

Rob Crow

"Over Your Heart"

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There

It's over your heart

It's easy to spot

It's easy to find

There

It's in your apartment

That hidden compartment

That part of a line

Same emotion as you

I'm on a medicated postcard

There's an enemy encroachment

There's an easy way to deal with that

With a wingspan of five miles

Named for the whole five thousand

There's no need to pad locks

There's no sign of phantoms

They're all wearing the same socks

Kind of relapse

Numbered buildings

The same stock never feed that

And if you stay one more

I'll leave with you

Here

It's something too far

It's out of your sight

You're out of your mind

There

Where nothing is spoken

Cause something is broken

There just isn't time

There's a strange itching

Up inside your head

Some remains

Something will exude from there

You should really learn to use a telephone

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