

It's Working

MGMT

Here, you focus
So I can see your faces
The eyes are wrong

How will I know if it's working right?

Light confuses
The tiny isles of bruises
The mangled lines
I see the signs of aging

But if I try to feel at all I am deceived
My mind's affected
It's empty now
As I lay down
I feel alright
My heart is racing

Turn the noise on
I'd like to feed my poison
Assembly lines

Carry a velvet warning
To the yard
It's just like striking matches
The polish lies

But it's working in your blood
Which you know is not the same as love
Love is only in your mind
And not your heart

No, it's working

It's working in your blood
Which you know is not the same as love
Love is only in your mind and not your heart