The Pulse

Editors

How do I dodge the dirty looks?
You remember the path we took
People embrace the same old things
Throw it away, let's make pretend

You accomplish and you destroy
If you want the end, then I'm your boy
People embrace the same ideas
Throw it away, let's make pretence

How can I frame the things we've said
And navigate night through a dawn to stay
People embrace the same ideas
Throw it away, let's make pretence

Little heart and soul
Little space and time
Little love and peace
Little crack on the mind
In the wind is the light
In the wind is the pulse

Oh, little heart and soul
Little space and time
Little love and peace
Little crack on the mind
In the wind is the light
In the wind is the pulse
I'm a war machine

It's the same idea
Over and over again
The storm is here
It's the same idea
Over and over again
The storm is here
The storm is here

The storm is here

Little heart and soul
Little space and time
Little love and peace
Little crack on the mind
In the wind is the light
In the wind is the pulse

Oh, little heart and soul
Little space and time
Little love and peace
Little crack on the mind
In the wind is the light
In the wind is the pulse
I'm a war machine
I'm a war machine

It's the same idea

Over and over again
The storm is here
It's the same idea
Over and over again
The storm is here
The storm is here

It'll hurt you baby
It'll hurt you babe
It'll hurt you baby

Little heart and soul
Little space and time
Little love and peace
Little crack on the mind
In the wind is the light
In the wind is the pulse

Oh, little heart and soul
Little space and time
Little love and peace
Little crack on the mind
In the wind is the light
In the wind is the pulse
I'm a war machine
I'm a war machine

It's the same idea
Over and over again
The storm is here
It's the same idea
Over and over again
The storm is here

It'll hurt you baby, it'll hurt
It'll hurt you baby, it'll hurt
It'll hurt you baby, it'll hurt
It'll hurt you baby, it'll hurt

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