

# Frames, Locusts

Don't go outside tonight  
the locusts fill the sky  
cant hurt us anymore  
and the devils work is never done  
and the gypsy curse you wore  
as we raise our glasses to our mouths  
and its all for one

and the bells that rang in hope  
we thought we'd one day perish on  
are still swinging from the ropes  
and the words you never spoke  
and the tune you never wrote  
I'm moving off, I'm packing up

have gathered up and need a song

I'm willing to be wrong..  
now your giving up the ghost  
and the tune you never wrote  
to the one who meant the most  
and the words you never spoke  
and one day when she least expects she'll know  
won't write itself or wait for evermore  
I'm moving off, I'm packing up

I'm willing to be wrong..