

Hosea's Wife

Brooke Fraser

I just spoke silence with the seeker next to me
She had a heart with hesitant, halting speech
That turned to mine and asked belligerently: "What do I live for?"
I see the stars of searches everywhere I go
From hearts to wars to literature to radio
There's a question like a shame no one will show: "What do I live for?"
We are Hosea's wife
We are squandering this life
Using people like ladders and words like knives If we've eyes to see
If we've ears to hear
To find it in our hearts and mouths, the word that saves is near
Shed that shallow skin
Come and live again
Leave all you were before
To believe is to begin
There is truth in little corners of our lives
There are hints of it in songs and children's eyes
It's familiar, like an ancient lullaby
What do I live for?
We are Hosea's wife
We are squandering this life
Using bodies like money and truth like lies If we've eyes to see
If we've ears to hear
To find it in our hearts and mouths, the word that saves is near
Shed that shallow skin
Come and live again
Leave all you were before
To believe is to begin We are more than dust
That means something
That means something
We are more than just blood and emotions, inklings and notions, atoms on oceans
We are Hosea's wife
We are squandering this life
Using people like ladders and words like knives If we've eyes to see
If we've ears to hear
To find it in our hearts and mouths, the word that saves is near
Shed that shallow skin
Come and live again
Leave all you were before
To believe is to begin (x2) To believe is to begin (x3)

