Severed Crossed Fingers

St. Vincent

When you're calling ain't calling back to you
I'll be side stage, mouthing lines for you
Humiliated by age, terrified of youth
I got hope but my hope isn't helping youSpitting out guts from their gears
Draining our spleen over years
Found myself with crossed fingers in the rubble thereWake up puddle eyed, sleeping in the suit
The truth is ugly, well I feel ugly too
We'll be heroes on every bar stool
Seeing double beats not seeing one of youSpitting out guts from their gears
Draining our spleen over years
Found myself with crossed fingers in the rubble there
Well you stole the heart right out my chest
Changed the words that I know best
Found myself with crossed fingers in the rubble thereSpitting out guts from their gears
Draining our spleen over years
Found myself with crossed fingers in the rubble there
Well you stole the heart right out my chest
Changed the words that I know best
Found myself with crossed fingers in the rubble there

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