

Thea Gilmore, Like Lead

You talk about love like it's something you found on your shoe
Guess your feelings for me are just a mild inconvenience to you
And I hate you but still play your game
And you hate me but tie me to you all the same
Like some ship being battered from pole to pole
Taking on, taking water on

In our religion when knives are being drawn, blood's being spilt
You're the one with the cross now, baby I'm the one with the guilt
We walk to separate sides of the ring
Wait for the trouble to come crashing again
Throwing punches as kisses when the bell has been rung to begin
Taking on, taking water on
Taking on, taking water on

Do you even know what I mean?
It tires me out and drags me back in
And if you look down at your feet
You'll see my heart, just so much blood on the street
And so many tears and all

And we search desperately for someone to call our own
And we hold them up to the light
See the loose threads, tears on the inside
Till your head is so battered it's sinking like lead in the tide
Taking on, taking water on
Taking on, taking water on
Oh