

Northern Wind

Liza Anne

Hands are raised, your tongue is mean
And it talks down my self esteem
Mother sent cards with prayers and pleas
But you're my god you're everything
Take me at my best
But you through me at my worst

Don't turn around
Feel it nipping at the backs of your heels
Feel it calling like a northern wind, whispering
'Who you are isn't what you've been
Don't turn around
Feel it nipping at the backs of your heels
Feel it calling like a northern wind, whispering
'Who you are isn't what you've been

Chased the light you're dimming down
Oh, hint me now
Just make a sound
Dearest, you're confusing me
You're the haze of a lover that I swore to need
Taking my breath
Breaking my chest

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Feel it nipping at the backs of your heels
Feel it calling like a northern wind, whispering
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Oh

Dearest you're confusing me
You're the haze of a lover that I swore to need
Oh oh

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