

# Hawksley Workman, The Women Is The Water

Let me sing about her  
Could I breathe the breath  
That she lives in, she lives in

And if I am my mother's son  
Let me be the one, be the one  
To travel with her, and go under  
Go under with her

The (healed?) tongue, the (healed?) tongue  
That learns to sing, sing your name  
Your name so sweet

Oh, take the time to take your breath  
Take the time to take your breath  
Oh go ahead of me instead, go ahead

Go ahead and sing about her  
You come in and you go,  
Let me tell you baby how she flows

The woman is the water, the water  
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There's never time, no  
No, the things are machines  
And you can't blame them for the (pace?)  
You've got it in a slow  
Oh you've got it slow  
And you know, you know  
You know you've got it slow

And it's like prayer,  
You're silent, there's no candlelight  
Ohhhh, may I never see the surface again  
May I never see those places again  
'Cause baby, you flow  
Baby you know you flow, you flow

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