

## To the Beat of Our Noisy Hearts

Matt Nathanson

She don't lie in bed at night  
Staring at the ceiling  
She don't wait to begin  
She bets on long shots  
She wants what they've got  
She skates where the ice thins

On and on, we keep going  
Crowded like subway cars  
On and on, to the beat of our noisy hearts  
Our hearts

She was her mother's secret  
She was daddy's girl  
She brought weekend boys home in her curls  
She said, "My love is a fever.  
Come on, touch my skin.  
They all think I'm easy,  
I'm easy, cause I let them win."

On and on, we keep going  
Crowded like subway cars  
On and on, to the beat of our noisy hearts  
On and on, we keep going  
Crowded like subway cars  
On and on, to the beat of our noisy hearts  
To the beat of our noisy hearts

She said, "Pick up the phone  
Cause I need to feel more alone  
And your voice drives me crazy."

On and on, we keep going  
Crowded like subway cars  
On and on, to the beat of our noisy hearts  
On and on, we keep going  
Crowded like subway cars  
On and on, to the beat of our noisy hearts, hearts, hearts  
On and on, we keep going  
Crowded like subway cars  
On and on, to the beat of our noisy hearts