

Bluetones

"Hope And Jump"

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In the shadow of these black suburban hills
Dreamt by architects who've given up their will
There's an emptiness that never can be filled

Have you ever known the world to be so still
Have you ever heard a silence be so shrill
As you rise to smell the air before a kill
In the absence of distraction or a thrill

Always your
First instinct
Compels you to jump
Head first in
The comfort you crave
Is not in the grave
But here in my arms

In the moments when your vices are allayed
Are you left abandoned and afraid
Do you question the decisions that you've made
Are you haunted by the ghost that you've betrayed

Always your
First instinct
Compelles you to jump
Head first in
The comfort you crave
Is not in the grave
But here in my arms

Have you ever known the world to be so still
Have you ever heard a silence be so shrill
As you rise to smell the air before a kill
In the absence of distraction or a thrill

Always your
First instinct
Compelles you to dump
All hope and jump
The comfort you crave
Is not in the grave
But here in my arms

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