

Ghost, The Future Is A Foreign Land ('Rite Here Rite Now)

Fifteen years from now
I know it feels remote
But picture it somehow
In your head
It's 1984
And knocking on your door
Is the Brownshirt Stasi guard
Boom, you're gone
And in the blood of the Kennedys
The good ones get shot
And in the absence of sympathies
Won't you hear me out?

When it all burns down
When it all burns down
I will hold you close for the minute
Yeah, I'll hold you for the minute it takes

Fifty-five years from now
I know it sounds insane
The dark fascist regime might be gone (Might be gone)
Oh, if you by then have forgiven me
When push comes to shove
We don't have to be enemies
Won't you hear me out?

When it all burns down
When it all burns down
I will hold you close for the minute
For the minute
When it all burns down
And the flames devour everything that we are
I will hold you for the minute
I will hold you for the minute it takes

With these words at hand
The future is a foreign land
So let us pray for more in 2024
(2024) We could grow old together
(2024) We could love one another
(2024) And there will from then be peace forevermore (Forever)
Peace forevermore (And forever)

But if it all burns down
If it all burns down
I will hold you close for the minute
For the minute
If it all burns down
And the flames devour everything that we are
I will hold you for the minute
I will hold you for the minute it takes