

# The Frames, Locusts

Don't go outside tonight  
the locusts fill the sky  
and the devils work is never done  
and the gypsy curse you wore  
cant hurt us anymore  
as we raise our glasses to our mouths  
and its all for one

and the bells that rang in hope  
are still swinging from the ropes  
we thought we'd one day perish on  
and the tune you never wrote  
and the words you never spoke  
have gathered up and need a song

I'm moving off, I'm packing up  
I'm willing to be wrong..

now your giving up the ghost  
to the one who meant the most  
and one day when she least expects she'll know  
and the words you never spoke  
and the tune you never wrote  
won't write itself or wait for evermore

I'm moving off, I'm packing up  
I'm willing to be wrong..