

City Of Blood

Mystery Jets

Friday night in the city of love
This music can light [?] in the cloud
The band's on fire but there's something up
Then a crackle, a flash, and blood fills the floor
From the back of the room, hear a lover call
This is it, I love you

Right now's not the time to cry
Now is the moment you decide
How fast can you run?

Guns
How many daughters and sons
Have [?]
In wars that they've won

Friday night in the city of blood
Souls collide on the ceiling above
The flashing lights and Kalashnikovs
See the street through a crack in an open door
Through the beer and the black and the fear, you crawl
This is it, I love you

We fly now, out into the night
Down below us, all is quiet now
I guess that we've won
But come on, people
What's the root of evil
When the price of freedom
Is at the cost of war?

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh

Guns
How many daughters and sons
Have [?]
In wars that they've won
Guns
How many mothers must [?]
Oh, sweet Lord deliver [?]
What we have done?

So come on, people
What's the root of evil
When the price of freedom
Is at the cost of war?

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh