

Hear the Bells

Vanessa Carlton

Stealing glances through the key hole
In a brick wall's wooden door
Change are keeping quite secrets
200 year old folklore
And the graveyard on Elizabeth, no one ever goes
Kneeling praying to a gravestone
But the gravestone never tells

Hear the bells
Hear the bells

December crossing on to Chinatown
As the wind starts to cut through
Always, always on the lookout
But the poisons running through you
Stomachaches, try to concentrate
Want the stairs on the third floor
Now I'm asking a witch doctor but the witch doctor won't tell

Hear the bells
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Floating on the sea stars are watching me
Current takes me out what will be will be
Floating on the sea stars are watching me
Current takes me out what will be will be

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