

Madeleine Peyroux, I Must Be Saved

Lose your keys under the house, lose the button from your blouse,
Lose the plastic diamond ring from the parade
Lose the color in your lips, lose the swingin' in your hips,
But if you lose me in your grips I must be saved.
Lose the harmonies we learned, lose the taste of bread you earned,
Lose the stash you always kept but never craved
Lose your rhythm, lose your lines, lose your sense of passing time,
But if you lose me in your mind I must be saved.
And if you find your conscience plagued by some misplaced or righteous rage
Then lose yourself instead till you remember to forget.
Lose your passion and your hope, lose the knotting in your rope,
Lose your armor in the struggles that you brave
Lose the children that you bore, lose the battle, lose the war,
But if you lose me in your core I must be saved.
Lose your reverence for winners, your patience with forgiveness,
You don't have to be a master or a slave
Lose your senses, lose your mind, lose your faith in human kind,
But if you lose me down the line I must be saved.
And if you find your conscience plagued by some misplaced or righteous rage
Then lose yourself instead till you remember to forget.
Lose perfection for a start, lose the dream you kept apart,
Lose the chance to find another who'd behave,
And then if you haven't yet, lose your loser's last regret
For if you lose me in your net I must be saved.
Lose the vows we never spoke, lose the punch-line to the joke,
Lose your innocence as if willingly you gave
Lose the kettle and the pot, you can lose the best you've got
But if you lose me in your heart I must be saved.