

## **Takers, The**

### **"The Northside Of Me"**

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There's something going on with the Northside of me...  
All the old faces are washed out to sea.  
Yeah, there's something going on with the Northside of me...  
My head's set to marching, my heart keeps the beat.

My chest has been locked and I've swallowed the key...  
My old front porch swing now has no empty seat.  
Well, my chest has been locked and I've swallowed the key...  
A mirror of desire is staring back at me.

The wind through her hair, it smells so sweet...  
A leftover walk, a forever knee  
Oh, the wind through her hair, it smells so sweet...  
Now I hold her hand and she falls asleep

The wind through her hair, it smells so sweet...  
Now I hold her hand and she falls asleep

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