

# Sophie B. Hawkins, Help Me Breathe

A silent woman parts her lips  
To speak before she ought  
She makes a cross of her emotions  
And a panic of her thoughts  
Out of her mouth she comes in rages  
Like Vesuvius in heat  
She runs ahead of her intentions  
Though she programmed for defeat

By the hunger and the hatred  
The prostitution of her nature  
She has given and forgiven for to give her  
Kunt forgave her  
To the longing for a loving hand  
Or fist or cock or spike  
But you know you cannot reach her  
il she taken back her life

A lonely child of fourteen  
Finds her future in a drum  
She plays for present day omissions  
And for whom she must become  
Out of her passion breaks the stillness  
Of a solitary mind  
A strict devotion to the rhythm  
With a substitute for time

She looks out of her window  
At the changes in the sky  
She never wants to leave her sanctuary  
Bedroom, books and lies  
But she grown up on the outside  
With an instinct for the pain  
That drives the men inside her wild  
And women wanting her insane

Both lovers bring their cameras  
To the beach on New Year eve  
They are expecting nothing other  
Than to see what they believe  
Four feet walking toward the lighthouse  
In the freezing winter rain  
She flashes stately in the distance  
Humming her somnolent refrain

"You are here now, you are here now  
There is nothing left to fear now  
" With each step the sunk is sinking  
Though the truth is less unclear now  
They have won a thousand battles  
They have wrung their own demise  
Now they are standing still and weeping  
For a love they can despise

A silent woman and a lonely child  
Have nowhere else to go  
But to the lighthouse in December  
Before the New Year takes its toll  
They have found inside each other  
What they had lost within themselves  
Now they are bonded to forever  
In their search for something else

Generations like the water

Shape the face of every stone  
A pedigree an invitation  
To discover you alone  
Out in the kitchen or the courtyard  
Or the bedroom or the bank  
It only takes a fateful moment  
To become the one you thank

And light shall lift them  
Higher and higher  
And dreams shall carry them on  
And loss shall lead them  
To life final hour  
Where death shall overcome