

# Dirty Little Heart

## Lostprophets

Another night, another year that's gone  
Raise your glass, I'm not home tonight  
Nothing's changed but everything is different  
Getting cold in the bus stop light All the days, all the times we spent  
Making plans for another life  
Staring out of a back seat window  
Making cuts with a plastic knife This dirty heart  
Still longs to beat  
Back in your arms  
Back on your streets These open wounds you gave me  
These broken bones will take me  
Crawling on through the debris of my  
Dirty little heart Another flat, still I don't belong  
An empty glass, still not home tonight  
I look for change but only find a difference  
I'm growing old in the glare of the spotlight All those nights, all these hearts I've haunted  
All the memories we shared  
I wonder if this will ever be different  
I wonder if we will ever be spared This dirty heart  
Still longs to beat  
Back in your arms  
Back on your streets These open wounds you gave me  
These broken bones will take me  
Crawling on through the debris of my  
Dirty little These open wounds you gave me  
These broken bones will take me  
Crawling on through the debris of my  
Dirty little heart This dirty heart  
Still longs to beat  
Back in your arms  
Back on your streets These open wounds you gave me  
These broken bones will take me  
Crawling on through the debris of my  
Dirty, dirty These open wounds you gave me  
These broken bones will take me  
Crawling on through the debris of my  
Dirty little heart

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