

# Pay My Debts

Sharon Van Etten

It took me years to find  
True mind at peace  
And now you treat me like  
They approve me  
You're my poem, yes you know  
Yet you stole my way  
Just to know this, you told me  
You were late  
When you would call, I would hold  
And I still remain  
Then you led me to believe that's what you wanted

Pay my debts away, pay my debts  
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True love, but I'd see you  
Treat me more like you  
And I'd try to heal it  
But I feel so thrown back  
Take my hand, in the cold  
In the snow, but you do not break  
But they told you, convinced you  
Think I'd play  
But I know myself better than you do

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May, May calling slow  
Finally in a dress that meant money in the bank  
Drinking hard so you can't feel the warmth of the arms  
So you dreamt, fade away  
Take my hand, I paid my fine  
In the park, in the dark, when you said my name  
On the bench, when I felt that you smiled  
And you said there, that child

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