

Call, response, syncopate the prose
Fuck the highs because I live for the lows
Four by four, with activated riff
It's good in my car, so it must be a hit
I know where the heart is
I know where the heart is
Giant drinks and waitress indisposed
Ski that jump on the tip of her nose, forget it
Songs are written but never with a pen
The words will follow but you never know when
I know where the start is
I know where the start is