

Lostprophets, Dead To Me

So your tower's falling
Yeah your castle didn't stand up to attack
I can hear them calling
But the problem is the knife that's in my back

You got the fear, I won't back down
The problems here go round and round
We're moving forward off the ground
For after all you're dead to me

(We're dead to me, we're dead to me, we're dead to me)
Yeah, to me
(We're dead to me, we're dead to me, we're dead to me)
Yeah, to me

Now the door is bolted
There's no way we're looking for our way out
Everybody's hoping
That the joke's on me before they have their doubts

So sound the alarm and mount the troops
Call the police and jump through hoops
Looking back it's plain to see
That through it all you're dead to me

(We're dead to me, we're dead to me, we're dead to me)
Yeah, to me
(We're dead to me, we're dead to me, we're dead to me)
Yeah, to me

(..., ..., I know you're home, and everything, so..., ..., like the stars, no suprise)

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(..., ..., I know you're home, and everything, so..., and... eyes, like the stars, no suprise)

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