

Tina Dickow, Sacre Coeur

Poison racing through my veins
A sordid pull to the insane
A constant gravity to change
And I don't know where to go

Paris breathes beneath my feet
Thirsty skin against concrete
My sacred heart misleading me
And I don't know where to go
No, I don't know where to go

I could go home to my love
And live the life I've always wanted
Or I could go on running off
Into the night, lonely and haunted
And the strange thing is
I don't know which I'd prefer
As I sit here and watch the sun set on Sacre Couer

Paris falls under my eyes
History against one life
My sacred heart's on no-one's side
And I don't know where to go
No, I don't know where to go

I could go home to my love
And live the life I've always wanted
Or I could go on running off
Into the night, lonely and haunted
And the strange thing is
I don't know which I'd prefer
As I sit here and watch the sun set

I could go home to my love
And live the life I've always wanted
Or I could go on running off
Into the night, lonely and haunted
I could go home to my love
It's all there if I want it
But the sad thing is
I don't know which I'd prefer
As I sit here and watch the sun set on Sacre Couer