

Tall Tales for Spring

Vanessa Carlton

God rest his head Sunday afternoon, and
The wicked in me is surely the wicked in you
We pray to a ghost that we've never met
Time turns for a cure from the scientists for

Madness, madness of the heart
But you knew it, you knew it from the start

And Hawking will tell us no tall tales this spring
Reminds holds the key eyes that started everything
Maybe it's fate, when the sadness takes hold
Still stars through a window, will they ever know this

Madness, madness of the heart
But you knew it, you knew it from the start
There's a madness, a madness of the heart
But you knew it, you knew it from the start

Stare a sleepy smile into a sun beam
There's nothing more than a daydream
Colored stained glass cathedral
Confess a past that won't let you go

God rest your head Sunday afternoon
And the wicked in me is surely coming through
Pray to a ghost that I've never met
Baby is free never met
Still searchin' for someday out of this mess

It's the heart
It's the heart
And there is a madness, a madness in the stars
But you knew it, you knew it from the start

Hmmmmmmmmmm
Hmmmmmmmmmm
Hmmmmmmmmmm