

# Hammering Heart (Live 2014)

[Del Amitri](#)

I suppose love lives in a dustbin behind the garden wall  
You have to grovel on the ground and be pretty disgusting  
To find it at all  
And I suppose that it grows on you  
Standing there with no clothes on,  
And I suppose because there's beautiful girls in this town  
I'll stay here till I've chosen one.  
I suppose life's like a hunt, really: the hounds have fun  
Until the fox gets bagged  
And not one girl in this town will ever fall in love with me:  
They'll get dragged. Her heart speaks to me; says the room the room the room  
Beneath her dress, and I suppose that it beats for me  
Like a hammering moon pulling tides through her chest  
Suppose she says that she owes me  
All that she owns and all that she is  
It seems to me I suppose that her heart's not enough  
And her love is a swizz. So suppose love lives in a mansion  
How the hell do I get over the wall?  
And if my rope's not stretched the right tension  
I won't cross this grand canyon at all.  
And I suppose that it grows like a tumor, spreads like a rumor  
Like the grass grows and inch every day  
And I suppose that before I even know it, the tide will start flowing  
And the drum beneath my jacket will say: You know you need her everyday  
She is the moon and she showed me her face  
She is the house and she opened the gates

Songwriters

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