

Pale September

Fiona Apple

Pale September, I wore the time like a dress that year
The autumn days swung soft around me, like cotton on my skin
But as the embers of the summer lost their breath and disappeared
My heart went cold and only hollow rhythms resounded from within
But then he rose, brilliant as the moon in full
And sank in the burrows of my keep
And all my armor falling down, in a pile at my feet
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep
He goes along just as a water lily
Gentle on the surface of his thoughts his body floats
Unweighted down by passion or intensity
Yet unaware of the depth upon which he coasts
And he finds a home in me
For what misfortune sows, he knows my touch will reap
And all my armor failing down, in a pile at my feet
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep
All my armor falling down, in a pile at my feet
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