

# Omd, The Pacific Age

The Pacific Age  
Is growing strong  
It's arm's embrace with a killing grace  
It shakes your hand as it takes your place  
The modern age  
Like a slow revenge  
A wave that breaks over distant shores  
It begs for mercy  
And it take some more and more and more  
The Pacific Age  
Comes down like rain  
Washing over us again and again  
It's spreading west  
Like a speeding train  
As the wheels slow down and we lose the game  
The Pacific Age  
Tells no lies  
A dream that calls like an open door  
It keeps you hoping  
And it takes some more and more and more  
The Pacific Age  
Comes down like rain  
Washing over us again and again  
It's spreading west  
Like a speeding train  
As the wheels slow down and we lose the game  
The Pacific Age  
Comes down like rain  
Washing over us again and again  
It's spreading west  
like a speeding train  
As the wheels slow down and we lose the game  
The Pacific Age  
Has no regrets  
It feeds on dreams  
It wins its bets  
A new dawn breaks from east to west  
And the plans we made stop making sense  
The Pacific Age  
It calls your name  
It bites you hand, you feel no pain  
And racing home. you run in vane  
As your heart slows down and you lose the game