

# Snow Patrol feat. Martha Wainwright, Disaster Bu

A little after twelve  
The function suite was full  
Of people I had never seen before

Ripped up ticket stubs  
Confettied on the floor  
It dawned on me I'd seen it all before

Cool your beans my son  
You look a fucking mess  
No one's getting out of here tonight

Hit that button there  
The one that just says wrong  
And we'll lose our minds to all our favourite songs

Throw forward to later  
You look light on your feet  
When you whirled in the room  
I was nailed to my seat

I'm like a prisoner  
Getting ready to talk  
I feel the blood in my hands  
And the threat in your walk

And suddenly  
It lifts the roof off the place  
It puts a vault in my step  
And a grin on my face

It can't contain me  
But you'll need an army  
To get me back in my box  
Or snap the branches off me

A little after four  
The function suite is dead  
And I am just a ripped up ticket stub

But here's a helping hand  
A voice that's far too close  
And I am up and on my broken limbs

Throw forward to later  
You look light on your feet  
When you whirled in the room  
I was nailed to my seat

I'm like a prisoner  
Getting ready to talk  
I feel the blood in my hands  
And the threat in your walk

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