

It takes me years
To come down to the door
The floor is strung
With glass and promises
I have to walk for miles
In compromise
To dive into the water
To dive into the water

Your words they go
From the hill to the sea
Sweet words shot from
My favorite gun
My bodies old from you
And your indecision
Stood at your door
With seven lives inside
You keep me here
You keep me here

You lock my doubt in your heart
You know my doubt in my heart
My heart holds cold to seven lives
Seven demons in the night
Give me freedom by the liter
Freedom from the desert light

Your words they go
From the hill to the sea
Sweet words shot from
My favorite gun
My bodies old from you
And your indecision
Stood at your door
With seven lives inside
You keep me here (x3)

Here...
You...ah,ah my hand, my hand, my heart
Ah?my hand, my hand, my heart
Ah...my hand, my hand
My hand, my hand, my heart

My heart holds cold to seven lives (x3)

(alternate ending)

Ah...my heart, my heart
My my my my my my my heart
My...my hand, my hand, my heart
My, my hand, my hand, my heart
My heart holds cold to seven lives
My heart holds cold to seven lives
My...heart, my, my...

(transcribed by Natasha Memmott)