

# Bell Into My Ear

Chris Staples

On nights like tonight  
When the stations come in clear  
Every note of every chord  
Like a bell into my ear  
And the peripheral sounds  
They do not mean a thing  
Go ahead and blur it out with a twist of the focus ring

Our love was a song  
It went on and on and on  
Into the morning hour  
The sweetest grapes  
Became so sour  
But now we know what were made of  
The paint is all chipped away  
The wheels are falling off  
And they're towing it away

I was a cold automatic beast  
Sometimes I was your lover  
Combat me as a foe  
Protect me as a mother

It's not a ship coming to port  
A holiday parade  
A big band finale  
It was just a cool spot in the shade  
Our love was just a whisper  
Spoken softly in the night  
Picked up and floated on  
Unable to be made right