

# Blood From a Beating Heart

## Primitive Radio Gods

she can't dig holes with a shovel  
she won't shake hands with the devil  
and when she's caught in the middle  
she pulls away and it feels[chorus]  
like a north wind breezin' your body again  
like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark  
to a mouth where the feelings start  
rushing out like the blood from a beating heartshe holds the neck of the bottle  
her every thought is a riddle  
you try to rise to the level  
you sink back down and it feels[chorus]a strange and delicate creature  
who only lives if you love her  
invites you to swim in her river  
and leaves you under the earth[chorus]like a north wind  
like a slow say  
to a mouth where the feelings start  
rushing out like the blood from a beating heart.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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