

Dizzy

Sixpence None The Richer

I'm like thomas doubting fingers
Running the scars your wrists and side
Touching flesh will make my mind believe

I want to be like david throwing his clothes to the wind
To dance a jig, in my skin
To be re-made by your cleansing again

I gave you myself
It's all that I have
Broken and frail
I'm clay in your hands
And spinning I can see all
Is it only israel
For you my love

I want to be like david throwing his clothes to the wind
To dance a jig, in my skin
To be re-made by your cleansing again

I gave you myself
It's all that I have
Broken and frail
I'm clay in your hands
And spinning I can see all
Is it only israel
For you my love