

# Wrestler

## Lotte Kestner

It turns out I have a book of matches  
Right here in my pocket  
And you had climbed down a well  
You must've been waiting there for me  
I'm always on the run and I hate copy past for god's sake  
But I want to light it  
Will you let me light it I can see right across  
I'm sure that I know where you're sleeping  
My heart is the color it makes  
When buildings reflect on the water My heart is a building  
And you are the ceiling  
I like it when  
There is hardly any light  
And the morning  
Is fighting in my eyes I'll wrestle you in  
I'll wrestle you in every thought  
I'll wrestle you in  
I'll wrestle you in every thought It turns out water is clear  
As soon as you stop to catch it  
It turns out I do not fly  
Because my wings are elastic And they bring me back here  
Back across the water  
They bring me back here  
Across the water  
I like it when  
There are hardly any lights  
And the morning  
Is fighting in my eyes I'll wrestle you in  
I'll wrestle you into every thought  
I'll wrestle you in  
I'll wrestle you into every thought

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>