

Interpol, Mr. Credit

There's nothing left to stop it
How long we knew
Seems we brought some trouble with us
How we wanted
Mr. Credit is dead and buried
Farewell
It's all a part of the game

I wanna be there when you touch fire
I'll be the hand that you can clutch

I had a dream
The ground was black
And the air was searing
Oh no
The heavens are backing the sea
Are they backing me?
The roads are just scratches
The talk is severe
That's how it works
It's all impossibly cold

I wanna be there when you touch fire
I'll be the hand to pull you up, tiger
I wanna be there when you cut the wire
I'm the living end I plead as such

I saw you when you gave chase
I follow when you hit the ground
It's cloudy when I come to Vegas

I saw you when you gave chase
I follow when you hit the ground
It's cloudy when I come to Vegas
It's a small town anyway

Fire
I'll be the hand to pull you up higher
I wanna be there when you cut the wire
I wanna be there when you touch fire
I'm the living end I plead as such

I'm the living end
I'm the living end I plead as such
I'm the living end

I wanna be there when you touch