

Poor Hearts

Strawberry Switchblade

The door lies wide open
You stand there half broken
You turn away slowly
Poor hearts are they
They seek to find shelter somewhere
Confused and [?]

Hiding behind reason
Slipping away slowly
Poor hearts are they
They seek to find shelter somewhere

Poor hearts
I have always found
Underneath the darker ground
Slipping in and singing out

The table's still turning
Poor hearts are not yearning
They close their eyes and they
Reflect on things that they say they know
To be true

They never try hard to
Tug, tug away but then
They never are willing
You're quite at home through eating
With a gun to your heart

Poor hearts
I have always found
Underneath the darker ground
Slipping in and singing out

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Poor hearts
I have always found
Underneath the darker ground
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Poor hearts

I have always found
Underneath the darker ground
Slipping in and singing out