

## Broken Thread

Natalie Imbruglia

Waking early I hear myself breathing  
Covered up in my hand me down hand me down  
Hiding under my patchwork freezing  
With my wedding dress calling me, calling me  
I dress myself in dis-function  
Do I drown you in sympathy, sympathy  
You could be my winter messiah  
Scarred around and around me....around me

Cause im stiched up like an angel chord, I'm fixed up  
They try to run and hide somewhere in there defense  
And now want to hand me down again.....

On a broken thread  
On a broken thread

I choose to set you on fire  
No-more wearing and tearing me, tearing me  
Your still my only desire  
And now it seems like your leaving me, freeing me, healing me.

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