

Yours Is Yours

Theresa Sokyrka

First call to wake me up in awhile,
I guess I've lost my style.
Wouldn't you like to know?
I hear your voice on the other line,
I guess you're doing fine,
you don't even care to know.
I feel like I've built a mountain around me,
like it was a necessity instead of crying to sleep.
And here you're asking so easily for a lucky penny,
a fall that I'd never leap.

Cause what's mine is yours,
and it didn't take long to find out
what's yours is also yours.
Because what's mine is yours,
and it didn't take long to find out
what's yours is also yours.

The sky is lit up with some messed up hue
and I'd trade my view to see the sun set in the east.
I hear you calling from the outside in
and you're living with sin as much as the rest at the feast.
Cause you can't help a bee that's fallen in honey,
the future is looking sunny from his point of view.
I throw the towel in and tell you no
a word you'll grow to know,
but you're a grown up now too

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