

## Marching Song

### Pointed Sticks

Like Germany in '43 everyone was down on me  
And things were closing in  
My ideals, all my dreams, breaking out at the seams  
Without discipline  
No one wanted to believe me  
I was up against a wall  
When she came marching in to save me  
Like a guardian general  
She had it worked out to an art  
And now she's in command of my heart

Leather boots, thin black tie, monocle in one eye  
She's so military  
Well I was broken, I was dirty, but she promised not to hurt me  
Such humanity  
No one ever understood me  
I had visions, I had plans  
She mapped out the way it could be  
Offered me her stiff right hand  
She had it worked out to an art  
And now she's in command of my heart

She gives the orders, she's got taste, she puts everything in p  
lace  
With such authority  
She tells me why, she shows me how, there's not a thing to stop  
me now  
I've got validity  
All the times I've had to bow out  
All the chances that I've missed  
But I've got re-enforcements now  
It is useless to resist  
She had it worked out to an art  
And now she's in command of my heart  
She had it worked out to an art  
And now she's in command of my heart  
She's in command of my heart  
Yeah she's in command of my heart