

Its Way With Me

Wye Oak

I am not the other, I am not afraid
I am not the answer, to a question we all have asked
My mind didn't turn, my memory stays
And my time may write, but it still goes up again

But if love is a hem in the breeze
It can have its way with me

My skin, it shivers, my hand, it holds
I can laugh full-body, I can come in from the cold
I set the table, I admit it's me
I made my own way to wait, but I still say please

I can write all the way off the page
But I can never answer myself
What's the use of these things I have made
They are cords into a realm
So I push through the dark to the earth
Have a future I can see
If my life is a hem in the breeze
It can have its way with me