

Blood from a Beating Heart

Primitive Radio Gods

she can't dig holes with a shovel
she won't shake hands with the devil
and when she's caught in the middle
she pulls away and it feels[chorus]
like a north wind breezin' your body again
like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark
to a mouth where the feelings start
rushing out like the blood from a beating heartshe holds the neck of the bottle
her every thought is a riddle
you try to rise to the level
you sink back down and it feels[chorus]a strange and delicate creature
who only lives if you love her
invites you to swim in her river
and leaves you under the earth[chorus]like a north wind
like a slow say
to a mouth where the feelings start
rushing out like the blood from a beating heart.

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