The Bell

Masters Of Sound

Don't place your bets on me
I'm tired and I'm only
With nothing to offer you
Nothing to offer youThe pavement stares gray and cold
Our lives are a story told
Coming to an ending
It's coming to an endingHow could I turn around?
Face the sound of the bell that shines?
Ring it out, trim it out
To drag me back downBut I'm not coming homeBeen out here for so long
The road just stretches on
Till I stop pretending
Till I stop pretendingBut the world is an empty frame
And now you are just a name
I'll keep it that way
It's staying that wayHow could I turn around?
Face the sound of the bell that shines?
Ring it out, trim it out
To drag me back downBut I'm not coming homeI tried hard to be brave
I tried hard not to be afraid
But trying wasn't enoughI tried hard to be brave
I tried hard not to be afraid
But trying wasn't enoughI'm sorry, I'm sorry
Can you hear the bell?
Can you hear the bell?
The bell, the bellCan you hear the bell?
Can you hear the bell?
The bell, the bellFrom the rust that lies deep in it's throat
I hear solemn tones
The danger, the absent floors
In the silence of night he lets me knowThat I'm not coming home

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/