Return

HeartSounds

If he comes back I know just what he'll say:
"Let's show this day a proper night and celebrate!"
Long gone the weeks of white lines and punctured veins.
The day all generations cried,

"So sign 'em up! Sign 'em up! Sign 'em up!
Boy, we're gonna make a man outta you."
"Let's line 'em up! Line 'em up! Line 'em up!
Man, now we're gonna make a ghost of you."

He came back, but he wasn't the same.
Sleep showed him nights lit like the day, and life for the take
.
And I caught him in the morning pulling sandbags from the drain
While his imagination shouted,

"So sign 'em up! Sign 'em up! Sign 'em up!
Boy, we're gonna make a man outta you."
"Let's line 'em up! Line 'em up! Line 'em up!
Man, now we're gonna make a ghost of you."

Remember when we played
Wounded soldiers? Broken glass
And half empty bottles dying fast.
And we stayed awake till it was yesterday (and long past)
Wounded soldiers? Broken glass
And half empty bottles dying fast.

But he never really escaped
Wounded soldiers, broken glass
And half empty bottles dying fast.
Awake till it was yesterday and long past.

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!