

Nelly Furtado, Fortress Bell (Weather Blues)

Who gave you the right to tell where my demons dwell.
And who gave you the rock to throw at my fortress bell.
And the foolish time, and the foolish time, and the foolish time
The foolish time, the foolish time, the foolish time.

Were gone to make some noise.
We staying so look inside.
And everywhere we go, well see if we can't make some kind of love.

Hes a ramshackle boy living in a shackled world.
And everything but my accolades tend to eat him alive.
But down in the hollow everything seems better so alright
when he comes home to me I know its gonna be another holy night
And the foolish time, and the foolish time, and the foolish time
The foolish time, the foolish time, the foolish time.

Were gone to make some noise.
Were staying so look inside.
And everywhere we go, well see if we cant make some kind of love.

Who gave you the right to tell where my demons dwell.
And who gave you the rock to throw at my fortress bell.
And the foolish time, and the foolish time, and the foolish time.
The foolish time, the foolish time, the foolish time, the foolish time (repeated).

Who gave you the right to tell where my demons dwell.
And who gave you the rock to throw at my fortress bell.