

Panics

"Get Us Home"

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I've seen his face before
And I wonder what it means
Three lonely figures standing at my door
And one he spoke to me
With a letter from my home
And a fever in his eyes
A chill went through my bones
And I bid my host goodbye

You gotta get us home right now
There's no comfort in the cradle where we sleep
It's a land of dark and wide
It won't let us survive for free

I made my way on trains,
Through the brick and the lanes
Where the burnt wrecks lay dead on the plains
And it leaves your heart the same
But it must be in disguise
If in this distance is my prize

Out here sometimes it can play
A cruel trick on the mind

You gotta get us home right now
There's no comfort in the cradle where we sleep
It's a land of dark and wide
It won't let us survive for free
[x3]

You gotta get us home
You gotta lay it in stone
It's a land of dark and wide
It won't let us survive for free
You gotta get us home

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