

The Jayhawks, Broken Harpoon

Gonna build a fire
Lead the choir in my song
As I climb the walls
Walk the halls to be strong

Once, it was around my schoolboy days
New lines were drawn and rules were made

I wear the scars
Smell the blood on the breeze
I weathered the storm
For a glimpse of the trees

When, when it seemed no matter what you gave
I took my secret to my grave

Broken harpoon ...

I could drown
In the sound of my dreams
Shiver and moan
Feel the need to be free

Once, it was around my schoolboy days
New lines were drawn and rules were made

Broken harpoon ...