

Jenny Owen Youngs, Woodcut

I still got these fingers left on this hand
Take off your belt and I'll do what I can for you
You sure look like you could be some kind of harm
And maybe it's true
You're more gifted than most
You'll still be remembered by a notch in my bedpost
Left in your wake
At the break of the day that comes after

There's no one above me
To stay my fierce hands
No, you don't love me
Don't you say that you do
Because you can't

It would be my pleasure to sit here and talk with you all day
But there's no part of me that's not wasting away
As we speak of these dreams
Promises that might be but never are
Oh, change is beyond me
I'm helpless to start
Don't try to touch me, I'll just rip apart
All the people and things
I wish that I knew how to care for

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You, you can't

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