

Adair, Barricade The Doors

Rehearse the memories and practice all the lines.
Play it one last time and then erase the tapes.
And I wonder: could you ever feel the way you did before?
All the same skin and the same fingers are there.

And it's the hardest thing to live here with your ghost.

Burn it down.
Darling it's too late.
We've danced around this flame too long.
We can't be saved.

I trace your silhouette across the sky with signal flares and smoke.
Listen as the tanks roll in to wipe away the past six years.
So sound the air raid sirens, barricade the doors.
Tell me what is left when all our hope is lost.

Burn the city down.