

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

Songwriters

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