

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Have become more withdrawn since I was first born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
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