

Emiliana Torrini, Bleeder

Lay thee down.
Park your head upon my pillow.
Naked trees they dress in crows,
Greet the horses coming nearer.

Through the rains that bring you down.
You're a man, humble as a hope.
Oh-oh-oh, lay with me.
Oh, closer to my body.
Oh-oh-oh-oh.
When things go wrong, you'll find you're a bleeder.

You're a man, humble as a hope.
Oh-oh-oh, lay with me.
Oh, closer to my body.
Oh-oh-oh-oh.
When things go wrong, you'll find you're a bleeder.

Oh, when things go wrong, you'll find you're a believer.