

Silent Express, A "Will I Be Around"

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You're out of words and it finally hits you
You're out of luck and if life just kicks you
It beats you down
You're pushed to the ground

Nothing good seems to show its presence
All you get seems to come back less and
Due to that
Down on your back

In a cold house, you're resting on,
Somehow keeps you warm

When the world stops turning
When the sun stops burning strong
When the stars are falling down
Will I be around?

Lately nothing impressed you much and
You're getting used never being touched and
All you get
All is shame that is left

Your evening walks are your way of breathing
But everywhere there are people sleeping
On the ground
No God is around

In a cold house, you're resting on,
Somehow keeps you warm

When the world stops turning
When the sun stops burning strong
When the stars are falling down
Will I be around?
When it all stops moving
When the Saints start doing time
When there is no yours or mine
Will I be around?

When the world stops turning

When the sun stops burning strong
When the stars are falling down
Will I be around?
When it all stops moving
When the Saints start doing time
When there is no yours or mine
Will I be around?

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