

Drums

The Microphones

* video není momentálně k dispozici*

Wake up when its dark
(eyes that hear the words that stear a ship)
Walk down past the park at night
(into the sun)
Run around the stairs
(floating four to one)
Drums are having wars inside
(render voicing navigate negotiate the run)

(be it wind be it wild, over water a hearking child)
Havn't seen their moms
(to late to reconcile)
In Factories lungs, since dawn they died
(leave it while your gone)
Drums that no one plays
(take back the fence, take back the lawn)
(take back your high heeled blues)
Summer homes they stayed inside
(take back your shopping malls)
If they were people they'd have cried
(take back your shoes)
I'd have loved them so
(be it wind be it wild,)
More than they'd ever know
(over water a hearking child, to late to reconcile, leave it wh
ile your gone)
Their love would only grow

Take back the fence take back the lawn