Your Beating Heart

Brendan James

Beauty picks me up than throws me to the floor
I may never know what i was searching for,
like a begger on my knees, never knowing what i now believe
like a drug I took the walk back to your door,
I had had enough but I always want more
there was something I was needing.....
Something you were keeping.....and than with the rest of my days before me
I broke down and fell asleep
to your beating heart , your beating heart, your beating heartIn the worst of all the best times we have shared,
through a sea of every now forgotten tear,
you would look me in the eye so afraid to ask me," why?"but i knew you were the star that shines for me,
and i had already planned to set us free,
and in the black of the night i would ask you to be mine.

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