

# **Amanda Palmer And The Grand Theft Orchestra "Trout Heart Replica"**

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They've been circling  
They've been circling  
Since the day they were born  
It's disturbing  
How they're circling  
Fifty feet from the pond  
Pretty often  
Pretty often  
I don't want to be told

It's a problem  
It's a problem  
It's a problem I know  
And I won't keep what  
I can't catch  
In my bare hands  
Without a net  
It's hard enough  
To walk on grass  
So conscious  
Of the consequences

And they've been jerking  
They've been jerking  
In a pail by the dock  
I know that oxygen might  
Make them blossom and die  
But I'm not going to talk  
Feed them details  
Feed them emails  
They'll eventually grow

But it's not working  
It's not working  
Not as far as I know

And killing things  
Is not so hard  
It's hurting  
That's the hardest part  
And when the wizard  
Gets to me

I'm asking for a smaller heart

And I got you  
I thought that I caught you  
Now I'll ruin it all  
Feeling helpless  
Acting selfish  
Being human and all  
And they're jumping  
And they're jumping  
But they'll never get out  
Just keep touring  
Just keep on ignoring  
Be a good little trout

And the butcher stops and  
Winds his watch  
And lays their lives  
Down on the block  
He raises up his hatchet  
And the big hand strikes  
A compromise

WAIT we'll trade you  
WAIT

Please just one more day  
And then we'll go with no  
Complaining  
No complaining  
No complaining  
Stop  
Come

And they're cutting  
And they're cutting  
And I think that I know  
And they're gutting  
And they're gutting  
And I think that I know  
And it's beating  
Look it's beating  
And I don't want to know  
And it's beating  
LOOK IT'S STILL BEATING  
God I don't want to know

And killing things  
Is not so hard  
It's hurting  
That's the hardest part

And when the wizard  
Gets to me  
I'm asking for a smaller heart  
And if he tells me no  
I'll hold my breath  
Until I hit the floor  
Eventually I know I'm doomed  
To get what I am asking for

Now my heart  
Is exactly the size  
Of a six-sided die cut in half  
Made of ruby red  
Stained glass  
Can I knock you unconscious  
As long as I promise  
I'll love you  
And I'll make you laugh

Now my heart  
Is exactly the size  
Of a six-sided die cut in half  
Made of ruby red  
Stained glass  
Can I knock you unconscious  
As long as I promise  
I'll love you  
And I'll make you laugh?

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