

# Doom Days

Bastille

When I watch the world burn  
All I think about is you  
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There must be something in the Kool-Aid  
Cruising through the doom days  
God knows what is real and what is fake  
Last couple years have been a mad trip  
How'd you look so perfect?  
You must have some portraits in the attic  
We'll stay offline so no one gets hurt  
Hiding from the real world  
Just don't read the comments ever, ever  
We fucked this house up like the planet  
We were running riot  
Crazy that some people still deny it

Think I'm addicted to my phone  
My scrolling horror show  
I'm live-streaming the final days of Rome  
One tab along, it's pornographic  
Everybody's at it  
No surprise we're so easily bored

Let's pick the truth that we believe in  
Like a bad religion  
Tell me all your original sins

So many questionable choices  
We love the sound that our voice makes  
Man, this echo chamber's getting loud

We're gonna choose the blue pill  
We're gonna close the curtains  
We're gonna rabbit-hole down third-act love now  
She's gonna flip some tables  
I'm gonna move this tale on  
We're gonna rabbit-hole down third-act love now

We'll be the proud remainers  
Here till the morning breaks us  
We run away from real life thoughts tonight  
We're gonna Peter Pan out  
Fade to the close-up, arms 'round  
We're gonna stay naive tonight-night-night

When I watch the world burn  
All I think about is you  
When I watch the world burn  
All I think about is you  
You, all I think about is you  
So I put my phone down  
Fall into the night with you