

The Diving Bell

Gang of Youths

Come close to the eye, that I might only see you,
Here for the side of my lord of my blue screen blues.
There's a path headed out to the bright lights,
And a myriad suede,
And no dice for the radio silence,
And our pirate ways. And I'm a far and away now vagrant,
And drifted off course.
Settled into a concrete rhythm,
Be slow in close. And in the hands of a foreign danger
And in the enemy's fire,
And as close as you've come to living,
In a long, long time.
And I dreamed the voices they were calling out to you,
Come alive, come alive, and the firings,
Where everything is true And everything is true... Sleep now on the bed that so feigns my breath,
Don't dream of the days we've given up,
Let that sun slip. Come and dance by the armored soldiers,
For the menace of peace.
Come and stand by the ghetto blasters,
Playing fuck the police. In a way we're a lot like strangers,
At the end of our rope.
In a way this lonesome chasm is,
Holding close.
There's a fire in the batting cages,
For the rest of our time.
Come alive, come alive, cause you'll never know,
When something is right. Avert your eyes, forever love is true.
Avert your eyes if everything we love we lose. And everything is true.
And everything to lose. Close your eyes,
Not giving out.
And just enough,
Oh go to nuts. Hold it down,
Oh hold for more,
But I know you'll never, die I'll never leave you in the gutter,
Know you'll never die, I'll never leave you in the gutter. Close enough, not giving up,
I just announced, not good, too rough,
Hold it down, oh hold for more,
So I know you'll never die I'll never leave you in the gutter,
No you'll never die I won't see you again.

No you'll never die I won't see you again.

Oh no, no, no, I won't see you again...

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

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