

# Pardon Me

## The Blow

Pardon me, but wasn't that your heart?  
That I felt on the bed in the bed  
In between the sheets?

I might have been confused  
By all the sweat  
There was a lot of sweat  
And I might be mistaken, but

Pardon me, but wasn't that your heart?  
That I felt on the bed in the bed  
In between the sheets?

I might have been confused  
By all the sweat  
There was a lot of sweat  
And I might be mistaken, but

I've felt a heart before  
And I'm learning what a heart is for  
I believe a heart is made to feel the things that lay  
in front of it

I've felt a heart before  
And I'm learning what a heart is for  
I believe a heart is made to feel the things that lay  
in front of it

And I lay before you

Pardon me, but wasn't that your heart?  
That I felt on the bed in the bed  
In between the sheets

I might have been confused  
By all the sweat  
There was a lot of sweat  
And I might be mistaken, but

I've seen your heart before  
I caught it peeping through my open door  
And it seemed it wan' to stay and stick around for just  
a little bit

I've seen a heart before  
I could swear that yours was wanting more  
So I waited for you

Tell me how would it feel with an open heart?  
To cruise around and play the fielder with a gropin'  
heart?  
Break it down to the beats of your broken heart?  
Or whip it out, let them see you with your open heart?

How would it feel with a broken heart?  
To cruise around with your gropin' heart?  
Break it down to the beats of your broken heart?

Or whip it out and let 'em see you with an open heart?

How would it feel with a open heart?  
To cruise around with a gropin' heart?  
Break it down to the beats of your broken heart?  
Or whip it out and let them see you with your open heart?

How would it feel with a open heart?  
To cruise around with a gropin' heart?  
Break it down to the beats of your broken heart?  
Or whip it out and let them see you with your open heart?