

## Song For My Father

Brett Anderson

Now my body is sand  
And the wind blows through me  
Like the soil on your hand  
I am compost and leaves  
And my life has gone, darling  
And now I am free  
And my life has gone, darling  
Like words made of sand  
Like the shivering trees  
And my life was a flower  
And love was the leaves  
But nobody saw  
Any beauty in me  
And my life has gone, darling  
And now I am free  
And my life has gone, darling  
Like words made of sand  
Like the shivering trees  
When your life was gone, darling  
And when you were free  
When your life was gone, darling  
Your words made of sand  
So be nothing with me  
Words made of sand  
Just words made of sand