

The Maker

Martha Wainwright

My brother, my sister, my lover, my maker
Did someone here fake it, someone here fate it
Did someone here take it, someone here make it
Someone here steal it, someone here lease it

It's under the table where we used to take it
The briar, the bracken, the ebb flow, the cold shoulder

I've been seen crossing
Somebody else's mind

So I'm dreaming, let's start at the endings
Of love and sex, it's a strange one, often a staged one
Oh, maybe we can get it on the ground
The story is a new one, it's based on a re-run
You wouldn't have known it if I hadn't brought it up
Oh, maybe we should just let it go
Oh no

I've been seen crossing
Somebody else's mind

Nothing is sacred and I cannot shake it
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed
By the sight of night, the sharp moonlight
It dyes the sky

And I'm wondering now if you got my last call
Or was the music too loud, when you let out the hounds
Oh, maybe you should come and see my show
Oh no

I've been seen crossing
Somebody else's mind

I love you so
(boiling some water to kill myself)
Let it be known
(boiling some water to kill myself)
I love you so
(boiling some water to kill myself)
Let it be known
(boiling some water to kill myself)
I love you so
(boiling some water to kill myself)
Let it be known
(boiling some water to kill myself)
What I can say
You've been crossing
You've been crossing my mind
Nothing is sacred and I cannot shake it
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed but
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed but
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed but
This feeling of loss when the daytime is crossed