

Your Word

Eleanor Friedberger

She came to me in deep distress
Torn with jealousy and rage
He said he'd never love her
Wouldn't marry someone her age

You don't love him, no, you hate him
Then she called me a fool
When you know nothing about cruelty
Then he ceases being cruel

What you see is the air
And your breath is the bond, oh no
When your word isn't there
Your word is your

She dreamt she took off both her ears
Put them in the sand and walked away
Up rose a seven-story cactus
Cast in gold and said to weigh
A million pounds of pure beauty
Measured only by those who see

What you see is the air
And your breath is the bond, oh no
When your word isn't there
Your word is your

When your life is just there
What you say is what's real
No, no no
Because your breath is the bond
And your word is your wand

[Outro] (x3)
Your word
Ooh
Ooh