

Coeur D'Alene (4)

The Head and the Heart

Wind blown whispers
Wind naked down the corridor
The thoughts leaving my head
They twist through yours What will become of these gestures that we made
I've given up my bible
You moved out of state oh oh oh Wearily waiting on the wasting of his days
A sad, sodden, smoldering soul
Give you three bucks for your sympathy
And another for a cigarette
The interaction feels so cold Oh the songs
People will sing for hope
And for the ones that have been gone for too long
Oh the things
People will do for the ones that they love We're only here to find the love that lingers after the moment
So kiss me in the back room where the music plays
I know that it's not over
No Oh the songs
People will sing for hope
And for the ones that have been gone for too long
Oh the things
People will do for the ones that they love Break down the corridors (la da da, da da da)
Break down the corridors (la da da, da da da) Messes that I haven't tried to clean up in awhile You're in my soul
now
You've got to waste away with me
My minds made up I'm staying here with you
There's no use knowing which way the wind is blowing
My minds made up I'm doing, I'm doing this with you There's no use knowing which way the wind is blowing
My minds made up, I'm doing this, I'm doing this
You're in my soul now
You've got to waste away with me

Songwriters

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