

Tapin' Up My Heart

The Mr. T Experience

You're probably wondering why I've called you here I think the time has come to make it clear my heart can't make our love bloom and grow while you're kicking it to and fro accusing it of things it never said or stepping on it like a cigarette how can I be the answer to your prayers if I'm always making minor repairs? I've been doing most of those things I'm supposed to, you've been tearing me apart and I can't compete with you you keep doing what you do and I'll keep tapin' up my heart. What we have is difficult to explain it's equal parts of boredom joy and pain it's delicate like an angel's wings based on trust and a couple of other things my heart is young and black and proud and bold you better eat it before it gets cold one more thing I can't overemphasize: it's not to be used as a flotation device. I've been doing some of those things you make fun of you've been laughing way too hard I'll salute your lofty goals while you poke me full of holes but I'll keep tapin' up my heart. I'm not what I used to be mostly cause I refuse to be. I'm the new kid on the chopping block so take a little bit off the top there's really nothing you can throw my way that I can't ignore and hope it goes away. I know I've done a few of those bad things in lieu of those good things that I should start but we need something to do and it might as well be you so I'll keep tapin' up my heart.