

# Me Without You, Paper Hanger

Not one motion of her gesture could I forget  
The prettiest bag lady I ever met  
Pushing her cart in the rain  
Then gathering plastic and glass  
She watched the day pass  
Not hour by hour  
But pain by pain  
If I was a basket filled with holes  
Then she was the sand I tried to hold  
And ran out behind me  
As I swung with some invisible hands

I stopped believing, you start to move  
She was like wine turned to water then turned back to wine  
I stopped my leaving and the better man bloomed  
And you can pour us out and we won't mind

I was dead, then alive  
She was like wine turned to water and turned back to wine  
You can pour us out, we won't mind  
A scratch around the mouth of the glass  
My life is no longer mine

If you're still looking for a blanket  
Sweetie, I'm sorry, I'm no sort of fabric  
But if you need a tailor  
Then take your torn shirt, and stumble up my stairs  
And mumble your pitiful prayers  
And in your tangled night's sleep, our midnight needles go to work  
Until all comfort and fear flows in one river  
Down on the shelf by the mirror where you see yourself whole  
And it makes you shiver

I stopped believing, you start to move  
She was like wine turned to water then turned back to wine  
I stopped my leaving and the better man bloomed  
And you can pour us out and we won't mind

I was dead, then alive  
She was like wine turned to water and turned back to wine  
You can pour us out, we won't mind  
A scratch around the mouth of the glass  
My life is no longer mine

Our lives our not our own  
Even the wind lays still  
All I felt was fire and cold  
And movement, movement  
If they ask you for a sign of the Father  
Tell them it's movement, movement and repose