

Don't Push Your Foot on the Heartbrake

Kate Bush

Emma's come down.
She's stopped the light
Shining out of her eyes.

Emma's been run out on.
She's breaking down
In so many places,
Stuck in low gear
Because of her fears

Of the skidding wheels,
(The skid of her wheels she feels.)
Skidding wheels,
(The skid of her wheels she feels.)
Spinning wheels.
(Wheel-skidding feeling.)

Her heart is there,
But they've greased the road.
Her heart is out there,
But she's no control.

Oh, come on, you've got to use your flow.
You know what it's like, and you know you want to go.
Don't drive too slowly.
Don't put your blues where your shoes should be.
Don't put your foot on the heartbrake.

(She's losing, she's losing, she's losing, she's losing...)

She's losing that inner flame.
It was burning bright,
But she's losing the light fast.

She's only herself to blame.
Well, take care of yourself,
And remember Georgie.
But she's so O.D.'d on weeping
She can hardly see

That she's dropping beads.
(Red, red glass is bleeding.)
Dropping beads.
(Red, red glass is bleeding.)
Dropping beads.
(Red, red on the parquet.)

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But they've greased the road.
Her heart is out there,
But she's no control.

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Don't drive too slowly.
Don't put your blues where your shoes should be.
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