

## Empty Page

## The Crane Wives

I'm just a ten cent copy  
Of people far more advanced than me  
Every thought that I've ever had  
Could be ripped from a magazine  
Cut me a path, and I will follow it  
Draw me a line, and I'll avoid it  
I'm nothing if not obedient  
You have my word  
You have my word

I am an empty page  
A muddled shade of paint  
I am a light that's burning out  
I am a light that's burning out  
I have hands that shake  
When there are cuts to make  
You'll do it better, show me how  
You'll do it better, show me how

Tie me up by my callow belief  
Someday I'll make something out of me  
Years of imitating mastery  
Only made me a better thief

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