

Heart Of My Own

Basia Bulat

Under that bird
Beneath that falls
Down on these walls
Burnin my arms
I've been alone
When I sat by you

For every word I could undo
I've been uncrossed
and I've been untrue
I've been the thorn
I've been the hunt

With a heart of my own
Burn it down low
The light in your verse
And the shadow between
The way that I was when I used to roam

Back home
What do I hold?
For the maid or the mother I'll be
If only the loom and a thread will hold.
It is work too but as that I hear it
Tomorrow I'll mend it
The empty bones.

There are the roses that come without seekin'
They are the ones that I have to sow.
In your verses that I have repeated
The way that I was when I used to know.

I wrote on these walls
A simple charm
To keep the wounds at bay
Gave of a heart
The strength of my arms
To hold you close and safe

But I kept my eyes closed
I'll never know
Where the shadows are these days
I stood in the room of a house divided

Ah, and it washed away from me.
It washed away from me, oh,
And It washed away from me.
It washed away to take my own
Burn it down low

The light in your verse
And the shadow between
The way that I was when I used to roam

Back home
What do I hold?
For the maid or the mother I'll be

If only the loom and a thread will hold.
It is work too but as that I hear it

Tomorrow I meant it
The empty bones
There are the roses that come without sinkin
They are the ones that I have to sow
In your verses that I have repeated
The way that I was when I used to know.