

Beat To Beat

The Jezabels

High like crows, hair like bros,
Seeking my scene, everything was good.
All made up, yeah I've drawn the lines;
Even steak don't cry, if you seal it right.
And what am I crying about?
Well, I can see the Don.
Uh-huh. I'm gonna get my honour back,
Brawl it out, into town.
Ask me what I'm on about,
I dunno, figure it out.
Lights shining bright, are you afraid of the dark?
Uh-huh.
And looking down, looking down on you,
Looking down, looking down on me,
I saw my northern light,
But, it goes out And on the busy street,
The general apathy,
Washed over me;
I gotta make it out
From beat to beat,
We find our own melody,
It's natural, it's a prerogative. Light a fire, let it burn for you,
Order sides and a beast for two.
I'm not sure what you're waiting on,
When you're winding up that radio,
When, all my life, all my life,
I can see the Don. A woman lies. What am I?
Help me God, hearts lie.
Eat 'em up, evil eye,
Looking so evil,
Looking down, looking down on you,
Looking down, looking down on me,
What's the point in life?
But, it goes on. On the busy street,
The general apathy
Washed over me;
I gotta make it out.
From beat to beat,
We find our own melody;

It's natural. It's a prerogative. Lie upon me, kiss and breathe,
Born of the time under the gaze.
Want a medal, start a war.
He's looking down, looking down on you,
Looking down, looking down on me,
All of my things that I don't want,
All of the things that I don't need
Are weighing me down,
Are weighing me down,
But, it goes on. On the busy street,
The general apathy
Washed over me,
I gotta make it out.
From beat to beat,
We find our own melody;
It's natural. It's a prerogative.

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