

Anna Nalick, More Than Melody

Hey Mr. Love I've been singing and still
There's a hole in my heart only a man can fill
But he's had a blistered love and we're sharing a bed
And he's not in a state to be readily left in my hands
In my hands, in my hands, in my hands

Hey love, live it up
'cause I'm getting closer
And I want love, give it up
This poetry and prose and words are not enough
'cause you're more than melody to me...I think

So morning come and I'm nervously clad
In these sheets not my own and these hands where they don't belong
And I'm all but a victim in my prison head
I should run for my gun but I'm lying instead in your hands
In your hands, in your hands, in your hands

And you say hey love, live it up
'cause I'm getting closer
And I want love, give it up
This poetry and prose and words are not enough
'cause you're more than melody to me...I think

And holding out our hands before us
All the world will love and whore us
My heart, oh Lord, is in your hands

In my hands, in your hands
In my hands in your hands
In my hands, in your hands
In my hands, in my hands, in my...
Ooohhhh, yeah

Hey Mr. Love, I'm too tired to sing but he is more than melody to me