Sixpence None the Richer, Melody Of You

you're a painting with symbols deep, a symphony soft as it shifts from dark beneath a poem that flows, caressing my skin in all of these things you reside and I want you flow from the pen, bow and brush with paper and string, and canvas tight with ink in the air, to dust your light? from morning to the black of night

Chorus

this is my call I belong to You this is my call to sing the melodies of You this is my call I can do nothing else I can do nothing else

you're the scent of an unfound bloom a simple tune I only write variations to soothe the mood a drink that will knock me down to the floor a key that will unlock the door where I hear a voice sing familiar themes then beckons me weave notes in between a bow and a string, a tap and a glass you pour me till the day has passed....

- Chorus -