

# Lay Down Your Life

Transatlantic

Roll up it's a storm chaser's life  
With a burnin' yearnin'  
For excitement every night  
With the world in breakdown you run  
Shout through the streets  
Like an atomic gattling gun

You've got to lay down  
You've got to lay down your life  
You've got to come down to a place where  
The low will get high

When it feels like mayhem may reign  
When your mind is cold  
And confusion swirls in shades of grey  
When nothing's black - nothing's white  
When you shiver in the darkness  
Refracting from the light

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Like rain in Spokane  
You've got to fall through the sky

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