

The Church, When You Were Mine

On a day like this, a hundred lifetimes ago
You on a shore, across the point
I looked through my hands and you drew me a line
When you were mine
On a world like this, a hundred turns left to go
Deep in a room, which I've never seen
Outside it's so cold but I'm waiting for time
When you were mine

Plenty of islands between now and then
Rocks break the boats of the painted face men
And they drown, and they're born
And they live once again
And this all happens
When you were mine

In a storm like this, a hundred kisses of snow
You with another so easily sleep
What's real and what's dreamt become close and entwined
When you were mine