

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