

# 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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