

# Yellow Tricycle, Helicopters

I don't know for sure  
You look like an angel  
Is it such a crime  
Just pack up your things  
Babe before the city lights up  
Before they find us  
Before they find out  
That we've crossed the line  
Is it such a crime  
The hell with them all yeah  
The hell with them all  
They won't leave us alone  
They won't leave us alone  
I wish we could die with you in my arms  
And me in your arms and then...  
Helicopters all over the sky tracking us  
Fire in the sky fire in the sky  
Holding your hand we got no choice but run away  
Tears in our hearts  
Tears in our hearts  
We are now on the roof of the empire  
Look how the sun shines  
How the sun shines  
This is the final breath  
This is the final cut  
Time to crash-land  
Time to crash-land  
Falling to a higher ground  
Elevating from the clouds  
Buildings wheeling around  
Your face is so peaceful now  
This is the final breath  
This is the final breath  
All we have to do is  
Follow the light  
Follow the light  
Falling to a higher ground  
Elevating from the clouds  
I wish  
I wish we could die