

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