

# Page France, Rhythm

When you curse your name I'm a receiver  
When your heart can't change I'm a receive  
Do I love like a stranger?  
The world keeps getting stranger all the time  
And the distance is greater  
Than any rope I ever tied around your waist  
To keep our tumbles in rhythm

Oh, a heart is a pocket for loose change  
We scrape and we save and we wait for a raise  
Did you watch as our muscles divided in rhythm?

I cursed being a man  
I cursed being the driver  
I let go of the wheel sometime last year  
Then I sang to you in shifts  
Till the mountains folded over  
And your wrongs went through my wrists so you could sin

I love the world, I want to take it with me