

The Line That Ties Me

Julia Stone

The walls are talking and the only person who can hear me is nearly gone.

I stand by your bedside, on the edge of words
That I can't say, for the fear that I might fall.
Maybe I'm afraid that the pictures that I paint,
Won't capture the beauty of you.
And the last thing that you hear is the silence in your ears,
As I sink beneath the weight of it all.

I could call you my lover, call you a beast,
Call you the island, where faith doesn't reach.
Call you a lion, call you a man,
You're the line that ties me to things.
I don't understand.

Your smile as you wither, is as pretty as the picture,
You wouldn't sell to the lady next door.
You tell me music and art, it doesn't have a price,
It's for the heart, I should give it away,
Use it for the freedom of us all.

I could call you my lover, call you a beast,
Call you the island, where faith doesn't reach.
Call you a lion, call you a man,
You're the line that ties me to things.
I don't understand.