

The Smile, Speech Bubbles

We run for the hills
We run like fools
Our city is in flames
The bells ringing
The bells ringing

Devastation has come
Left in a station with a note of poems
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
Well, I lie to myself
Anywhere I dare to put my feet back down

Who fell again?
In the pouring rain
And who'll find the vein
To put the needle in?
And who hears that voice?
It's like bells ringing

How well I know you
How well I know you
How well I know you