

Thea Gilmore "Fever Beats"

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Sat down with the poker face
The snake eyes and your pillowcase
The hands holding the triple ace
Are laying down the cards
She said it without sentiment
Yeah, it's tragic, but it's true my friend
You know it really makes no difference
Your little bleeding heart

I thought you would have got it all
The Bible's painted on the bedroom wall
And all you had to do was call
For one final reprise
The innocents will stop and stare
The libertines play truth or dare
You've been waiting out the summer there
And loving by degrees

And, oh, take a little more time
Cos fever beats all down the line
I said, oh, take a little more time
Cos fever beats all down the

Yeah, these are our heroes now
And fever beats on furrowed brows
While all the fake the past allows
Is turning into gold
It's a sonnet on the news at ten
The Lord's Prayer or a requiem
It's Dylan, it is Bethlehem
Recited on a game show
And, oh, take a little more time
Cos fever beats all down the line
I said, oh, take a little more time
Cos fever beats all down the line
All down the line
All down the line

So, hey now, are you listening
Cos the day is slowly closing in
You're dust and you are heart and skin
You're blood and you are vein

And through the night, yeah, through it all
In every word and every chord
You're sure you've heard it all before
And you'll hear it all again
Hear it all again
Hear it all again

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