

Bush Kate**"Dont Push Your Foot on the Heartbrake"**

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Emma's come down,
She's stopped the light shining out of
her eyes.
Emma's been run out on,
She's breaking down in so many places,
Stuck in low gear, because of her fears,
Of the skidding wheels,
(The skid of her wheels she feels).
Skidding wheels,
(The skid of her wheels she feels).
Spinning wheels,
(Wheel-skidding feeling).
Chorus Her heart is there,
But they've greased the road,
Her heart is out there,
But she's no control.
Oh come on, you've got to use your flow,
You know what it's like, and you know
you want to go,
Don't drive too slowly.
Don't put your blues where your shoes
should be.
Don't push your foot on the heartbrake.
She's losing that inner flame.
It was burning bright but she's losing the
fight fast,
She's only herself to blame,
Well take of yourself, and remember Georgie,
But she's so "O.D.'d" on weeping
She can hardly see,
That she's dropping beads,
(Red, red glass is bleeding)
Dropping beads,
(Red, red glass is bleeding)
Dropping beads,
(Red, red on the parquet).
Chorus

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