

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