

Bob Mould, Beating Heart The Prize

Get your ticket today
Make it all go away
Ticket off the world today
Make it all go away
Take me off the top today
Make it all go away
Breaking all the hearts today
Make it all go away

Practice every phrase
And hope it comes out right
Crafting what I need to say
Thread the needle, verbalize
And then I lost my place
When I looked in your eyes
Feel you rushing through my veins
Keep this beating heart of mine

Slapped across the face
Trying to stay alive
Hand emerging from the waves
Win the beating heart the prize