

Late

Arthur Beatrice

For the pieces we were leaning for
The middle of a life is one we knew no more
We need to know no more

And I am the stone that you were shaping out
Carving up bone to form a face so proud
For on the inside round

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right
All the feeling hidden, any last respite
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right

A hand on womb, in a white so clean
A national gesture for the bride in me
Or for the child beneath

I'll merge with plaster in a nursery wall
Redeeming the features as a family fall
Believe the warning call

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right
All the feeling hidden, any last respite
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right
All the feeling hidden, any last respite
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right

Although I'd feel it nothing to
Be eating every part of you
Oh, if I'd known I'd feel such remorse
Would be trading an outlook for yours

All that I say and what I do
Will never be enough for you
Oh, I could be someone adored
Could be draining the red from your pulse

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right
All the feeling hidden, any last respite
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right (there's a last respite)

Holding reason, nothing I can say seems right
All the feeling hidden, any last respite
An awake meaning, you're never going to get this right