

The city's calling, the city's calling me home
The lines and creases around my eyes, how they've grown
I'm singing stories about the twenty-odd years before the fall
And looking back I see they're the happiest times of all

I'll be there through fading colours
I'll be there to brighten up your darkest day
I'll be there when you run for cover and I'll carry you home now
I'll carry you home now
I'll be there in your golden summers
I'll be there when you're bending and you're ready to break
So take a chance on me now and I'll always be your powerplay

I've heard a silence, I've heard a silence cut through
Between opinions that left me broken and bruised
We stole the shadows and then we danced in the dark upon the shore
Now looking back I see no one ever could love me more

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I'll always be your powerplay

Tide turns with western weather
Fire burns but the smoke, it fills your lungs
Be there to get your things together
And be the parachute, the parachute to stop your fall
Tide turns with western weather
Fire burns but the smoke [?]
Now the past don't mean a thing to us anymore

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