

# Heartless Bastards, The Will Song

Wanna keep on moving, I am hanging on a wire  
I've lost reception from the faded spire  
And when the silence all comes crashing down  
There's nothing left but for you to make a sound

And will you, will you, will you, will you listen to me?  
Certain innuendos make it so hard to be

There are things that I remember  
In a way I had reception  
There are things that I remember  
In a way make it what you will  
In a way make it what you will  
You keep on moving on, you keep on moving on