

# Fair To Midland, The Walls of Jericho (Demo)

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 wont take long to sing us a song to stop the sirens  
sing us a song to stop the silence