

Beth Orton, Feral Children

Feral children in the pouring rain
for every constellation she might navigate again
each and ever line she might wear in time
baptized by the rain and the euphoria of pain

could kiss or punch, sober or drunk
lifted way high or taken down deep
into blue space where the rules change

feral children know how to survive
feral children can fight for their lives
feral children hear what no one knows
theres no words for the infinity of ghosts
the infinity of ghosts

hold on, hold on
holding back the sea seems unlikely
shell tell you
i can forgive you
but i cant forget you
and you wont forget me

hold on, hold on
hoding back the fire seems to flame desire
try parting the water crossing the sea
shell tell you
i can forgive you
but i cant forget you
and you wont forget me