

Fingertips

Emiliana Torrini

Before I can open my all to eager eyes
Everything changes from the oceans to the skies
Perpetual emotion sadder place by me
Everything's breathing my air in all of tree

Yet my fingertips
Have a special sound
Yet my fingertips
They go around and round

This comical wisdom
Creeps into my brain
Away of my nerve
And also free of pain

Yet my fingertips
Have a special sound
Yet my fingertips
They go around and round

Pa-pa-pa-ra-raaa-a
Pa-pa-pa-ra-raaa-a

Electrical current
Hallowed be the name
Live my emotions
And vanish all my shame

Yet my fingertips
Have a special sound
Yet my fingertips
Smell of sodden ground

Before I can open my all to eager eyes (all to eager eyes)
Everything changes from the oceans to the skies

Yet my fingertips
Have a special sound
Yet my fingertips
They go round and round

Pa-pa-pa-ra-raaa-a
Pa-pa-pa-ra-raaa-a