

Hunting My Dress

Jesca Hoop

And the tall trees all have fell down
And they scattered seeds on the ground
And one is lost and one is found
Water is moving underground

When I was a young girl
I would sleep in a tall tree
On the down of bending boughs
And from the mount of his shoulders
I would traverse the valleys
Through his dusk and dawning eyes

"I will let you in," says the doe to my arrow
"and you will wear my bones and my skin"
Hunting my dress
Love is ruthless

And in the nest from the forest
I would carry an ember
And with a burning heart we'd walk
And when he asks me to rest with him
I would lay down my fire
And in that heart we'd sing and talk

I am a racoon
And you are an owl
I will run from you in the middle of the night
And we will stike a truce in the the billowing tower
And we'll eclipse the moon with a fire light
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You love me in my dreams
It's easier when I'm fast asleep
But I don't want you to come to me anymore
The river bed has married me
So I don't want you to come to me anymore

And out of ashes comes morning
And the ritual of bathing
In the pools at bridal falls
And from the mouth of my lover
I will drink of the river
And kiss his jade and marble walls

You have spilled the red from my heart with your arrow
And you will make my bed under the red grass
And I will give my flesh and my blood and my marrow
And you will wear my bones and my skin
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And you're the one who showed to me the sky
It's so much more than you and I
And darling I wish I had the time
The river is whispering goodbye
Bye
Bye