

## Listener

### "Wooden Heart"

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We're all born to broken people on their most  
honest day of living  
and since that first breath... We'll need grace that  
we've never given  
I've been haunted by standard red devils and white  
ghosts  
and it's not only when these eyes are closed  
these lies are ropes that I tie down in my stomach,  
but they hold this ship together tossed like leaves in  
this weather  
and my dreams are sails that I point towards my true  
north,  
stretched thin over my rib bones, and pray that it gets  
better  
but it won't won't, at least I don't believe it  
will...  
so I've built a wooden heart inside this iron ship,  
to sail these blood red seas and find your coasts.  
don't let these waves wash away your hopes  
this war-ship is sinking, and I still believe in anchors  
pulling fist fulls of rotten wood from my heart, I still  
believe in saviors  
but I know that we are all made out of shipwrecks,  
every single board  
washed and bound like crooked teeth on these rocky  
shores  
so come on and let's wash each other with tears of  
joy and tears of grief  
and fold our lives like crashing waves and run up on  
this beach  
come on and sew us together, tattered rags stained  
forever  
we only have what we remember

I am the barely living son of a woman and man who  
barely made it  
but we're making it taped together on borrowed  
crutches and new starts  
we all have the same holes in our hearts...  
everything falls apart at the exact same time  
that it all comes together perfectly for the next step

but my fear is this prison... that I keep locked below the  
main deck  
I keep a key under my pillow, it's quiet and it's  
hidden  
and my hopes are weapons that I'm still learning  
how to use right  
but they're heavy and I'm awkward...always  
running out of fight  
so I've carved a wooden heart, put it in this sinking  
ship  
hoping it would help me float for just a few more weeks  
because I am made out of shipwrecks, every twisted  
beam  
lost and found like you and me scattered out on the  
sea  
so come on let's wash each other with tears of joy  
and tears of grief  
and fold our lives like crashing waves and run up on  
this beach  
come on and sew us together, just some tattered rags  
stained forever  
we only have what we remember

My throat it still tastes like house fire and salt water  
I wear this tide like loose skin, rock me to sea  
if we hold on tight we'll hold each other together  
and not just be some fools rushing to die in our sleep  
all these machines will rust I promise, but we'll still be  
electric  
shocking each other back to life  
Your hand in mine, my fingers in your veins connected  
our bones grown together inside  
our hands entwined, your fingers in my veins braided  
our spines grown stronger in time  
because are church is made out of shipwrecks  
from every hull these rocks have claimed  
but we pick ourselves up, and try and grow better  
through the change  
so come on yall and let's wash each other with  
tears of joy and tears of grief  
and fold our lives like crashing waves and run up on  
this beach  
come on and sew us together, were just tattered rags  
stained forever  
we only have what we remember

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