

## Melody of You

Sixpence None The Richer

You're a painting with symbols deep, symphony  
Soft as it shifts from dark beneath  
A poem that flows, caressing my skin  
In all of these things you reside and i  
Want you flow from the pen, bow and brush  
With paper and string, and canvas tight  
With ink in the air, to dust your light?  
From morning to the black of night

This is my call I belong to you  
This is my call to sing the melodies of you  
This is my call I can do nothing else  
I can do nothing else

You're the scent of an unfound bloom  
A simple tune  
I only write variations to sooth the mood  
A drink that will knock me down to the floor  
A key that will unlock the door  
Where I hear a voice sing familiar themes  
Then beckons me weave notes in between  
A tap and a string, a bow and a glass  
You pour me till the day has passed....

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