

# Heart Attack

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In a little while,  
People and places will be so far behind,  
Out of my body,  
In a little while,  
I will play aces,  
And raise my glass in an act of defiance.

Until then, I'll scream until I'm hollow,  
I'll carve it in my skin, save it for tomorrow.

I'm gonna bang my drum,  
I'm gonna make it come,  
I'm gonna bring it on,  
It's a heart attack,  
I'm bringing it back to me.

In a little while,  
It will be perfect, I'll have a perfect style,  
Soon you will see,  
Not a cloud in sight,  
No Cumulus Nimbus,  
Just ninety three percent degrees humidity.

But until then, I'll scream until I'm hollow,  
I'll carve it in my skin, save it for tomorrow.

I'm gonna bang my drum,  
I'm gonna make it come,  
I'm gonna bring it on,  
It's a heart attack,  
I'm bringing it back to me.

I'm out of my body,  
I'm out of my body.