

## 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.