

My Big Nurse

David Byrne

When the lake's on fire
With all the world's desires
When he shakes the stars above
When we lose the ones we love

When the seasons lose their grip
When the tightrope walker slips

I'm counting all the possibilities

When the past becomes the now
When the lost becomes the found
When we fall in love with war
When the angel fucks the whore

When the road we travel on
Takes us back where we came from

I'm counting all the possibilities
For dancing on this lazy afternoon

In the comfort of the world
In the arms of my big nurse
From the science of the heart
To each animal and plant

Compact, relaxed - intact, give thanks

I'm counting all the possibilities
For dancing on this lazy afternoon