

Red Corsette

Paula Cole

I am not your enemy, I am not your dream unlived.
I am just this song I have today.
All I have is melody and string.

If Frida Kahlo could see us here together, here today,
She'd paint us in some churches, in some feathers, in some gray
.
She'd see us in our suffering and cut our arteries,
And there would flow down fountains, flow down fountains

From my Red Corsette.

Whale bone from the killing of the largest peaceful being,
Is blue and bound around my waist and will not let me sing,
I cannot breathe, I feel too faint just as they'd have me be,
But I do not belong here, I am shedding off this, shredding off
this

Red Corsette.

I am not your enemy, I am not your dream unlived.
I am just this song I have today.
All I have is melody and pain.
I don't have the words inside for oceans upon oceans cried,
All I have is this song today.
And I'll sing it now for those who cannot,
Sing it now for those who dare not,
Sing it now for those who know not,

Red Corsette.