

## Heartstrings

Belly

In the morning I'll be gone  
No of course I'll be here  
I'll wake everybody up  
Start the clocks, oil the gears

Heartstrings come rigged  
With hinges and springs  
You've got to hold them down  
Heartstrings

We've done the therapies  
And we've taken the cures  
And all attempts at church have left us dizzy from the search  
Which leaves us no comfort but each other

Heartstrings come rigged  
With horns and wings  
You've got to lift them up  
Heartstrings

Slice of life

Sliced too thin  
Where to stop, where to begin  
Slice of life  
Sliced to pieces  
Where to laugh, where to weeping  
Leave the light, leave it on  
I'm ready to be gone  
And to stay, always to stay

In the morning you'll be gone  
No of course you'll be here  
I'll wake you before too long  
And you'll smile up

Heartstrings come rigged  
With hinges and springs  
Both horns and wings  
Heartstrings  
You've got to lift them up  
You've got to lift them up  
You've got to hold them down  
Heartstrings