

Beggar's Prayer

Emiliana Torrini

Mama said lift your heard from the sieve of your hands
Mama say eventually this hurting will end
But the shock-waves on my bones will linger
Like the ghost of you here in my bed

When I was lost you thought me a beautiful find
Sometimes I think of you sleeping
So sleep for a while
I find myself asking who'd do this to love
And the white shouldered mountains
They pointed above

Lord you just dropped me here by this side of this road
Out here's too cold and I don't want to walk it alone
I've got a bottle of your blood inside me
And an old beggar's prayer on the tip of my tongue

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