Bloodrush

Brooke Fraser

Something inside you
Breaks a little bit when you turn away and in
Down beneath the pieces
You say you donâ€™t feel a thing

Itâ€™s atrophy in motion
The slowing down of necessary moving parts
It wouldnâ€™t be so tragic
If it werenâ€™t machinery of the heart

Youâ€™ve got so much soul
Youâ€™ve got to get out and prove it to yourself
Babe youâ€™ve got so much soul
You got so much soul

Youâ€™re doing a post mortem
Of a future you still can have
Heed your own warning
Those tears in the night
Wonâ€™t fall in the morning

Youâ€™ve got so much soul
Youâ€™ve got to get out and prove it to yourself
Babe youâ€™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

Youâ€™ve got so much soul
Youâ€™ve got to get out and prove it to yourself
Babe youâ€™ve got so much soul
You got so much soul

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