

Severed Crossed Fingers

St. Vincent

When your calling ain't calling back to you
I'll be side-stage mouthing lines for you
Humiliated by age, terrified of youth
I got hope but my hope isn't helping you

Spitting our guts from their gears
Draining our spleen over years
Found my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there

Wake up puddle-eyed, sleeping in the suit
The truth is ugly, well, I feel ugly too
We'll be heroes on every bar stool when
Seeing double beats not seeing one of you

Spitting our guts from their gears
Draining our spleen over years
Find my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there

Well you stole the heart right out my chest
Changed the words that I know best
Find my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there

Holding on and on and on... enough enough enough

Spitting our guts from their gears
Draining our spleen over years
Find my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there

Well you stole the heart right out my chest
Changed the words that I know best
Find my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there