

# Fiona Apple, Pale September

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 armour  
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  
Unweighed 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

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Falling down  
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crbt2('Fiona Apple','Pale September')

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## Artist Info