

Hands Like Houses, One Hundred

Hold your breath, baby.
We have to make our hearts sit still.
Hold your tongue, honey,
The things we know could unleash hell.

Patch me up, my skin is so tight around my chest, my heart is leaping out.
I feel my imagination playing like a movie in my eyes,
It's got me firmly by the sleeve.

Hold your breath baby, we have to make our hearts sit still.
I swear they're beating so loud that anyone could tell
We're keeping every thought to ourselves in case we mention how we feel.
Hold your tongue honey, the things we know could unleash hell.

I see your imagination shimmer in the way that you move,
Hardly afraid that anyone could see.
We're caught up in the moment, it's got us now, and you've got me by the collar.
What are you waiting for?

Pull me in.

We saw the warning signs too late, and we're too far gone.
Please don't remind me of reality now,
I've been pretending for days by now,
My god, it must have been days.