

Mercenaries

Angels & Airwaves

Can it come on out of the cold?
I'm gonna make it out alive
Lock the door, stay away, stay alive
'Cause all I knew
As you fall in, stand try

Go in deep, falling asleep, no door
The battle is drop, pulling me, cut the cord
Give me a rope, come in the lake, sign of God
Full of smoke, gather the snake and cut it off

Go in front lines, and the lonely go
And you left behind, a bit of sorrow

You didn't need to count me out
In a final push is a little wait, some extra time
You didn't need to count me out
When you feel alone, here's a little hand
And a thought 'cause you're on my mind

Got it, got it, burn the reach
burning down
Let em feed and then gone
Fall in the street and carry one

Go in front lines, and the lonely go
And you left behind, a bit of sorrow

Go in front lines, and the lonely go
And you left behind, a bit of sorrow

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