

The Classic Crime, Bitter Uprising

If you listen to the sound of the hope
In the children's voices asking questions
You'll know how blindness is a blessing
But I know your type, you're always right, your tongue controls your mind
But I guess life's the lesson

If they said 40 years I would die before
I let them take the love that I have paid for with my tears
And now the time has come to cut our tongues out
And commit ourselves as you did in your memory

We'll tear down the walls and let them know
We could have it all, we could have some hope
This city could be ours by nightfall

Do you hear the war drums beating?
Are you truly happy doing nothing, darling?
I need to find the center
Because love is something right, it's not cooked up overnight
In sticky situations you try
But less is more forever

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This city could be ours by nightfall, nightfall
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The minute I was born, you stole my heart
The minute I was born, you stole my heart
The minute I was born, you stole my heart
The minute I was born, the minute I was born

Tear down the walls and let them know
We could go all night, we could just stay home
This city could be ours by nightfall, nightfall
Tear down the walls and let them know
We could have it all, we could have some hope
This city could be ours by nightfall