

Dulce Et Decorum Est

Matthew Ryan

I'm riding on a train, well you know
Cute girl in an English hat
Why'd it have to rain like that?
And in pulling off her scarf I let go
It floated like a wounded bird
Her mouth the shape of Spanish words

Well you know I think I can
Vanish with the evening rust
Join the ghost that haunted us
Well you know I think I am
Heroic in a failing way
For some of us it goes that way

And in another place while I slept
Nothing gave and nothing changed
Every day was more the same
Once upon that hill we came to
We stretched and leaned and threw some chairs
The moonlight in your dark black hair

Well you know I think I can
Vanish with the evening rust
Join the ghost that haunted us
Well you know I think I am
Heroic in a failing way
For some of us it goes that way

Dulce et decorum est, my dear
It's sweet it's right, there's nothing for you here here

When someone lets you down you free fall
To that bigger hand around your wrist
You'll swear you never wanted this

Well you know I think I can
Vanish with the evening rust
Join the ghost that haunted us
Well you know I think I am
Heroic in a failing way
For some of us it goes that way

Dulce et decorum est, my dear
It's sweet it's right, there's nothing for you here here

Now I'm pouring something cold down my throat
And I'm thinking about you and me
Once we had a drink or two or three
But those cold and autumn stars refused
We were swimming in that frozen lake
Our eyes the sound that sirens make