

# The Knife, Marble House

I cut your nails and comb your hair  
I carry you down the stairs  
I wanted to see right through from the other side  
I wanted to walk a trail with no end in sight  
The moment we believe that we have never met  
Another kind of love it's easy to forget  
When we are all alone then we do both agree  
We have a thing in common this was meant to be  
You close my eyes and soothe my ears  
You heal my wounds and dry my tears  
On the inside of this marble house I grow  
And the seeds I sow will grow up prisoners too  
The moment we believe that we have never met  
Another kind of love it's easy to forget  
When we are all alone then we do both agree  
We have a thing in common this was meant to be  
Now where's your shoulder  
What is it's name  
What's your scent  
Say it again  
If it goes faster can you still follow me  
It must be safe when it's on TV  
I raise my hands to heaven of curiosity  
I don't know what to ask for  
What has it got for me?  
The others say we're hiding  
It's as forward as can be  
Some things I do for money  
Some things I do for free