

Blood from a Beating Heart

Primitive Radio Gods

She can't dig holes with a shovel
She won't shake hands with the devil
And when she's caught in the middle
She pulls away and it feels

Like a north wind breezin' your body again
Like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark
To a mouth where the feelings start
Rushing out like the blood from a beating heart

She holds the neck of the bottle
Her every thought is a riddle
You try to rise to the level
You sink back down and it feels

A strange and delicate creature
Who only lives if you love her
Invites you to swim in her river
And leaves you under the earth

Like a north wind
Like a slow say
To a mouth where the feelings start
Rushing out like the blood from a beating heart