

# Marching Orders (Michael Price Rework)

Editors

I can't open my mind  
But there's the makings of a dreamer in you  
In these desperate times  
I'm walking home, walking home to you

I will fall with the rain  
I will flicker with the flame, the fire

I used to write down my dreams  
Now they're gone when my eyes open on you  
Well, even though you fucked up  
There's still the makings of a dreamer in you

I will fall with the rain  
I will flicker with the flame  
I will fall with the rain  
I will flicker with the flame, the fire, fire

These are the marching orders  
These are the rules that we break  
These are the doubts we cling to  
Tryna give more, tryna give more

These are the marching orders  
These are the rules that we break  
These are the doubts we cling to  
Tryna give more, tryna give more than we take

Tryna give more, tryna give more

These are the marching orders  
These are the rules that we break  
These are the doubts we cling to  
Tryna give more, tryna give more  
(Tryna give more, tryna give more)  
Tryna give more  
Tryna give more  
(Tryna give more, tryna give more)  
(Tryna give more, tryna give more)  
(Tryna give more, tryna give more)