

Beating Heart The Prize

Bob Mould

Get your ticket today
Make it all go away
Ticking off the world today
Make it all go away

Take me up the top today
Make it all go away
Breaking all the rush today
Make it all go away

Practice every phrase
And hope it comes out right
Crafting what I need to say
Trap the needle, burn the lies

And then, I must not praise
Where I could sing your eyes
Feel you rushing through my face
Keep this beating heart of mine

Slapped across the face
Tryin' to stay alive
Hand emerging from the waste
Win the beating heart, the prize

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