

The Damned Things

"Black Heart"

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I hope you've taken notice of the wandering eyes
All the circling wagons and where I draw the line
All the birds of prey that keep searching
Have come to feast on my little black heart

And some get discouraged
Yeah, while the other ones starve
We've got to keep moving on
And on and on and on and on

Though the dust might settle on my bones
My blood will sneak out after dark, oh, oh, oh
Tracking scents like a hound dog hunting party
That catches you and brings you to my little black heart

A blank slate in the water with nothing sinking in
And I just keep repeating every goddamn thing
I try to trim some fat from the evening
Throw some meat to the wolves gathered 'round

Oh, I still get discouraged
'Cause it's just slowing me down
We've got to keep moving on
And on and on and on and on

Though the dust might settle on my bones
My blood will sneak out after dark
Tracking scents like a hound dog hunting party
That catches you and brings you to my little black heart

Everybody got their own thing
What's mine is yours and yours is nothing
Everybody got their own thing
What's mine is mine and I got something

Though the dust might settle on my bones
My blood will sneak out after dark, oh, oh, oh
Tracking scents like a hound dog hunting party
That catches you and brings you to my little black heart

And even if you're nowhere to be found
I have been searching from the start, oh, oh, oh

Time will set the trap as strong as I was
That catches you and brings you to my little black heart

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