

Louise

Neko Case

Braid your pretty fingers into mine
Cat's cradle
Stretch your arms overhead, too far
Arch them into a doorway
To that impossible blue

You slip through unafraid
To a much darker shade
That's the color of your name, Louise

We'll make the steak knife's journey
To the center of a hornet's nest
And emerge through the doorway
Of that impossible blue

Where the day turns to night
And the night into morning
Our silhouettes resplendent, now formidable, 3D
That's the power
That is the power
That's the power of our love, Louise

I never knew, and so I weep
That you could hold a piece of light
That you believed into being
Believed it to life and let it breathe

So braid your pretty fingers into mine
Darling, darling