

Blonde Redhead, Messenger

Stay still, be still
No wonder you are always lost
If a messenger you must be known
Then messages you must return
To be seen by demanding hands
And touches of jealous men
Invisible and forgivable
To all their secret hands

Be it so be quick
Don't run just walk and walk and walk
Don't loose yourself to decorate
Somewhere on your wall
Cause somewhere in your mind
You know you are doing fine
Holding secret hair locks
You'll pluck before you hide

So how can I keep anything to myself
So how can I keep anything to myself
So how can I keep anything to myself
Behind those clouds
I'm almost home