

Pretenders, Hymn To Her

Let me inside you
Into your room
I've heard it's lined
With the things you don't show
Lay me beside you
Down on the floor
I've been your lover
From the womb to the tomb
I dress as your daughter
When the moon becomes round
You be my mother
When everything's gone

And she will always carry on
Something is lost
But something is found
They will keep on speaking her name
Somethings change
Some stay the same

Keep beckoning to me
From behind that closed door
The maid and the mother
And the crone that's grown old

I hear your voice
Coming out of that hole
I listen to you
And I want some more
I listen to you
And I want some more

And she will always carry on
Something is lost
But something is found
They will keep on speaking her name
Some things change
Some stay the same