

# Jim Carroll, Plain Division

There's a wind up in the trees  
Like a voice that's whispering "please"  
Someone's decided on dividing  
Everything in two

I'd rip the money in half  
I'd even break the staff  
But split apart my heart  
And there's no room for you

Refrain:  
Listen, love will always divide  
You may not need both sides  
It may be empty, it may be full  
It's all just push and pull

The front might be the rear  
My poison pet  
And you can't be sure which side you get  
Come on,  
Then make the decision

It's a love division

All the jealous gestures, the blades of hurt desire  
Slit my heart apart  
Hear the cries that flow through the wire  
They're passing through  
They're split in two  
I know inside, I can't divide the things I'm sure are true . . .  
But I could take what you break  
And make it all seem new

Repeat refrain

Everybody's underground commuting at the speed of sound  
Listen what the wheels say  
They say: "rip apart, rip my heart, rip my heart,  
Rip the dark, trip the dark, abattoir . . ."

Repeat refrain