

# With You Within You

**Brett Anderson**

When the Libra moon is high  
And my ashes like the petals blow  
And I spill myself like holy wine  
In an audience with your pilgrim soul

I'm with you within you, with you  
I'm with you within you, with you

And when you stare up at the satellites  
And your almond eyes are sad as coal

I'm with you within you, with you  
I'm with you within you, with you

Ahh... ha  
Ahh... ha

With you