

## Guillemots "Trains To Brazil"

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You feel low  
It's 1 o'clock on a Friday morning  
I'm trying to keep my back from wall  
The prophets and their bombs have had another  
success and  
I'm wondering why we bother at all

And I think of you on cold winter mornings darling they  
Remind me up when we were in school  
Nothing really mattered when you called out my name,  
in fact,  
Nothing really mattered at all

And I think about how long it will take them to blow us  
away  
But I won't get me down  
I'm just thankful to be facing the day  
'Cause days don't get you far when you're gone

It's 5 o' clock on a Friday morning  
100 telephones shake and ring  
One of this was someone who knew you

And I'll still thinking of you on cold winter mornings  
darling  
They'll  
Still remind me up when we were in school  
When they could never look this way  
To meet lives like yours  
Where in the hands of erroneous fools

And to those of you who mourn your lives  
Through one day to the next  
Well let them take you to next  
Can't you live and be thankful you're here  
See it could be you tomorrow, next year

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