

Brett Anderson

"Brittle Heart"

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Give me your brittle heart
And your ashtray eyes
I'll give you carpet burns
And a slanted life

And all that power and all that passion
Can be ours tonight

Give me your brittle heart
And I'll light a fire
I'll make an effigy
From a lock of your hair

And all those cinders and all those embers
Can be ours to share

And I'll
Take them all on and force down their doors and I'll
Take them all on and walk through their walls and I'll
Take them all on and crawl to your door
And crawl to your door

Give me your brittle heart
And your orphan's eyes
I'll give you carpet burns
And antiseptic skies

And all that power and all the passion
Can be ours tonight

And I'll
Take them all on and force down their doors and I'll
Take them all on and walk through their walls and I'll
Take them all on and crawl to your door
And crawl to your door

And I'll come to you like a ship to the shore
Like a paper plane that falls to the floor
And I'll take them all on and crawl to your door
And crawl to your door

Give me your brittle heart
Give me your brittle heart
Give me your brittle heart
And I'll light a fire
Oh-oh-oh oh-oh-oh
Light a fire
Give me your brittle heart
Light a fire

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