

Crying in Public

Chairlift

Take all my defenses in two words
And throw them away
Tell me, what kind of monster
Have I been today?

But you smile and call me "tough guy"
To the opposite effect
It's a flower in the gun
And your tough guy's a wreck

Sorry I'm crying in public this way
I'm falling for you, I'm falling for you
I'm sorry I'm causing a scene on the train
I'm falling for you, I'm falling for you

Love will be the bridge
Over the sand
Love will be the key
From hand to hand

Like the peach you split open
With two thumbs
I'm the half without a stone
And my heart is a hollow
With a space for your own
(or whatever you want to do with it)

And I'm blaming all beauty upon you
From the birds at my feet
To the breakdancing boys
And their boomboxes' beat, beat, beat

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Each autumn leaf and passing breath
Each antidote to sudden death
And there we are
And who'd've guessed
That there it is, just like that
Forgive me

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From hand to hand