

## Crooked Heart

### That Handsome Devil

Cal was a wild kid, used to smile big  
Lit up the room every time he did  
Well that's how the song starts  
Clear [?] the star charts, dancing by the bar outside where the cars parked  
He said I'm smarter than I look  
But I don't look so smart  
And I can put together things I took apart  
Clean the dust on the hood of your crooked heart

There's nothing wrong with trying  
Whoever told you that was lying  
She said I'm gonna kiss you good  
He said I wish you would  
In fact I'm convinced you should  
I think I'd like you

Well I know you've had some grandioso heartaches  
And you guide yourself around by shapes the stars make  
It get so cold with no one there to hold  
Obsessing over people we don't know

To get away, to get away from this we've made a mess  
We could celebrate or take a plane or take a train from this  
Perhaps a place so far away that we could take a rest  
Escape the famous faces and the feeling we've been faking

They had some children coming and they started building something  
You could hear the thumping of construction and the chugging of combustion  
Collecting the pieces and scraps, collecting the beliefs and the dreams that  
they had from the trash  
Making their contraption  
Spouting steam and ash

Well I know you've had some monumental heartache  
And you guide yourself around by shapes the stars make  
Well it gets so cold with no one there to hold  
Obsessing over people we don't know

Right there by the seaside  
Just above the treeline  
You can see the steam rise  
Building a machine  
In the town where the dreams die  
Covered in leaves, pine needles and cheap wine

I said I'm smarter than I look, but I don't look so smart  
Back together with the things that we took apart  
And on the flag on the top they drew a crooked heart

There's nothing wrong with trying, whoever told you that was lying  
See you later navigators of the stars and the Equator

Well you know we've had our grandioso heartaches  
And we guide ourselves around by shapes the stars made  
It gets so cold with no one there to hold  
Obsessing over people we don't know

Well I know we've had some monumental heartaches  
Now we guide ourselves around by shapes the stars make  
Sometimes it still gets cold when someone's there to hold  
Obsessing over people we don't know  
Obsessing over people we don't know  
Obsessing over people we don't know