Hear the Bells

Vanessa Carlton

Stealing glances through the key hole In a brick wall's wooden door Change are keeping quite secrets 200 year old folklore And the graveyard on Elizabeth, no one ever goes Kneeling praying to a gravestone But the gravestone never tells

Hear the bells Hear the bells

December crossing on to Chinatown As the wind starts to cut through Always, always on the lookout But the poisons running through you Stomachaches, try to concentrate Want the stairs on the third floor Now I'm asking a witch doctor but the witch doctor won't tell

Hear the bells Hear the bells Hear the bells Hear the bells

Floating on the sea stars are watching me Current takes me out what will be will be Floating on the sea stars are watching me Current takes me out what will be will be

Hear the bells Hear the bells Hear the bells Hear the bells