

Hold Your Tongue

Frank Turner

You've been pretty since the day that you were born
So the roots of your beautiful hair
Drew all the water that your body could hold
So when your soul needed water, no water was there.

You shed words like so much dead skin
They gather up like dust against walls
They kick up when someone comes in
So when they're looking for something they find nothing at all.

Hold your goddamn tongue
You forget yourself.
How could I be the one
If you're wrapped round someone else?

And I really don't know which feels worse
To be a fool or be with a liar.
I just know that heart once soaked and cursed
Is that much harder to set on fire.

And I won't let this die
Until I've seen you cry
A single tear to show
There's water in your soul.