

Michael Bradley "Underground"

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There's something going on,
And I don't know what, but I feel it in the air...
Maybe we ought to run,
If you listen close, we'll let you know just where.
Just listen to me tonight.
Maybe you can pretend,
But the world we know might not come to an end.
But you must realize
That we have to go, and we will tell you where.
Don't talk in your sleep,
Because the walls might have ears.
And it's only fair,
That we should take you there.
(Chorus) Maybe we should all go underground
And try to live a life without the sun.
Please be careful not to make a sound,
Because there may not be room for everyone.
(Do you think you might...)
You may not understand,
But I really feel our fate is in our hands.
And if you follow us,
We'll lead you to a place where we can be.
Don't talk in your sleep,
Listen to me tonight.
We must prepare,
Cause we have to go somewhere.
(Chorus)
Do you think you're gonna miss the summertime,
And the sunshine on your face?
And if you think you're gonna miss the wintertime,
What if the winter never goes away?
(Chorus, repeat)

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