

# Fever Beats

Thea Gilmore

Sat down with the poker face  
The snake eyes and your pillowcase  
The hands holding the triple ace  
Are laying down the cards  
She said it without sentiment  
Yeah, it's tragic, but it's true my friend  
You know it really makes no difference  
Your little bleeding heart I thought you would have got it all  
The Bible's painted on the bedroom wall  
And all you had to do was call  
For one final reprise  
The innocents will stop and stare  
The libertines play truth or dare  
You've been waiting out the summer there  
And loving by degrees And, oh, take a little more time  
Cos fever beats all down the line  
I said, oh, take a little more time  
Cos fever beats all down the Yeah, these are our heroes now  
And fever beats on furrowed brows  
While all the fake the past allows  
Is turning into gold  
It's a sonnet on the news at ten  
The Lord's Prayer or a requiem  
It's Dylan, it is Bethlehem  
Recited on a game show And, oh, take a little more time  
Cos fever beats all down the line  
I said, oh, take a little more time  
Cos fever beats all down the line  
All down the line  
All down the line So, hey now, are you listening  
Cos the day is slowly closing in  
You're dust and you are heart and skin  
You're blood and you are vein  
And through the night, yeah, through it all  
In every word and every chord  
You're sure you've heard it all before  
And you'll hear it all again  
Hear it all again  
Hear it all again And, oh, take a little more time

Cos fever beats all down the line  
I said, oh, take a little more time  
Cos fever beats all down the  
And, oh, take a little more time  
Cos fever beats all down the line  
I said, oh, take a little more time  
Cos fever beats all down the line  
All down the line  
All down the line  
All down the line

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