

# Farewell Transmission

Glen Hansard

The whole place is dark  
Every light on this side of the town  
Suddenly it all went down  
Now we'll all be brothers of the fossil fire of the sun  
Now we'll all be sisters of the fossil blood of the moon  
Someone must have set us up Now they'll be working in the cold grey rock,  
Now they'll be working in the hot mill steam,  
Now they'll be working in the concrete  
In the sirens and the silences now all the great set up hearts  
All at once start to beat After tonight if you don't want us to be a secret out of the past  
I will resurrect it, I'll have a good go at it  
I'll streak his blood across my beak and dust my feathers with his ashes  
feel his ghost breathing down my back  
I will try and know whatever I try, I will be gone but not forever  
I will try and know whatever I try, I will be gone but not forever The real truth about it is no one gets it right  
The real truth about it is we're all supposed to try  
There ain't no end to the sands I've been trying to cross  
The real truth about it is, my life's no better off  
I've got the map, but water that's lost We will try and know whatever we'll try,  
We will be gone but not forever  
We will try and know whatever we'll try,  
We will be gone but not forever The real truth about it is there ain't no end to the desert I'll cross  
I've really known that all along Mama here comes midnight with the dead moon in its jaws  
Must be the big star about to fall  
Mama here comes midnight with the dead moon in its jaws  
Must be the big star about to fall  
Long dark blues  
I'll go where  
Long dark blues  
The big star is falling  
Long dark blues  
I'll go where  
Through the static and distance  
Long dark blues  
A farewell transmission  
Long dark blues  
Listen  
Long dark blues  
Listen

Long dark blues

Listen

Long dark blues

Listen

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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