

# Senses Working Overtime

Mandy Moore

One, two, three, four, five

Hey hey  
The clouds are whey  
There's straw for the donkeys and the innocents  
Can all sleep safely, all sleep safely  
My, my the sun is pie  
There's fodder for the cannons and the guilty ones  
Can all sleep safely, all sleep safely

And all the world is football-shaped  
It's just for me to feed my face  
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste  
And I've got one, two, three, four, five

Senses working overtime  
Trying to take this all in  
I've got one, two, three, four, five  
Senses working overtime  
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemons and limes  
The pain and the pleasure  
And the church bells softly chime

Hey hey, night fights day  
There's food for the thinkers and the innocents  
Can all live slowly, all live slowly  
My, my the sky will cry  
Jewels for the thirsty and the guilty ones  
Can all die slowly, all die slowly

And all the world is biscuit shaped  
It's just for me to kick in space  
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste

And I've got one, two, three, four, five  
Senses working overtime  
Trying to take this all in  
I've got one, two, three, four, five  
Senses working overtime  
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemons and limes  
The pain and the pleasure  
And the church bells softly chime

And birds might fall from black skies  
Bullies might give you black eyes  
Busses might skid on black ice  
But to me it's very beautiful  
Beautiful

And all the world is biscuit shaped  
It's just for me to feed my face  
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste

And I've got one, two, three, four, five  
Senses working overtime  
Trying to take this all in  
I've got one, two, three, four, five

Senses working overtime  
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemons and limes  
The pain and the pleasure  
And the church bells softly chime