

# The Postal Service, Be Still My Heart

I was running late for work  
So I didn't change my shirt  
The evening's drinks left a lingering taste in my mouth  
And when I left  
You were fast asleep  
Tangled in the sheets  
And on the bus I could have sworn it was all a dream  
And it didn't happen to me

And then I felt the scrapes  
From the slippery subway grate.  
Oh how you laughed  
At my complete lack of grace.  
But I could not recall  
A more perfect fall  
Cause when I looked up into your eyes  
It didn't hurt at all.

And I thought, be still my heart  
This could be a brand new start, with you.  
And it will be clear  
If I wake up and you're still here with me in the morning.

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