

Damned Things, The "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
Some get discouraged while the other ones starve

We've got to keep moving

And 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 bring 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
I still get discouraged because it's just slowing me
down

We've got to keep moving

And 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 bring you to my little black heart

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

And 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 bring you to my little black heart
And even if you're nowhere to be found,
I have been searching from the start
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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