

Ada takes a walk in the dark, not a walk in the park  
Checks over her shoulder, crosses her heart  
It's hard to be a woman  
Even harder to be somebody you're not  
If God had a favorite, I wouldn't be it  
Not much myself, I don't know who that is

Pray on pennies to wake in my body  
I spent it all on habits in hiding  
But a dead name don't ring the same  
If you're calling out, it's a stranger

Wrap me in your sorrow  
Bones you count as borrowed  
Promise me tomorrow  
You are loved. You are loved

Wrap me in your sorrow  
Bones you count as borrowed  
Promise me tomorrow  
You are loved, you are love