

Sixpence None the Richer, Bleeding

Bleeding

Music & Lyrics by : Matt Slocum

deep inside the darkest night

is drinking in the light

from pinholes pricked, holy needles knicked

in a canopy of white

I'm alone, I'm alone

and I'm beating my soul to make it bleed a drop of hope

then I'll drink it up in a golden cup and let it grow inside

and I fear that you've gone away

but you must be somewhere near

the fire fades so the deepest shades

slowly trickle down the wall

in a room I hide will I come outside

and have some kind of fall

all my words, all my words

they have lost all their worth

nothing's good enough for anyone

and the look on my face

leaves a subtle trace of the change

that is to come