

Disaster Button

Snow Patrol

A little after twelve
The function suite was full
Of people I had never seen before
Ripped up ticket stubs
Confettied on the floor
It dawned on me I'd seen it all before

Cool your beans my son
You look a fucking mess
No one's getting out of here tonight
Hit that button there
The one that just says wrong
And we'll lose our minds to all our favourite songs

Throw forward to later
You look light on your feet
When you whirled in the room
I was nailed to my seat
I'm like a prisoner
Getting ready to talk
I feel the blood in my hands
And the threat in your walk

And suddenly
It lifts the roof off the place
It puts a vault in my step
And a grin on my face
It can't contain me
But you'll need an army
To get me back in my box
Or snap the branches off me

A little after four
The function suite is dead
And I am just a ripped up ticket stub
But here's a helping hand
A voice that's far too close
And I am up and on my broken limbs

Throw forward to later
You look light on your feet
When you whirled in the room
I was nailed to my seat
I'm like a prisoner
Getting ready to talk
I feel the blood in my hands
And the threat in your walk

And suddenly
It lifts the roof off the place
It puts a vault in my step
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It can't contain me
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