How Your Heart Is Wired

Bell X1

My tongue is scaling the north face of the neck
And we're glaring like warriors
But I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
In the morning'Cause lately you seem less sure of this thing
You're like Bambi on ice
And there's something in the flash of your arms
A certain longingKick the can, I can see you now
Behind that temper and ire
Mister Wolf knows what time it is
He says it's dinner timeI don't know what you're carrying
Or how your heart is wired
But there's a dangerous ticking
I cut the red one, no, the blue one
I cut the red one, no, the blue one
I cut the red one
I cut the red one, I cut the blue oneRaking over the embers and what I come across
Raking over the embers and what I come acrossIs that you combing your hair?
And is that me eating an egg?
And I'll be there, I'll be there
I'll be there like John Boy is thereMy tongue is scaling the north face of the neck
And we're glaring like warriors
But I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
I've a feeling you won't look at me that way
In the morningIs this how it goes these two final throws?
Is this how it goes these two final throws?

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