

Healer

Sixpence None The Richer

Amber liquid
Wetting wine cups to the stem,
Spilling drops of bliss and on the earth like little gems
That myself mistook so foolishly
As I stopped to steal a drink
Of the liquid in the melting
In my eyes in my hands and on my lips,
And on my lips

Earthy blankets
Full of golden lint and thread
I see the children play as I am on my way again
To another place
I'm sorry to say that we
Blurred the picket fence
Still the children play
They wrap themselves in the middle to sip sunlight
And drink innocence,
They drink innocence

Hey today
Beauty is my healer
Hey today
I'm gonna steal her

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