

## Comets

Fanfarlo

Look up, open the clouds  
Here comes the bombshell  
On the way home...

And now we want the coal, we want the coal.  
Confusing times

Cry murder, cry what you like  
Just let the comets lead the way

We'll tear it down  
We'll hold the truth by the neck, oh by the neck.  
Kick in the doors and burn the books  
Try to forget, try to forget

And wear it like flag  
Try to be patient  
On the way home

Cause inside, behind every curtain  
They count the minutes, they count the days

We'll tear it down  
We'll hold the truth by the neck, oh by the neck.  
Kick in the doors and burn the books  
Try to forget, try to forget

If you look at the horizon there is always something ducking out of sight  
When you're looking at the treetops and they're scratching out their patterns in the sky

Look up, open the clouds  
Here comes the bombshell  
On the way home...