

## Late

Arthur Beatrice

For the pieces we were leaning for  
The middle of a life is one we knew no more  
We need to know no more

And I am the stone that you were shaping out  
Carving up bone to form a face so proud  
For on the inside round

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right  
All the feeling hidden, any last respite  
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right

A hand on womb, in a white so clean  
A national gesture for the bride in me  
Or for the child beneath

I'll merge with plaster in a nursery wall  
Redeeming the features as a family fall  
Believe the warning call

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right  
All the feeling hidden, any last respite  
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right  
All the feeling hidden, any last respite  
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right

Although I'd feel it nothing to  
Be eating every part of you  
Oh, if I'd known I'd feel such remorse  
Would be trading an outlook for yours

All that I say and what I do  
Will never be enough for you  
Oh, I could be someone adored  
Could be draining the red from your pulse

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right  
All the feeling hidden, any last respite  
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right (there's a last respite)

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right  
All the feeling hidden, any last respite  
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right