

Bus Lines

...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

Always the bus ride seems to last forever
Always the best you try, and a little of his measure
Storm by the step, left face sunburnt now
Realise what you've done, listen to a different song
March to a different drum Let it come
Clouds across the bay
One you thought was dead
Gaze out of the glass in to a distant past
Try to understand contradictions of the land
Tried to conjure back, hoping it was still intact
Realise what you've done, listen to a different song
March to a different drum
You seem to come
And if it's gone
There was no wrong Feels like something's taking hold of
Feels like torture, get me off the bus Waiting for a different day
Roads all wet again
Stains from a different time
Land mines deep inside
Do you remember how the bus broke down for several hours
We were at the border check, guns breathing down our neck
Can't wait for the rain to end
Can't wait to be home again
Never met a true [?]
How long?
Buy another one
How long?
Will this go on
Feels like torture, get me off the bus
Feels like somethings taking over us
Feels like torture, get me off the bus
Feels like somethings taking over us Seems to last forever
We were always treasured
How long
How long
How long
How long
Feels like something taking over us
Feels like somethings taking over us

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

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