

## **Amitri Del**

### **"Hammering Heart"**

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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

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