

Lisa Hannigan, Teeth

Waking up today it was cold out
there's something I should say
but I can't get my head around the bends in your brain
and your elaborate pain makes me tired
as an old balloon
I hold my breath like a penance paid too soon
with too much eagerness
to know what is true when air is changed by you
it makes it hard
i don't know where it comes
from where to go
when the rains come
when the rain...
Put me back in the bottle
where the sea meets the sun
when the bones and their rattle don't mean anything to no-one
I had a swing when my salt was my own
I'd my teeth bared for battle
til love lost made me dull