

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