

# The Bell

## First Aid Kit

Don't place your bets on me  
I'm tired and I'm lonely  
With nothing to offer you  
Nothing to offer you

The pavement stares gray and cold  
Our lives are a story told  
Coming to an ending  
It's coming to an ending

How could I turn around?  
Face the sound of the bell that chimes?  
Ringing out, shrill and loud  
To drag me back down

But I'm not coming home

Been out here for so long  
The road it just stretches on  
Till I stop pretending  
Till I stop pretending

But the world is an empty frame  
And now you are just a name  
I'll keep it that way  
It's staying that way

How could I turn around?  
Face the sound of the bell that chimes?  
Ringing out, shrill and loud  
To drag me back down

But I'm not coming home

I tried hard to be brave  
I tried hard not to be afraid  
But trying wasn't enough

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I tried hard not to be afraid  
But trying wasn't enough

I'm sorry, I'm sorry  
Can you hear the bell?  
Can you hear the bell?  
The bell, the bell

Can you hear the bell?  
Can you hear the bell?  
The bell, the bell

From the rust that lies deep in its throat  
I hear solemn monotone notes  
The danger, the ebbs, and the flows  
In the silence of night it lets me know  
That I'm not coming home

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