

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