

Barcelona, Get Up, Get Up, Get Up

Five days after black and red collide
The motion sickness past, I'll be the first to stand
Behind that weathered door, I thought it would be safest
My head is dizzy now, I thought we'd overcome
We might not make it home tonight
Crawling on the ash, she's pitiful
She's lost her sense of light, she has to hold my hand
Had I known we might be two kids without their jackets
My fear would come alive, I wouldn't love her now
She might not make it home tonight
Get up, get up, get up
I need you, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up