

Still Vulnerable

Lime Cordiale

I've done the math
She's done the mileage
She's in the wars
She's eaten glass
Walked over fire
Tattooed a red back spider

Vulnerable

She smells of wine
Makes her the wiser
Fixing the lows by getting high
Spook me
Knocking at my window
Late at night, no invite
I can still be vulnerable
I can still be vulnerable
Vulnerable
I can still be

I've done the figures
Don't count your fingers, no
How many years?
How many rounds?
You're banging drums
To try get some attention

Vulnerable

Not uninspired
But anxious, what's inside her?
Fixing hellos with a goodbye
Excuse me
Your head is on my pillow
Late at night, no invite
I can still be vulnerable
I can still be vulnerable
Vulnerable
I can still be

Round and round it goes
Not all as it seems
Yeah, life is but a dream