

To The Beat Of Our Noisy Hearts

Matt Nathanson

She don't lie in bed at night
Staring at the ceiling
She don't wait to begin
She bets on long shots
She wants what they've got
She skates where the ice thins [Chorus]
On and on, we keep going
Crowded like subway cars
On and on, to the beat of our noisy hearts our hearts
She was her mother's secret
She was daddy's girl
She brought weekend boys home in her curls
She said, "My love is a fever.
Come on, touch my skin.
They all think I'm easy,
I'm easy, cause I let them win." [Chorus: x2] To the beat of our noisy hearts
She said, "Pick up the phone
Cause I need to feel more alone
And your voice drives me crazy." [Chorus: x3]

Songwriters

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