

## Dulce Et Decorum Est

Matthew Ryan

I'm riding on a train, well you know  
Cute girl in an English hat  
Why'd it have to rain like that?  
And in pulling off her scarf I let go  
It floated like a wounded bird  
Her mouth the shape of Spanish words

Well you know I think I can  
Vanish with the evening rust  
Join the ghost that haunted us  
Well you know I think I am  
Heroic in a failing way  
For some of us it goes that way

And in another place while I slept  
Nothing gave and nothing changed  
Every day was more the same  
Once upon that hill we came to  
We stretched and leaned and threw some chairs  
The moonlight in your dark black hair

Well you know I think I can  
Vanish with the evening rust  
Join the ghost that haunted us  
Well you know I think I am  
Heroic in a failing way  
For some of us it goes that way

Dulce et decorum est, my dear  
It's sweet it's right, there's nothing for you here here

When someone lets you down you free fall  
To that bigger hand around your wrist  
You'll swear you never wanted this

Well you know I think I can  
Vanish with the evening rust  
Join the ghost that haunted us  
Well you know I think I am  
Heroic in a failing way  
For some of us it goes that way

Dulce et decorum est, my dear  
It's sweet it's right, there's nothing for you here here

Now I'm pouring something cold down my throat  
And I'm thinking about you and me  
Once we had a drink or two or three  
But those cold and autumn stars refused  
We were swimming in that frozen lake  
Our eyes the sound that sirens make