

Speech Bubbles

The Smile

We run for the hills
We run like fools
Our city's a-flame
The bells ringing
The bells ringing

Devastation has come
Left in a station with a note upon

Now there's never any place
Never any place to put my feet back down

No, there's never anywhere
The scene is rolled away, lights are taken down

On a newspaper stand
Any feeble branch to put my weight upon

Will I lie to myself?
Anywhere I dare to put my feet back down

Who'll find a cab in the pouring rain?
Who'll find a vein to put the needle in?
Who hears that voice that's like bells ringing?

How will I know you?
How will I know you?
How will I know you?