

William Fitzsimmons, Mend Your Heart

She is like the water where I clean my baby
Floating from the front into the back to keep me
warm enough to cover me from getting chilly
Cool enough to hide me from the heat

She is like a splinter that I caught in my toe
running from the dog that chases me
sharp enough to teach a lesson that I must learn
soft enough to never make me bleed

And I will find you there
And I will mend your heart
And I will find you there
And I will mend your heart

She is like a cigarette inside an ashtray
Nothing but a fire sets her free
Filling up my lungs until my body needs her
holding on so I can never breathe

She is like a gravestone sitting in a church yard
Crooked from the ground in which she sleeps
Whispering our name until I go to meet her
Underneath the ground she finds her peace

And I will find you there
And I will mend your heart
And I will find you there
And I will mend... your heart