

# Pompeii

## Clinton Shorter

I was left to my own devices  
Many days fell away with nothing to show  
And the walls kept tumbling down  
In the city that we love  
Great clouds roll over the hills  
Bringing darkness from above  
But if you close your eyes,  
Does it almost feel like  
Nothing changed at all?  
And if you close your eyes,  
Does it almost feel like  
You've been here before?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
We were caught up and lost in all of our vices  
In your pose as the dust settles around us  
And the walls kept tumbling down  
In the city that we love  
Great clouds roll over the hills  
Bringing darkness from above  
But if you close your eyes,  
Does it almost feel like  
Nothing changed at all?  
And if you close your eyes,  
Does it almost feel like  
You've been here before?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
Oh where do we begin?  
The rubble or our sins?  
Oh where do we begin?  
The rubble or our sins?  
And the walls kept tumbling down  
In the city that we love  
Great clouds roll over the hills  
Bringing darkness from above  
But if you close your eyes,  
Does it almost feel like

Nothing changed at all?  
And if you close your eyes,  
Does it almost feel like  
You've been here before?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
But if you close your eyes,  
Does it almost feel like  
Nothing changed at all?

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