

Brooke Fraser, The Thief

Your eyes are full, full of the future of us
The air changes as you look across at me in that wondering way
It is as if I knew you before we spoke
Do our hearts know something we don't?
Conspiring, converging without giving us any say

You sing me to sleep, talk down my walls
Look through my windows as I wait
You could be the thief I'll give the key to

You're ruining me with secrets and gestures and looks
With sonnets in second-hand books
Playing the chords in me nobody knew how to play

You sing me to sleep, talk down my walls
Look through my windows as I wait
You could be the thief I'll give the key to

It fits in your hand like the water in rain
It unlocks our two different selves and shows we are the same
Rather than wait 'til I put me out for the taking
You're breaking
You're breaking into my heart... and I'm letting you

Your eyes are full, full of the future of us