

Your Words

Heather Nova

I keep every word you said
Wildflowers growing up around my bed
All those words blooming in my head

I don't need much only truth
Just the thoughts that come to you
You make poetry, no one reaches me like you do

And it's all, only syllables
But your words, they will make or break me

Sticks and stones
Bruise my bones
But your words will save me
Sticks and stones
Bruise my bones
But I need your words
I don't want to live without you
Don't want to live without you

Your words, your words, your words

I keep every word you said
String them all on invisible thread
All those little pearls
Shining round my neck
Blooming in my head
Shining round my neck
Blooming in my head