

# The Blackout Pact, Do I Sound Like I'm On Old T

You took flight and left my hands still tied  
Is there a way to catch you?  
You move with a bold intention  
You move with a bold intention

I threw it away  
Turned it down and put the radio up  
I threw it away  
Turned it down and put the radio up

Shot down

Who's laying down these days  
Who's keeping score these days  
Hope you  
Can see  
All the progress we can make

Pencil in the words we left unsung  
We can spread what the friction's done  
Hope you  
Can see  
All the progress we can make

Speak soft and wait can you hear it now  
I see a new part of you