

# Brett Dennen, She's Mine

well the witches stare with their limbs akimbo  
silhouettes of statues up in the window  
call me to come here with a crooked crescendo  
but i don't

devotees dance among the pantomime on the promenade  
into a tabernacle on the lawn  
but i don't follow

because she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, all mine  
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

midnight moved across the people's park  
and i fled the fire like a spinning spark  
up onto a porch in the dark  
she was waiting right there for me

she knows that my hands are empty  
as i go past the mothers of envy  
and i don't have to fumble in the dark for my keys

i believe she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, all mine  
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

the pupils gather in the yard  
around the pulpit made of cards  
and waited for their leader's words  
but his words didn't make much sense

his mouth spat out a fist of daggers  
and his tongue swirled in a southern swagger  
and i looked at all the people gathered  
but they were all in a trance

and she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, all mine  
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

i was thrown before the court of canes  
tossed my soul to the furnace flames  
where all my heros had been slain, exiled, or put in prison

because they rose above the mess  
and because their power posed a threat  
and because they spoke of something else  
when everybody else didn't

the music fills the space between  
the deities and the prophecies  
of our bodies pressed seamlessly  
silent in the shade

she looks at me so fearlessly  
and i take it all too seriously  
but it all becomes so clear to me  
and makes me understand

that she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, all mine  
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

yeah she's mine, all mine, all mine, all mine  
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm  
yeah she's mine

