

# Nina Nastasia, Odd Said The Doe

Odd that the doe, who looks like it wants to speak  
Is the same doe I saw in my yard last week

Can I believe that it's you  
I'd like to believe that it's you  
Calling on me

Why is the urge that roused me out of a dream  
Not then a sign every night beckoning my relief

Should I believe that it's you  
I'd laugh to believe that it's you  
Hastening me

Come on man, have a little faith  
Why be after what is plain  
See me everywhere I am

I want to know that it's you  
Am I to believe that it's you  
Following me