

# Snow Patrol, The Afterlife

Throw the phone hard at the wall  
And at once my muscles stall  
Slowly my mind cools and calms  
Decompressed and disengaged  
I put my pen to virgin page  
With each scratch I'm hauled away  
Through the slowest country dance  
To not knowing in advance  
Every impending detail  
So exploding with the news  
Cages rattled, looks confused  
Seems I might have gone too far  
My front door lies in splinters  
And barefoot in the winter  
My prayers are unsuccessful  
To a god that I can recall  
I could learn  
I could learn  
I could learn to keep my mouth shut  
I might learn  
I might learn  
I might learn to keep my mouth shut  
There's a pause before the howl  
And I'm well past feral now  
Liberated and joyous  
Curtains open, necks are craned  
Shady heads in burnt wood frames  
Then the rumble from within  
The insanity is catching  
As out of doors like hatchlings  
The people leave their houses  
In barely more than blouses  
This is fun  
This is fun  
It's the most fun I remember.  
This is fun  
This is fun  
It's the most fun I remember.  
(It's the fight  
It's the fight  
It's the fight that we are winning) x4