

Begin Again

The Ballroom Thieves

I want to be a poet too
Fit as many flowers in my mouth as they do
The readiness is all I need
And I can pack up pretty easy

The ceiling breathes a sigh of smoke
It stares at me and waits 'til I choke
But I don't

Begin again

Longer the day
Shorter the night
I know I can't stay
But I still think I might
Bury myself under everything
And just...

I am every woman I have met
A hundred horses running in our chest
If I could still dream
Or I could see in the dark
Would you show me your face
Could I see who you are while you

Take the rest of me
Take the rest of me
Take the rest of me
Bury me
Bury me

Begin again