

Secrets Of The Heart

Ben Gibbard

Staring out the glass of your tired sedan
Waiting at your door leaning up against the jamb
Going all the way
Singing my guitar
It's later I can't stay
The secrets of the heart

On the ??? floor with no ones in your hand
You pull the hairpin out now and down pour the strands
But you were all the sake
You can sing to my guitar
It's later I can't stay
The secrets of the heart

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