

How Your Heart Is Wired

Bell X1

My tongue is scaling the North face of your neck
and we're glaring like warriors
but I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
in the morning

Cos lately you seem less sur of this thing
You're like Bambi on ice
and there's something in the flash of your arms
A certain longing

Kick the can I can see you now
behind that temper and ire
Mr.Wolf knows what time it is
He says it's dinner time

I don't know what you're carrying
or how your heart is wired
but there's a dangerous ticking
I'll cut the red one

No, the blue one

Raking over the embers and what I come across?
Raking over the embers and what I come across?
Is that you, combing your hair?
Is that me, eating an egg?
And are we there?
Like John Boy said

My tongue is scaling the North face of your neck
and we're glaring like warriors
But I've a feeling you won't look at me in that way
in the morning

Is this how it goes in these final throes?