

# Mike Scott, Then You Hold Me

Something inside of myself is torn  
And I can hardly stand  
I can feel those precious years  
Slipping through my hands  
Lights have failed, I'm in the dark  
Imprisoned inside of myself  
But then you hold me  
And I wouldn't be anybody else

I'm thinking of the ships of my sailing days,  
Not long gone I know, but they feel lifetimes away  
Wires are cut, I'm disconnected  
Feeding back inside of myself  
But then you hold me  
Oh and I wouldn't be anybody else

You made me thrill, you made me whole  
And I thank you for your presence full of soul

Now when I come home with my face all worn,  
My voice in shreds and my pride in rags,  
When I'm sick of my work and I look like dirt  
And I feel like shutting down blinds and packing up bags,  
When there's no pill will console me  
And no drug will free me from myself  
That's when you hold me  
And I wouldn't be anybody else

On This Is The Sea (remaster), 2004  
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