Follow the Sound

Smoking Popes

If we hold on to each other while we die
Then together through the Heavens we will fly
Maybe we could share a place somewhere beyond
Maybe I'll wind up Chinese and you'll be blondeWe should figure out a signal we can find
If the light we're heading into makes us blind
If at first it seems as though I'm not around
Follow the sound, follow the soundIf we're wrapped around each other as we rise
We'll be married in the world beyond the skies
We can share whatever path we're traveling on
And the nightmares of this world will all be goneBut if we get separated in between
And not one familiar face can there be seen
If at first it seems as though I'm not around
Follow the sound, follow the sound

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