

## Strange Conversations

Let's Eat Grandma

I'd like to speak with you, if that's alright  
Thought I might find you here, where wasted youth lay near  
Through all that's insincere, into the quiet  
With doves surrounding you, this mottled sky turns blue

And I'm at the altar  
And I wake in pools of light  
After our strange conversations that I hold into the night

Am I impatient with you? Am I too shy?  
Must I confess to you? And scuff my oldest shoes  
But even faith won't soothe this ache tonight  
So won't you stay with me  
Kneel down and pray with me

And I'm at the altar  
And I wake in pools of light  
After our strange conversations that I hold into the night

I'm on my own, at your feet again, your disciple  
I'm on my own, on my knees again, your disciple  
I'm on my own, at your feet again, your disciple  
I'm on my own, on my knees again, your disciple, I

Won't you fly?  
Won't you fly?  
Won't you fly?  
And I

And you're right, do you really want to save my life? (Oh, and I)  
Not quite  
So I'm blending into you, blending into you (Ooh, and I)  
This time, do you really want to take?  
Ooh, and I