## **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

A wooden box breathes the way
Never again
Never again
Never again

Deciding never taught me a thing

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 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 Inside outside left side work the floor Inside outside up top down with more 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

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