

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