

Frames "Locusts"

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Don't go outside tonight
The locusts fill the sky
And the devils work is never done

And the gypsy curse you wore
Can't hurt us anymore
As we raise our glasses to our mouths

It's all for one, it's all for one

And the bells that rang in hope
Are swingin' from the rope
We thought, we'd one day perish on

And the tune you never wrote
And the words you never spoke
Have gathered up and need a song

Well, I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
I'm willin' to be wrong
I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
I'm willin' to be wrong
Now your givin' up the ghost
To the one who meant the most
And one day when she least expects she'll know

And the words you never spoke
And the tune you never wrote
Won't write itself or wait for evermore

Well, I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
I'm willin' to be wrong
I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
I'm willin' to be wrong

Well, I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
I'm willin' to be wrong
I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
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I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
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I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
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I'm movin' off, I'm packin' up
I'm willin' to be wrong

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