

# Grimes, Belly of the Beat

I, I've been thinking  
I've been thinking  
I, I could feel the world today  
Everybody dies, we appoint their rites,  
And we dance like angels do  
Waiting on your knee, little shapes,  
The feigns and knowledge of you

And you never get sad  
And you never get sick  
And you never get weak  
We're deep  
In the belly of a beat,

I, I've been thinking  
I've been thinking  
I, I could leave the world today  
Everybody lies, we cut their eyes,  
And we dance like angels do  
Waiting on our knee, little world,  
That feigns some knowledge of you

And you never get sad  
And you never get sick  
And you never get weak  
We're deep  
In the belly of a beat,