

## Your Words

Heather Nova

I keep every word you said  
Wildflowers growing up around my bed  
All those words blooming in my head

I don't need much only truth  
Just the thoughts that come to you  
You make poetry, no one reaches me like you do

And it's all, only syllables  
But your words, they will make or break me

Sticks and stones  
Bruise my bones  
But your words will save me  
Sticks and stones  
Bruise my bones  
But I need your words  
I don't want to live without you  
Don't want to live without you

Your words, your words, your words

I keep every word you said  
String them all on invisible thread  
All those little pearls  
Shining round my neck  
Blooming in my head  
Shining round my neck  
Blooming in my head