

# Hammering Heart

Del Amitri

I suppose love lives in a dustbin behind the garden wall  
You have to grovel on the ground and be pretty disgusting  
to find it at all  
And I suppose that it grows on you  
Standing there with no clothes on,  
and I suppose because there's beautiful girls in this town  
I'll stay here till I've chosen one.  
I suppose life's like a hunt, really: the hounds have fun  
until the fox gets bagged  
And not one girl in this town will ever fall in love with me:  
They'll get dragged.

Her heart speaks to me; says the room the room the room  
beneath her dress, and I suppose that it beats for me  
Like a hammering moon pulling tides through her chest  
Suppose she says that she owes me  
all that she owns and all that she is  
It seems to me I suppose that her heart's not enough  
and her love is a swizz.

So suppose love lives in a mansion  
how the hell do I get over the wall?  
And if my rope's not stretched the right tension  
I won't cross this grand canyon at all.  
And I suppose that it grows like a tumor, spreads like a rumor  
like the grass grows and inch every day  
And I suppose that before I even know it, the tide will start f  
lowing  
and the drum beneath my jacket will say:

You know you need her everyday  
She is the moon and she showed me her face  
She is the house and she opened the gates