

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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