

# Ed Harcourt, Bleed A River Deep

When the clock strikes dead on midnight  
books fly through the hall  
All the lampshades turn and rotate  
She walks through the wall

With hands in pockets I search for rockets  
that might light up the sky  
Have become more withdrawn since I was first born  
But I never know why

I see my body float like leaves  
Every day I want to breathe  
Rap my knuckles 'til they bleed  
A river deep

If I had sharp claws I'd get on all fours  
and scratch your back for free  
But it's been written, these nails are bitten  
I know what I could be

I see my body float like leaves  
Every day I want to breathe  
Rap my knuckles 'til they bleed  
A river deep