

Joe Wilson, My First Heart Attack

I'm wandering the lower east side
Where all the streets have stories
My feet play the role of a folk singer
strummin' the streets like guitar strings
I had angels in my ears
singing my own memories back to me
as if I forgot.

These streets blend to one
Like the days of, the last few months. [x2]
I met you where I knew you'd be
Inside the wallgreens on 22nd street
You still had sleep in your hair so I brushed it out
Using the same hand that connects the dots
To your beauty marks, yeah.

Like a constellation of stars
Using your body as the universe. [x2]
Now it's all coming back
Hitting as hard as a heart attack
I realize the beauty that you are
But I'll keep it wrapped inside my skin.
It's a sin that I can't touch your neck
Or bring your lips to mine.

Right now you've lost your valor
you're losing face, you're falling from
The pedestal that I've held oh so high for you. Yeah. [x2]

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