

This One I Made For You

Polly Paulusma

Tiny heart flutter between my fingers and my thumb
You're very in trouble before you've began
I see your tiny heart worrying, a turning of wheels
Just grab on to something and dig in your heels
This place is made of blood and bones
Expect you've seen better homes
But this one I've made for you
I've seen your heart, I know your name
So don't go bailing out again
No, this one I've made for you, I've made for you
Now, everyone's forgotten what they came here for
They were once in a garden, now, they're going to war
And while your tiny heart flutters, between my fingers and my thumb
There's some sporty nose soldier laughing and joking
And poking her gun
This place is made of blood and bones
Expect you've seen better homes
But this one I've made for you
I've seen your heart, I know your name
So don't go bailing out again
No, this one I've made for you
This place is made of hearts and souls
Of broken crowns and little holes
But this one I've made for you
I've seen your heart, I know your name
So don't go bailing out again
No, this one I've made for you, I made for you