

All Hope

Don Johnson Big Band

Quiet clicks and the sound of his breathing
Tired fingers ache
He says: "My addiction is all I am proud to believe in" and lingers awake
And the thicker his skin, the worse it burns
His Icarus wings will fail
An indicative fling turns to a curse
And he sees everything through a veil
All to no avail, what's the use
To surrender and pour your heart out
If it gets abused by an army of strangers
Chopped to pieces and carved out
The knife might as well be real
When it twists inside his wound
He was tied down long ago and can't feel
What it's like not to live in a tomb
People have tendency to point and assume
And to avoid what is doomed to despondent failure
Better cast it aside before it can bloom
That night was the tipping point
To become a man and get pushed right back
Dropped down from the arms of his savior
Everything changed, just like that
Leave all hope behind the sun
Leave all hope behind the sunThe morning froze my steaming breath
And no one knows, they dream in stead
My palms are hot, I've seen it all
No qualms, just a plot and its repeated call
My force is great, it's orchestrated morbid ways to imagine
No more frustrated, forced and labored
Wars to attain attachment
To anything, I am setting myself free, and letting them know
There's only one purpose I serve now: to be ready to go
I am become legend, I am become fiction
A story that only has an end
I only wish I could see it be written
But my kind will know me as a king
Slowly I begin, the moment has come
Run for your life, I'm giving you a head start
And start with a backwards count

From 10 to 1, time to get smart
Leave all hope behind the sun (3x)

Leave all hope your time has come Now they all explain and try to comprehend his decisive moods in

Comforting phrases and look dismayed when the truth eludes them
Maybe it was always in him or maybe it was all just a mood swing
Some lady on the radio said we got lucky we only had to lose ten

As things have turned out

From official statements to word of mouth

The invisible ones you don't learn about

Sometimes won't turn around

At the final minute, or the sight of pain

A chaos of pleading voices

When the mind is committed to blind disdain

It's deaf to reason or choices

You'll never know more about the world than you did at 17, a grown up kid

Children have slid far from the days

Of innocent play, and they're harder to raise

Yet who here would take a hold of us

Who would be bold enough and willing to admit

That no one is ever old enough

To keep their heads all happy and fit

Most who have grown here don't stick around

They escape the unbearable weight

And all that's left now are cuts in the ground

Another empty slate

And his steps disappear with the melting snow

There's a puddle on the doorstep

To accept this fear is a terrible blow

If we don't, we have lost it Leave all hope behind the sun (3x)

Leave all hope your time has come [Being angry for the sake of being angry Brutality as justification for greater

brutality Loud talkers refusing to listen to quiet talk Pursuing profits for personal pleasure and calling it

something else Acting like the past or the future are different from the present Having children to feign

responsibility Refusing to see governments as an image of ourselves Trusting words too much Equating

charismatic with credible Doing less than what's required when requirements are low Listening to music with

your eyes open Supporting war Not being able to look at pictures of dead people Politics as a playground of the

highest bidders Praising childhood and stripping it away from children Decaffeinated coffee Giant supermarkets

with millions of tiny packages Food without origin Acting like responsibility is a burden Trying to kill pain with a

chemical substance Diagnosing discomfort Gender roles as an explanation for anything Pretending to believe as a

form of consolation The thought of thoughts after the brain has died Valuing life only when it is

valuable Technology as a substitute and not a tool for understanding The failure to talk and listen to young

people Arrogance masked as affection Violence and love in the same sentence Giving off the air of

infallibility Treating art as property Only making records if records are forever If records are forever Records are

forever (22x)]

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