

## Dizzy

### Sixpence None The Richer

I'm like thomas doubting fingers  
Running the scars your wrists and side  
Touching flesh will make my mind believe

I want to be like david throwing his clothes to the wind  
To dance a jig, in my skin  
To be re-made by your cleansing again

I gave you myself  
It's all that I have  
Broken and frail  
I'm clay in your hands  
And spinning I can see all  
Is it only israel  
For you my love

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