

Ed Harcourt

"Bleed A River Deep"

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When the clock strikes, dead on midnight
Books fly through the hall
All the lampshades, turn and rotate
She walks through the wall

With hands in pockets
I search for rockets that might light up the sky
Have become more withdrawn, since I was first born
But I never know why

I see my body, float like leaves
Every day I want to breathe
Rap my knuckles till they bleed
A river deep

If I had sharp claws, I'd get on all fours
And scratch your back for free
But it's been written, these nails are bitten
I know what I could be

I see my body, float like leaves
Every day I want to breathe
Rap my knuckles 'til they bleed
A river deep

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