

# 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