

She's Mine

Brett Dennen

Well the witches stare with their limbs akimbo
silhouettes of statues up in the window
call me to come here with a crooked crescendo
but i don't

devotees dance among the pantomime on the promenade
into a tabernacle on the lawn
but i don't follow

because she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, all mine
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

midnight moved across the people's park
and i fled the fire like a spinning spark
up onto a porch in the dark
she was waiting right there for me

she knows that my hands are empty
as i go past the mothers of envy
and i don't have to fumble in the dark for my keys

i believe she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, all mine
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

the pupils gather in the yard
around the pulpit made of cards
and waited for their leader's words
but his words didn't make much sense

his mouth spat out a fist of daggers
and his tongue swirled in a southern swagger
and i looked at all the people gathered
but they were all in a trance

and she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, all mine
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

i was thrown before the court of canes
tossed my soul to the furnace flames
where all my heros had been slain, exiled, or put in prison

because they rose above the mess
and because their power posed a threat
and because they spoke of something else
when everybody else didn't

the music fills the space between
the deities and the prophecies
of our bodies pressed seamlessly
silent in the shade

she looks at me so fearlessly
and i take it all too seriously
but it all becomes so clear to me
and makes me understand

that she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, all mine

yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

yeah she's mine, all mine, all mine, all mine
yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm

yeah she's mine, mine, mine, mmm
yeah she's mine