

Hammering Heart

[Del Amitri](#)

I suppose love lives in a dustbin behind the garden wall
You have to grovel on the ground
And be pretty disgusting to find it at all
And I suppose that it grows on you
Standing there with no clothes on And I suppose because there's beautiful girls in this town
I'll stay here till I've chosen one
I suppose life's like a hunt, really
The hounds have fun until the fox gets bagged
And not one girl in this town will ever fall in love with me They'll get dragged, her heart speaks to me
Says, the room, the room, the room
Beneath her dress and I suppose that it beats for me
Like a hammering moon pulling tides through her chest Suppose she says that she owes me
All that she owns and all that she is
It seems to me, I suppose that
Her heart's not enough and her love is a swizz So suppose love lives in a mansion
How the hell do I get over the wall?
And if my rope's not stretched the right tension
I won't cross this grand canyon at all And I suppose that it grows like a tumor, spreads like a rumor
Like the grass grows and inch every day
And I suppose that before I even know it, the tide will start flowing
And the drum beneath my jacket will say You know, you need her everyday
She is the moon and she showed me her face
She is the house and she opened the gates

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