

Please God Don't Let Her Hurt Herself

She has pretty hands and lovely wrists
and little veins she once let me kiss
She clicks her lighter, finds a cigarette,
Holds it to her collarbone and burns out her regrets

Chorus

Please God, don't let her hurt herself
Ache and burn, resuscitate and melt
But God, don't let her hurt herself
I'm to blame, nobody else (She's all I've got, there's nobody else)

I hurt her heart, I took it down
I bathed it, then slowly watched it drown
She cuts to see just what's inside
Man and woman, flesh and bone divide

Bridge

I'll beg and plead with You to make a deal
to guard her well and help her heal
It's just a small quiet prayer I hope You hear
"Am I sorry? Or just insincere?"