

# Final Flight

Blue States

No no no no no  
When will it fall? When will it break down?  
Now Earthing, you've all the right to come  
But don't wake those sleeping  
For all the pretty ones die young

See what unfolds (made a few calls)  
Oh from memory shores  
And the day that you come  
From where you call home  
Oh from memory shores

No no no no no  
Too many eves, too many false dawns  
Now angel, you've all the right to come  
And take those sleeping  
For all the pretty ones die young  
All the pretty ones die young  
All the pretty ones die young

See what unfolds (made a few calls)  
Oh from memory shores  
And the day that you come  
From where you call home  
Oh from memory shores...

To memory shores