

# Marching Orders

Editors

I can open my mind  
But there's no 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've 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  
The fire

These are the marching orders  
These are the rules that we break  
These are the doubts we cling to  
Tryin' to get more  
Tryin' to get more

These are the marching orders  
These are the rules that we break  
These are the doubts we cling to  
Tryin' to get more  
Tryin' to get more than we take

(ohhh)

Tryin' to get more  
Tryin' to get more

These are the marching orders  
These are the rules that we break  
These are the doubts we cling to  
Tryin' to get more  
Tryin' to get more

(ohhh)

(Tryin' to get more)  
(Tryin' to get more)

Tryin' to get more

Tryin' to get more  
(Tryin' to get more)  
(Tryin' to get more)...

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