In My Blood

Neil Finn

It's a curious sound
Bone collectors rustling leaves on their knees
Many poets in this town
Look high and low for feelings that come and go
Sweeping the past out of their windows and doors
Well I'm not so humble but I'm always on time
Believing what is left behind
All the shades and echoes of my life
Are in my bloodIn my blood ...feelings are lasting
In my blood ...they never go away
In my blood ...end up in a place
Somewhere where you don't have to miss it all
The flavour on my tongue,
In my blood ...the fall of winter sun
In my blood ...the sparkle in your eyes
In my blood ...the moment when I die
I'm hoping that I won't have to miss it allReincarnate, how I wish that I could come back again,
How I wish that I could do this againMelancholy beats my heart
Her cries mistaken for the sound of loneliness
There are far too many stars
On the earth there is but two of us
Gingerly down there for my hand is a thief
I'm bound to fumble when the moment is right
As another one is lost its a kind of release
And it's coming to me with a sense of reliefIn my blood ...feelings are lasting
In my blood ...they never go away
In my blood ...end up in a place,
Somewhere that you don't have to miss it allThe flavour on my tongue,
In my blood ...the fall of winter sun
In my blood ...the sparkle in your eye,
In my blood ...the moment when I die
I'm praying that I won't have to miss it allReincarnate, how I wish that I could come back again
How I wish that I could do this again
Reincarnate, how I wish that I could come back again
How I wish that I could do this againYou're in my blood, in my blood, in my blood.

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