

The Marching Line

Vanessa Carlton

Boots on concrete
Don't slip on the leaves
Smile at the strangers
Won't know what you mean
Clouds like cathedrals
Night hits the sea

And I walk to the high light
Ships gonna take me at midnight
Storms sounding out like an overture
It's time to join the marching line

Take back your list
You don't know what love is like; a bullet in the chest
And I never say yes
Never known a day without a quiet regret

So I walk to the high light
Ships gonna take me at midnight
Storms sounding out like an overture
It's time to join the marching line; leave it all behind, and
join the
Marching line

And there's no captain who calls "what's your name?"
An army of one
It's just me and a drum

Do you know a love like a bullet in the chest?

Ships on grey seas
Waves keep the time like my heartbeat
It's an overture
It's time to join the marching line, leave it all behind and j
oin the
Marching line

Fortune tellers, fortune still hurts