

# Organ In Your Chest

[Colin Smith](#)

If she says "I'm your girl", then what can that mean?  
And you dance with her like it's been all your life.  
He says "It happens, when you least expect it"  
In a world of hasty words can they be right? Now I can't ask the clock to tell the hour  
And precedents and case files don't apply  
When eyes and ears and tongue mistrust their power  
The organ in your chest perceives the light The money in your pocket buys you airfare  
The spaces in your schedule buy you time  
But experience has prompted hesitation  
So lucky for you instinct overrides The markings on your palm reveal an outline  
And every star required has aligned  
And though you never bought much into omens  
The organ in your chest will steer you right

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