

# Mend Your Heart

William Fitzsimmons

She is like the water where I clean my baby  
Floating from the front into the back to keep me  
warm enough to cover me from getting chilly  
Cool enough to hide me from the heat  
She is like a splinter that I caught in my toe  
running from the dog that chases me  
sharp enough to teach a lesson that I must learn  
soft enough to never make me bleed

And I will find you there  
And I will mend your heart  
And I will find you there  
And I will mend your heart

She is like a cigarette inside an ashtray  
Nothing but a fire sets her free  
Filling up my lungs until my body needs her  
holding on so I can never breathe  
She is like a gravestone sitting in a church yard  
Crooked from the ground in which she sleeps  
Whispering our name until I go to meet her  
Underneath the ground she finds her peace

And I will find you there  
And I will mend your heart  
And I will find you there  
And I will mend... your heart