

That beating heart

Maxïmo Park

In the highest club in Berlin
I'm on the outside, looking in
The intersections down below
Reveal their own imperfect flow
Frolics in the doorway
You always did things your way
Conceal me from the passing drums
The walk rise up nostalgic punks

The air grips everything tonight
holds your words up to the light
I understand that beating heart
I understand it plays its part
I understand that beating heart
It plays its part

In the highest club in Berlin

My patience's wearing paper thin
We descend into the streets
The rhythm fades as does the heat
So you cling to my lapels
I have to leave, but where impelled
The subway tunnelling curves and dips
The cotton vest begins to rip

The air grips everything tonight
Holds your words up to the light
I understand that beating heart
I understand it plays its part
I understand that beating heart
It plays its part
Your beating heart