

# Damien Rice, Sand

""Note:"" This song has no official recording, and as such the lyrics change from performance to performance.  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
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You keep me in a glass jar sealed with a label  
You think you know my world  
Wake up young girl  
Take a thrust of lust if you must now  
You've got a lot to learn, yeah well

My love, my life, my work, my time  
I give them all to you  
Your hand in mine  
We walk, we talk in rhyme  
We go the whole night through

I am not a grain of sand  
I don't care what's written in your hand  
'Cause it's bound to change, yeah

Sore, bored, and I'm lost, cost, cold  
Getting older  
Rip it up, rip it up now  
Have it sold  
I'm a grower  
Anymore, anymore, anymore, anymore  
I wanna be with you  
Just wanna be with you

But you tease me  
And it shows in the way that you play  
You think you know my love  
Wake up young girl  
And take a taste  
Not a bite of a life now  
Can tell you never come, yeah well

My will, my mind  
My lips, my lines  
I've got them all over you  
Your taste combined  
With all the years of wasting time  
I've got a hold on something new

I am not a grain of sand  
I don't care what's written in your hand  
'Cause it's bound to change, yeah

Sore, bored, and I'm lost, cost, cold  
Getting older  
Buy the book, rip it up now  
Have it sold  
I'm a grower  
Anymore, anymore, anymore, anymore  
I wanna be with you  
Just wanna be with you

But I don't wanna pray for what is not right  
And I don't wanna beg for what is not mine  
I don't wanna rot in the road between dreams and worldly things  
Oh I could charge, and I could really try  
But I don't wanna be the brave one  
In a senseless fight  
I, I, I just wanna be here tonight

Sore, bored, and I'm lost, cost, cold  
Getting older  
Wrap it up, rip it up now  
Have it sold  
I'm a grower  
Anymore, anymore, anymore, anymore  
I wanna be with you  
Just wanna be with you

Sore, bored, and I'm lost, cost, cold  
Getting older  
Buy the book, rip it up now  
Have it sold  
I'm a grower  
Anymore, anymore, anymore, anymore  
Anymore, anymore, anymore, anymore  
Anymore, anymore, anymore

You keep me in a glass jar sealed with a label  
You think you know my world  
Wake up young girl