Ls43

New Model Army

Busted out to the halfway house
At the top of Undercliffe Road
You and me and your motorbike
In the ice and drifting snow
3 a.m. and empty, the city ours alone
And laughing through the trails of frozen breathing

I swore to you that I could fly
If you only let me go
Holding on as we leant over
the edge of Baildon Moor
And far beneath the shadowed lands
The rocks and shapeless dark
And all that space for us to fall in
And all I could feel was myself fallingÃ¢â□¬Â¦

Neon weekends and madhouse nights
And so much time to taste
We built monuments to the things we loved
Then laid each one to waste
All in suicidal vengeance
Screaming 'justice justice now'
As across the burning bridges we thundered

Now all the rooms at the Inn are taken
By those wiser than us
We're still driving for the sunset, love
And then on into the dusk
Because all the dreams were meaningless
And impossible to touch
But we're still crazed enough to drive for ever
I swear that I can stay awake forever

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