

The Big Pink

"Apocalypse!"

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Take my hand and don't let me go
An 'til the sun is swallowed and shallow
And darkness comes to sing us all to sleep

Face to face without waking graves
Is this the best we've got
Is this the most we could
Have made of our homes disarray

So pick out the bottles
And nip up the air waves
We're going down
We're going down in flames

If this is it
We're dead set and ready for it
With refusing hands and bomb shelters
We're better brave than bashful and sing it

We are the beat that soldiered on
The acky eyes that made it to dawn
To kiss and wait to yesterday

So pick out the bottles
And nip up the air waves
We're going down
We're going down in flames

If this is it
We're dead set and ready for it
With refusing hands and bomb shelters
We're better brave than bashful and sing it

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