

Mark Eitzel, Sacred Heart

Now I'm out walking
On Saturday morning
Without a direction
I'm a dime a dozen
A worthless tourist
A walking target

With his eyes stuck
On glue and paper
No roof to crawl under
But with a heart full of rain
A heart full of rain

Full as the clouds
My throwaway map
Should throw me away
And where does it take me
Streets long since flooded
Raindrops and heartbeats
Though Noah doesn't want me
You won't let me drown

I don't need to see you
I just need to feel you
When we make love
Feel you in the dark
Feel you in the future
When we make love

Up in heaven
Do we make 'em burn up?
Or do they ignore us?
Bigger fish to fry

Waiting with the others
At the Sacr-Cur
Many different colors
From all over the world
Here in the City of Love
No one wants me here
But I remember
The sweet things we did together
When we made love

Saturday morning
Waiting with the others
Listening to Messiaen
Waiting in the dark
At the Sacr-Cur
The future doesn't matter
Nothing lasts but the dark
Where we feel love

Track me down and I'll give you
My pomegranate heart
My throwaway heart
Track me down and stop me
I'm ripe enough for the terror
That lies at the center of my heart's desire

I'm always alone I'm always alone
I'm always alone I'm always alone
And I don't want to be
Always alone

