

Getting Older

Martha Wainwright

I'm getting older
I need your shoulder
I need your love
And I need your blood

I want your honey
I'll take your money
I'll pay you back
I'll get the cash

With you my life has begun
I was on the run
We've got the time it takes to burn out the sun
And the heart's desperately undone

I've been so afraid
My body's burnt and laid
Out on a table at my wake
And the radio's on
It's playing my song
It's the one that will take us to the end
If we defend our love and our souls we mend

Can you hear my words?
Can you feel my worth?
Can you read my mind and share the rest of time?

I was making my own bed
I was picturing my death
I was lost in a fire
And you saved me with your desire
Can you hear me now?
It's time to take a bow
Out of this last life, born of sacrifice