

Velodrome

Dessa

I don't believe
My will's quite free
I'm half machine
At least half steam
Aquinas, call on me
How many angels on the head of your pin?
Anybody in stilettos can answer that old thing
It's one for the right foot, one for the left
Half an angel per pin at best
Add wings, add heart, add harp, all set

We lean to turn in the velodrome
All lines are curved in the velodrome
We pitch and roll, wheels flesh and bones
Total control and it's
It's ours alone

It goes gospel, gossip, slander
Harvest, hunger, rain dance
Hand-to-god, I didn't think it was contagious
Eve leaving Eden in a makeshift dress
With a bell to tell us when we're hungry
There's a bell to tell us when we're tired
A bell that tells us to rise and fight
A bell to rise and die
It's just all bells
Sometimes I ring myself
To see if I might chime

We lean to turn in the velodrome
All lines are curved in the velodrome
We pitch and roll, wheels flesh and bones
Total control and it's
It's ours alone

We spend our days and nights deciding
Where to go and how to ride there
And in the end again
We all vote yes
We all turn left

We lean to turn in the velodrome