

Heather Nova, Island

There are parts of me he'll never know,
My wild horses and my river beds,
And in my throat voices he'll never hear.
He pulls at me like a cherry tree,
And I can still move, but I don't speak about it.
Pretend I'm crazy, pretend I'm dead.
He's so scared to hit me now, he'll bring flowers instead.

I need an island, somewhere to sink a stone
I need an island, somewhere to bury you,
Somewhere to go.

And the dogwoods shimmer in October sun,
"Oh sweet thing" he sings to me, "You're the only one."

I need an island, somewhere to sink a stone
I need an island, somewhere to bury you, somewhere
I need an island, somewhere to sink a stone
I need an island, somewhere to bury you, somewhere to go.

And I don't know why I can't tell my sister,
He spat in my face again, and I don't want to die here.
You know that dream when your feet won't move,
you want to come but your body won't let you.
He steals it from me. He steals it from me.
It shines like sweat, like jewels,
Like something that has died to soon.
He fucks with the beauty.
A kiss, a kick, a kiss, a kick, a kiss kiss kick.
He steals it from me.
It's out of my hands again.

I need an island, somewhere to sink a stone
I need an island, somewhere to bury you,
Somewhere to go, to go...