

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