

Mike Doughty, I Hear The Bells

I hear the bells
Down in the canyon, it's
Snow in New York
Some blue December, I'm
Gone to the moon
Without you, girl, and I'm
Calling to you
Throughout the world and well I can
Hear the bells are
Ringing joyful and triumphant and

I hear the bells
They are like emeralds, and
Glints in the night
Commas and ampersands
Your moony face
So inaccessible
Your inner mind
So inexpressible

I'm seeking girls
In sales and marketing
Let's go make out
Up in the balcony
Your business dress
So businesslike and I'm
Tossing the blouse
Over a chairback and

You snooze, you lose
Well I have snost and lost
I'm pushing through
I'll disregard the cost
I hear the bells
So fascinating and
I'll slug it out
I'm sick of waiting