

Fair To Midland, The Walls Of Jericho

what dreams splendidly weaved from an atom bomb
retrieved from a teleprompt
practical you are not
'cause you break the ice with a cotton swab
a fever can cool us off
a handshake is a contact sport
no one was waiting to throw out the pilot
we'll float on the back of the winds that you send us
another tomorrow shedding the shade we made yesterday
disguised as the lightning, dissolving all of the thunder, then -
appeasing our monsters under the acrylic skies
another tomorrow fills up my front window
outlasting the west wind & building ourselves in
so fly, & grab my hand here comes the crash
i live for the strong impact that renders both our airbags
seven folds take very letter you send
don't fold if you're made to bend
rekindle the feud again
(bridge)
string up your harp
play like today will last five minutes
it won't take long to sing us a song to stop the sirens
sing us a song to stop the silence