turn your darkest hour into light  
Let me turn your crow into a dove  
Let me be the one to make you love  
It's four A.M. November ten, a vague and hazy time  
You lie asleep, you're breathing like a child  
I'm writing with my poet's hand  
To reach you with my pen  
I know that I can make you love again  
Let me turn your tears into wine  
Let me turn your darkest hour into light  
Let me turn your crow into a dove  
Let me be the one to make you love

In those words I create you  
Into someone who will  
Always come back  
Once you've closed the door.  
Into someone who will never refuse  
When I ask for more.  
But if I think I can own you  
With some lavender prose  
Or a violet song, I am wrong.  
And if I think I can have you  
With a salty kiss or a sultry dance,  
Well, I can't.  
Let me turn your tears into wine  
Let me turn your darkest hour into light  
Let me turn your crow into a dove  
Let me be the one to make you love

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