

# Smoking Popes, Follow The Sound

If we hold on to each other while we die  
Then together through a heaven we will fly  
Maybe we could share a place somewhere beyond  
Maybe I'll wind up Chinese and you'll be blonde

We should figure out a signal we can find  
If the light we're heading into makes us blind  
If at first it seems as though I'm not around  
Follow the sound, follow the sound

If we're wrapped around each other as we lie  
We'll be married in the world beyond the skies  
We can share whatever path we're traveling on  
And the nightmares of this world will all be gone

But if we get separated in between  
And not one familiar face can there be seen  
If at first it seems as though I'm not around  
Follow the sound, follow the sound