

Bloodrush

Brooke Fraser

Something inside you
Breaks a little bit when you turn away and in
Down beneath the pieces
You say you don't feel a thing

It's atrophy in motion
The slowing down of necessary moving parts
It wouldn't be so tragic
If it weren't machinery of the heart

You've got so much soul
You've got to get out and prove it to yourself
Babe you've got so much soul
You got so much soul

You're doing a post mortem
Of a future you still can have
Heed your own warning
Those tears in the night
Won't fall in the morning

You've got so much soul
You've got to get out and prove it to yourself
Babe you've got so much soul
You got so much soul

Can you feel it yet?
Like a longed for thaw
Feel the blood rush back
Feel the frost withdraw
Vena cava, veins
Broken valves and vows
Feel the blood rush back
Feel the blood rush out

You've got so much soul
You've got to get out and prove it to yourself
Babe you've got so much soul
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