Locusts

The Frames

Don't go outside tonight
The locusts fill the sky
And the devil's work is never done
And the gypsy curse you wore
Can't hurt us anymore
As we raise our glasses to our mouths
And it's all for one

And the bells that rang in hope
Are still swinging from the ropes
We thought we'd one day perish on
And the tune you never wrote
And the words you never spoke
Have gathered up and need a song

I'm moving off, I'm packing up
I'm willing to be wrong..

Now your giving up the ghost
To the one who meant the most
And one day when she least expects she'll know
And the words you never spoke
And the tune you never wrote
Won't write itself or wait for evermore

I'm moving off, I'm packing up
I'm willing to be wrong..

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