

17 Hours

Emma Louise

Hands on her shoulders, hair down her back
Lying to her lover at home
Making no money
Far away
17 hours of flight
Words hurt when you wait too long
Words hurt when she's in your arms

But in my anger
I'm a fire
And in his arms she was
In his arms she was
And keep me open
On the table
You left me broken
I'm broke
In his arms like her
And I am honest
Like my mother
You left me naked I burnt
In his arms like her

Where he sleeps and where she fell