

# Lorna Doone

## Mystery Jets

There is blood on your hands  
And I can't bear to see how it hangs  
Like a millstone round your neck  
Slowly driving you down What is worth fighting for  
If not the one that I adore?  
Sometimes I hear you calling out in the night  
But it only makes me hurt more And I wish I could say  
I believe this is goodbye  
But I don't, no, I don't If you think running away  
From how you feel inside will make it easier  
Well, it won't, no, it won't Lorna Doone  
Lorna Doone And I hear the bell in the tower  
But the song it sings is not ours  
The notes they bounce upon the wind  
I know they'll miss you somehow Come in and lie by my side  
Let me wipe the tears from your eyes  
Though it might be for the last time  
I know a love like ours will never die And I wish I could say  
I believe this is goodbye  
But I don't, no, I don't If you think running away  
From how you feel inside will make it easier  
Well, it won't, no, it won't Lorna Doone  
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