

## As Four

### The Concretes

I was held by a woman known as the holder  
and I'll stay in her arms for the rest of my days

She told me she had something,  
something sacred to give me  
and she asked for me to open my mind, so I did

It was very hard  
and the struggle nearly killed me  
Then she told me to inhale  
whatever came my way

Then a colour turned up  
which never been seen by human eyes  
And she said it was mine to keep,  
to keep, to keep

Now it's deep inside of me  
and it holds four different women  
who am me, if you see what I mean

That was why she gave me that gift,  
so that I could make room  
for the me, the me, the me and the me