

Lisa Hannigan, Ocean And A Rock

What you at my gentle spoken friend
I lack a frame to put you in
When you're an ocean and a rock away
I feel you in the pocket of my overcoat
My fingers wrap around your words
And take the shape of games we play
I feed your words through my buttonholes
I bring them to my fingerless gloves
Green and prone to fraying
Thoughts of you warm my bones
I'm on the way, I'm on the phone
Let's get lost, me and you
An ocean and a rock is nothing to me
I am far away from where you lay
Awake the day while you fall to sleep
An ocean and a rock away
I keep you in the pockets of my dresses
And the bristles of my brushes
Spin you into my curls today
I spoon you into my coffee cup
Spin you through a delicate wash
I wear you all day
I wear you all day
Thoughts of you warm my bones
I'm on the way, I'm on the phone
Let's get lost, me and you
And ocean and rock is nothing to me
Thoughts of you warm my bones
I'm on the way, I'm nearly home
Let's get lost, me and you
An ocean and a rock is nothing to me