

Brendan Benson

"Your Beating Heart"

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Beauty picks me up then throws me to the floor;
I may never know what I was searching for.
Like a beggar on my knees,
Never knowing what I now believe.

Like a drug, I took the walk back to your door;
I had had enough, but I always want more.
There was something I was needing,
Something you were keeping.

And there, with the rest of my days before me,
I broke down and fell asleep,
To your beating heart, your beating heart, your beating
heart.

In the worst of all the best times that we shared,
Through a sea of every now forgotten tear;
You would look me in the eye,
So afraid to ask me, " Why?"

But I knew you were the star that shines for me,
And I had already planned to set us free;
And in the black of the night,
I would ask you to be mine.

And then, with the rest of my days before me,
I broke down and fell asleep,
To your beating heart, your beating heart, your beating
heart.

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