

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