

What Will Become Of Us

Passenger

Well wood burns,
And metal rusts,
So darling what will become of us?
When the weather turns,
And they say it must,
We'll need coats for the both of us,
But the wool is thin,
And it's full of holes,
And there's no heat in this abandoned bus,

So will we go alone,
Out on our own,
Oh darling what will become of us?

Well boats sink into the sea,
And aeroplanes crash like computer screens,
And signals fail,
And trains derail,
And car bonnets crumple like magazines,
Till they're in a pile,
Like stacks of tiles,
In a yard full of fridges and broken stuff,

So will we go alone,
Out on our own,
Oh darling what will become of us?

We will bite our noses off,
To spie our faces,
Both of us,
Will rust like metal fences in the rain,
You will pour the gasoline,
And I will spark the matches,
We will burn within our fire,
We will burn within our flame,

Well yeast ferments,
And milk sours,
When it's out of the fridge for too many hours,
Well we'll ement,

In separate towers,
Never knowing if we're brave or if we're cowards,
And if we pour cement down this hole of ours,
Well we'll be stuck under stones and flowers,

Will we go alone,
Out on our own,
Oh darling that's what will become of us.

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