

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 -