

Barenaked Ladies "Stomach Vs. Heart"

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Words & Music by Steven Page & Ed Robertson

In through my veins, without brains,
I involuntarily take what I need, then I bleed
And it comes right back to me.
But guts only eat and sometimes
They repeat on you.
Keeping you on your toes or crouched above the loo.

That's what you get when you confuse your stomach
with your heart.
That's what you get when you confuse your stomach
with your heart.

Blood turns from blue into red
'cause of oxygen that it's fed
And I turn back to blue,
'cause I'm losing you,
But tummy just growls
Not real words, mostly vowels
And I always forget sometimes Y
Gratification can cause constipation
If organs are left to die.

That's what you get when you confuse your stomach
with your heart.
That's what you get when you confuse your stomach
with your heart.

I gained all this weight out of love, not hate
I've got so much love to give (give me a break!)
I'd love to sleep in late, but that dessert looks great.
Was it something I said or was it some I ate?
Heart beats in sync, beat in time,
Beat in bodies likes hers and mine,
But I fed only one, and look what it's done;
I've run out of blood and I'm chewing my cud and
My gastrointestinal festival's best of all
The cardiovascular questions they ask you are
Less than the answers they give you like cancer and

That's what you get when you confuse your stomach

with your heart.
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Straw Hat and Old Dirty Hank
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I tend the wheat field that makes your bread.
I bind the sweet veal, pluck the hens that make your
bed.
Mother Nature & Mother Earth
Are two of three women who dictate what I'm worth

Chorus:
I'm the farmer.
I work in the fields all day.
Don't mean to alarm her,
But I know it was meant to be this way.

You cried a tear, I wiped it dry
I put you up upon a pedestal so high
If you should waiver, if you should sway
I'd catch you, spread my tiny wings and fly away.
You signed your picture with an O and X
I bet you don't write "love" each time you sign your
cheques.

Chorus

All of this corn I grow I grow it all for you
I took a hatchet to the radio I did it all for you
You could have written back,
You could have said "Thank you"
I guess you've got better things,
Better things to do.

You say you love me, is that the truth?
Although they've heard the songs, my friends want
living proof.
I know your address, I ring the bell
I bring you flowers and a .22 with shells.

I'm the farmer
I work in the fields all day
Never wanted to harm her

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