

Perfect hearts

So this is hypertension
I didn't know
Beat my highscore win another go

We're underweight and oversmoked
We don't sleep or eat
We cough our lungs out in the street

But we got perfect hearts
Perfect hearts

They wouldn't take my kidneys if they were on sale
Our spleens are dry our veins are frail
Our ills and pills and bellyaches
They knock us down, keep us awake
Or bodies bound to fall apart

But we got perfect hearts
Perfect hearts