

Fingertips

Emiliana Torrini

Before I can open my all to eager eyes
Everything changes from the oceans to the skies
Perpetual emotion sadder place by me
Everything's breathing my air in all of tree Yet, my fingertips have a special sound
Yet, my fingertips, they go around and 'round This comical wisdom creeps into my brain
Away of my nerve and also free of pain Yet, my fingertips have a special sound
Yet, my fingertips, they go around and 'round Pa-pa-pa-raaaa-a
Pa-pa-pa-raaaa-a Electrical current hallowed be the name
Live my emotions and vanish all my shame Yet, my fingertips have a special sound
Yet, my fingertips smell of sodden ground Before I can open my all to eager eyes
(All to eager eyes)
Everything changes from the oceans to the skies Yet my fingertips have a special sound
Yet my fingertips, they go 'round and 'round Pa-pa-pa-raaaa-a
Pa-pa-pa-raaaa-a

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