

White Lies "Peace & Quiet"

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After the red ants, the black-out
Come peace and quiet.
Those little foot-prints
Fleshed out calm in my mind.
I lay like a compass,
Digits accusing the sunrise
Rain-drops abseil the window
And flinch through the hurt cries.

I feel this great pressure coming down on me.
And the ticle of my bliss,
Pulling at your sympathy

I feel this great pressure coming down on me,
When my nerve is on the high wire.
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy

After the hunt and the sweat now
Come peace and quiet.
Your head on my heart
Anchored the storm in my eyes.
I lay like a carcass

Your lips never letting the blood dry
And so I pray for tomorrow
And wait listening out for a reply.

I feel this great pressure coming down on me.
And the ticle of my bliss,
Pulling at your sympathy

I feel this great pressure coming down on me,
When my nerve is on the high wire.
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy

I feel this great pressure coming down on me.
And the ticle of my bliss,
Pulling at your sympathy

I feel this great pressure coming down on me,
When my nerve is on the high wire.
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy

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