

Noah And The Whale, Shape Of My Heart

Oh when I look to the shape of my heart,
It's separated only by scars
That cut in and cut out
Oh and leave me without
Oh a heart that functions at all.

And when I look to the shape of the sky,
I give thanks for this hollow chest of mine;
That I no longer feel
The great weight of ordeals
That can make this life so unkind

Oh and if there's any love in me,
Don't let it show.
Oh and if there's any love in me,
Don't let it grow.

Oh when the wild was all covered by snow,
I forgot the colours that the grass tend to grow.
Oh the trees were all leafless,
And lifeless and black,
And I wondered if the leaves could grow back

For your heart is like a flower as it grows,
And its the rain, not just the sun that helps it bloom,
And you don't know how it feels to be alive,
Until you know how it feels to die

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