

# 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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Oh

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

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