

Warp and Weave

If people wore the moment they're in,
If we dressed in how we feel,
I would not stand here neat as a pin
With you there hard as steel.

And if we wore confusion or pain
And we had to let it show
I would not even need to explain
'Cause you'd already know.

In my angry scarf or my lonely skirt
I would make you see how your coldness hurt
And you'd soon change out of that callous shirt
Into something kind and warm.

If broken hearts could really be seen,
If I wore mine on my sleeve,
If blues were blue and jealousy green,
If longing draped like soft gabardine,
If true love gave a beautiful sheen
To our very warp and weave...
You'd know my heart
And you would never leave.

[Instrumental Break]

[From the B section out]