

Muted Beatings

Albert Hammond, Jr.

So, you're freaking me out
You had your looks and it's good
I'm catching muted beatings in my lungs
You had the guilt in my head
You zipped me up in the bag
I wanna know your lips upon my tongue

Don't like the rules that you like
I'm not a winner in your ring
I'm not a voice in the night
I do it like I'm Charlemagne

Like a heartbeat under your shirt
Like a hard reach into the dirt
But I can't breathe under your skirt
Oh-uh-uh-oh
Oh-uh-oh
Now I'm waiting on something you said
Like a waitress, too good to forget
Like the words sung over cassette
Oh-uh-uh-oh
Oh-uh-oh

Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo
I don't care
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo
I don't care
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo
I don't care
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo

What's come out of your mouth
It hit me hard like a brick
I know, I know, I know, I know
I know you like me possessed
But lately I've been a mess
You got me thinkin'
Are we closer than before?

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Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo
I don't care
You're not caught in this place
I don't care
Watch my skull, give and take
I don't care
Where will we go?
I don't care
Where will we go?