

Senses Working Overtime

Mandy Moore

One, two, three, four, fiveHey hey
The clouds are away
There's straw for the donkeys
And the innocents can all sleep safely
And all sleep safelyMy, my
The sun is pie
There's fodder for the cannons
And the guilty ones can all sleep safely
And all sleep safelyAnd all the world is football shaped
It's just for me to kick in space
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, fiveSenses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, fiveSenses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference
'Tween the lemons and limes
The pain and pleasure
And the church bells softly chimeHey hey
Night fights day
There's food for the thinkers
And the innocents can all live slowly
And all live slowlyMy, my
The sky will cry
Jewels for the thirsty
And the guilty ones can all die slowly
And all die slowlyAnd all the world is biscuit shaped
It's just for me to feed my face
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, fiveSenses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, fiveSenses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference
'Tween the lemons and limes
The pain and pleasure
And the church bells softly chimeAnd birds might fall from black skies
And bullies might give you black eyes
And buses might skid on black ice
But to me it's very very beautifulAnd all the world is football shaped
It's just for me to kick in space

And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, five Senses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five Senses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference
'Tween the lemons and limes
Pain and pleasure
And the church bells softly chime

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