

City and Colour

"The Sound Of The Bell"

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(Mason, Thomas, Freise-Green)

Distant voice calling station-to-station
Sounding lonely like a prison cell
We embrace for the final celebration
But we break at the sound of the bell
Like two heavies walking back to their corners
So beat up they can't see themselves
It's been good to go down, spend an hour on the
canvas
But you're up at the sound of the bell
It's a heartbeat away, a sound you know very well
Listen to the sound of the bell
In a world full of rumors
It's a jungle everybody yells
The sound of the bell
See the braves wearing names on their sweaters
Holding candles over wishing wells
The scent that you smelt on the back of a letter
Made you freeze at the sound of the bell

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