

## Varieties of Exile

Beirut

Every word sounds like a siren  
Into the town, breaking the silence  
It's a good life, wait and it's over  
Everywhere, ever, oh

We never would had mind  
Here for next time

If there was doubt  
It's getting colder  
In a new light  
I'd turn it over  
I can't decide  
If there's another  
Hand on your fate, never

We never would had mind  
Here for next time  
We never would had mind  
Here for next time