

## Bleed A River Deep

Ed Harcourt

When the clock strikes dead on midnight  
Books fly through the hall  
All the lampshades turn and rotate  
She walks through the wall

With hands in pockets I search for rockets  
That might light up the sky  
Have become more withdrawn since I was first born  
But I never know why

I see my body float like leaves  
Every day I want to breathe  
Rap my knuckles 'til they bleed  
A river deep

If I had sharp claws I'd get on all fours  
And scratch your back for free  
But it's been written, these nails are bitten  
I know what I could be

I see my body float like leaves  
Every day I want to breathe  
Rap my knuckles 'til they bleed  
A river deep