

# 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