

Marble House

Marika Hackman

I cut your nails and comb your hair
I carry you down the stairs
I wanted to see right through from the other side
I wanted to walk a trail with no end in sight

The moment we believe that we have never met
Another kind of love it's easy to forget
When we are all alone then we do both agree
We have a thing in common this was meant to be

You close my eyes and soothe my ears
You heal my wounds and dry my tears
On the inside of this marble house I grow
And the seeds I sow will grow up prisoners too

The moment we believe that we have never met
Another kind of love it's easy to forget
When we are all alone then we do both agree
We have a thing in common this was meant to be

Now where's your shoulder
What is its name
What's your scent
Say it again

If it goes faster
Can you still follow me
It must be safe
When it's on TV

I raise my hands to heaven for curiosity
I don't know what to ask for
What has it got for me
The others say we're hiding
It's as forward as can be
Some things I do for money
Some things I do for free