Rhythm

Ann Arbor

When you curse your name I'm a receiver
When your heart can't change I'm a receive
Do I love like a stranger?
The world keeps getting stranger all the time
And the distance is greater
Than any rope I ever tied around your waist
To keep our tumbles in rhythm
Oh, a heart is a pocket for loose change
We scrape and we save and we wait for a raise
Did you watch as our muscles divided in rhythm?

I cursed being a man
I cursed being the driver
I let go of the wheel sometime last year
Then I sang to you in shifts
Till the mountains folded over
And your wrongs went through my wrists so you could sin
I love the world, I want to take it with me

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