Flutes

Hot Chip

I know it's nothing more then flutes
But something in my heart is loose
There's never been a better day
And if there is nothing more
Then nothing more will add us say
There's never been a better day
Work that inside outside
Work that more
Work that right side left side
More that more
Inside outside left side work the floor
Inside outside up top down with more
Work that inside outside
Work that more
Work that right side left side more that more
Inside outside left side work the floor
Inside outside up top down with more
I put up on a string today
Deciding never taught me a thing
A wooden box breathes the way
Never again
Never again
Never again
Never again
All this talk is getting me down
Nothing's making sense in my brain
I'm moving words in coarse of today
Trying hard to fix through the pain
I'm waiting to the thought that we came
Only to discover I'm aged
And blow a quart of love in your fame
And watch things drop down

And watch things drop down
And watch things drop down
And watch things drop down
All this talk is getting me down
Nothing's making sense in my brain
I'm moving words in coarse of today

Trying hard to fix through the pain
I'm waiting to the thought that we came
Only to discover I'm aged
And blow a quart of love in your fame
And watch things drop down
And watch things drop down
And watch things drop down
And watch things drop down
One day you might realize
That you might need to open your eyes
One day you might realize
That you might need to open your eyes
Work that inside outside
Work that more
Work that right side left side
More that more
Inside outside left side work the floor
Inside outside up top down with more
Work that inside outside
Work that more
Work that right side left side more that more
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