

Beach House, Heart Of Chambers

In your heart of chambers
Where you sit
With your picture books
And your ancient wit
In that nook I found you
So old and tired
Would you be the one to carry me?
I'd like to be someone
You could finally learn to love again

Made our iron bed side
Cold as graves
So we stoke the organs
That may comfort grace
And they conjured spirits
To make you smile
Would you be my long time baby?

I'd like to be someone
You could finally learn to
Breathe
At our sides
Let's take the time
To mend these smiles
To get them
Could make it home
Love is surprises
Live our own lives

In our beds we're the lucky ones
Filled with the sun
In our beds we're the lucky ones
Fill us with the sun