

# The Bell

## First Aid Kit

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

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