

# Heart Of My Own

Basia Bulat

Under that bird  
Beneath that falls  
Down on these walls  
Burnin my arms  
I've been alone  
When I sat by you

For every word I could undo  
I've been uncrossed  
and I've been untrue  
I've been the thorn  
I've been the hunt

With a heart of my own  
Burn it down low  
The light in your verse  
And the shadow between  
The way that I was when I used to roam

Back home  
What do I hold?  
For the maid or the mother I'll be  
If only the loom and a thread will hold.  
It is work too but as that I hear it  
Tomorrow I'll mend it  
The empty bones.

There are the roses that come without seekin'  
They are the ones that I have to sow.  
In your verses that I have repeated  
The way that I was when I used to know.

I wrote on these walls  
A simple charm  
To keep the wounds at bay  
Gave of a heart  
The strength of my arms  
To hold you close and safe

But I kept my eyes closed  
I'll never know  
Where the shadows are these days  
I stood in the room of a house divided

Ah, and it washed away from me.  
It washed away from me, oh,  
And It washed away from me.  
It washed away to take my own  
Burn it down low

The light in your verse  
And the shadow between  
The way that I was when I used to roam

Back home  
What do I hold?  
For the maid or the mother I'll be

If only the loom and a thread will hold.  
It is work too but as that I hear it

Tomorrow I meant it  
The empty bones  
There are the roses that come without sinkin  
They are the ones that I have to sow  
In your verses that I have repeated  
The way that I was when I used to know.