

Whiskeytown, Easy Hearts

Put the houses in a row
On the streets we used to know
And all the things out in the yard
That can hang there to and fro

And if the money isn't right
Can I be yours tonight?
I've an easy heart

From the windows of your house
Reflects back on yourself
Then it gets you wondering'
If it means anything

And if the money isn't right
Can I be yours tonight?
I've had a pretty hard life
I've had a pretty hard life
For such an easy heart

You move away when you're young
They take away where you're from
And all the things out in the trees
Fall away in to the breeze

And if the money isn't right
Can I be yours tonight?
I've had a pretty hard life
I've had a pretty hard life
For such an easy heart