

## Head & The Heart

### "Coeur D'alene"

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Wind blown whispers  
Wind naked down the corridor,  
The thoughts leaving my head  
They twist through yours.  
What will become of these gestures that we made  
I've given up my bible  
You moved out of state

Wearily waiting on the wasting of his days  
A sad, sodden, smoldering soul.  
Give you three bucks for your sympathy  
And another for a cigarette,  
The interaction feels so cold.

Oh, the songs  
People will sing for hope  
And for the ones that have been gone for too long.  
But oh, the things  
People will do for the ones that they love.

We're only here to find the love that lingers after, the  
moment  
So kiss me in the back room where the music plays  
I know that it's not over, no

But oh, the songs  
People will sing for hope  
And for the ones that have been gone for too long.  
Oh, the things  
People will do for the ones that they love.

Break down the corridors (la da da, da da da)  
Break down the corridors (la da da, da da da)

Messes that I haven't tried to clean up in a while

You're in my soul now  
You've got to waste away with me  
My mind's made up I'm staying here with you  
There's no use knowing which way the wind is blowing  
My mind's made up, I'm doing this, I'm doing this with

you

There's no use knowing which way the wind is blowing  
My mind's made up, I'm doing this, I'm doing this  
You're in my soul now  
You've got to waste away with me

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