

Bell X1, How Your Heart Is Wired

My tongue is scaling the north face of the neck
And we're glaring like warriors
But I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
In the morning
Cause lately you seem less sure of this thing
You're like Bambi on ice
And there's something in the flash of your arms
A certain longing
Kick the can
I can see you now
Behind that temper and ire
Mister Wolf knows what time it is
He says "It's dinner time!"
I don't know what you're carrying
Or how your heart is wired
But there's a dangerous ticking
I cut the red one
No, the blue one
I cut the red one
No, the blue one
I cut the red one
I cut the red one
I cut the blue one
Raking over the embers and what I come across
Raking over the embers and what I come across
Is that you
Combing your hair?
And is that me
Eating an egg?
And I'll be there
I'll be there
I'll be there
Like John Boy is there
My tongue is scaling the north face of the neck
And we're glaring like warriors
But I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
In the morning
Is this how it goes?
These two final throws?
Is this how it goes?
These two final throws?