Tall Tales For Spring

Vanessa Carlton

God rests his head Sunday afternoon
The wicked in me is surely the wicked in you
Pray to a ghost that we've never met
Time turns for a cure from the scientist for this madness
Madness of the heart
But you knew it, we knew it from the start
Hawking will tell us no tall tales this spring
Our minds hold the chaos that started everything
Maybe it's fate, as the sadness takes hold
Still stars through a window
Will they ever know this madness.
Madness of the heart
We knew it, we knew it from the start
The madness, madness of the heart
But you knew it, you knew it from the start

Stare a sleepy smile into a sun beam
Is this nothing more than a daydream?
Color-stained glass Cathedral
Confess a past that won't let you go
God rest your head Sunday afternoon
And the wicked in me is surely coming through
And I'll pray to a ghost that I've never met
Still searching for some way out of this mess
It's the heart
It's the heart
There's a madness a madness in the stars
But you knew it, we knew it from the start

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