

Senses Working Overtime

Mandy Moore

One, two, three, four, five
Hey hey
The clouds are away
There's straw for the donkeys
And the innocents can all sleep safely
And all sleep safely
My, my
The sun is pie
There's fodder for the cannons
And the guilty ones can all sleep safely
And all sleep safely
And all the world is football shaped
It's just for me to kick in space
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference
'Tween the lemons and limes
The pain and pleasure
And the church bells softly chime
Hey hey
Night fights day
There's food for the thinkers
And the innocents can all live slowly
And all live slowly
My, my
The sky will cry
Jewels for the thirsty

And the guilty ones can all die slowly
And all die slowly
And all the world is biscuit shaped
It's just for me to feed my face
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime

Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference
'Tween the lemons and limes
The pain and pleasure
And the church bells softly chime
And birds might fall from black skies
And bullies might give you black eyes
And buses might skid on black ice
But to me it's very very beautiful
And all the world is football shaped
It's just for me to kick in space
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five
Senses working overtime
Trying to taste the difference
'Tween the lemons and limes
Pain and pleasure
And the church bells softly chime

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