

Cut Connection

Jesca Hoop

I'm living the dream
In the dream I'm buried alive
Two bed, gray
One bath, car in the drive

Mood covered windows block the light
Feeding back reflection distorts life
Cut connection

Cut connection
Cut connection
Cut connection
Come on be the drummer in my
Come on be the drummer in my heart

I summon your hands
To bring me what is mine
I flutter your eyes
And fail the heart behind

All this? element in my design
I don't waste my breath
Don't waste my time
Cut connection

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Cut connection
Come on be the drummer in my
Come on be the drummer in my
Come on be the drummer in my heart

I want for your kiss, for your kiss
My lips won't part
I want for your touch, for your touch
My hands won't move

Come on bring that friction get that spark
Come on be the drummer in my heart
Cut connection

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Come on be the drummer in my
Come on be the drummer in my
Come on be the drummer in my heart

Come on up to the old rock
To the old rock
To the well
Drink from the old well

Be a beggar
Be a king

Be a cool machine
Be a part of all things

Come on up to the old rock
To the old rock
To the well
Drink from the old well

Be a beggar
Be a king
Be a cool machine
Be a part of all things

Come on up to the old rock
To the old rock
To the well
Drink from the old well

Cover your eyes
Push out the door
Sail on wounded wing
Be a part of all things

Be a part of all things
Be a part of all things
Be a part of all things
Be a part of all things

Be a part of all things
Be a part of all things
Be a part of all things
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