

Mandy Moore, Senses Working Overtime

One, two, three, four, five

Hey hey
The clouds are whey
There's straw for the donkeys and the innocents
Can all sleep safely, all sleep safely
My, my the sun is pie
There's fodder for the cannons and the guilty ones
Can all sleep safely, all sleep safely

And all the world is football-shaped
It's just for me to kick in space
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, five

Senses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemons and limes
The pain and the pleasure
And the church bells softly chime

Hey hey, night fights day
There's food for the thinkers and the innocents
Can all live slowly, all live slowly
My, my the sky will cry
Jewels for the thirsty and the guilty ones
Can all die slowly, all die slowly

And all the world is biscuit shaped
It's just for me to kick in space
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste

And I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemons and limes
The pain and the pleasure
And the church bells softly chime

And birds might fall from black skies
Bullies might give you black eyes
Busses might skid on black ice
But to me it's very beautiful
Beautiful

And all the world is biscuit shaped
It's just for me to feed my face
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste

And I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five

Senses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemons and limes
The pain and the pleasure
And the church bells softly chime