

Disaster Button

Snow Patrol

A little after twelve the function suite was full
With people I had never seen before
Ripped up ticket stubs, confettied on the floor
It dawned on me, I'd seen it all before
Cool your beans, my son, you look a fucking mess
No one's getting out of here tonight
Hit that button there, the one that just says wrong
We'll lose our lives through all our favorite songs
Go forward to later, you'll land flat on your feet
When you were in the room I was nailed to my seat
I'm like a prisoner getting ready to talk
I feel the blood in my hands and the threat in your walk
And suddenly it lifts the roof off the place
It puts a volt in my step and a grin on my face
It can't contain me but you leaning on me
To get me back in my box and snap the branches off me
A little after four the function suite is dead
And I am just a ripped up ticket stub
But here's a helping hand, a voice that's far to close
And I am up and on my broken limbs
Go forward to later, you'll land flat on your feet
When you were in the room I was nailed to my seat
I'm like a prisoner getting ready to talk
I feel the blood in my hands and the threat in your walk
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