

Fanfarlo "Comets"

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Look up, open the clouds
Here comes the bombshell
On the way home...

And now we want the coal?
confusing times

Cry murder, cry what you like
Just let the comets lead the way

We'll tear it down
We'll hold the truth by the neck
Kick in the doors and burn the books
Try to forget

And wear it like flag
Try to be patient
On the way home

Cause inside, behind every curtain
They count the minutes, they count the days

We'll tear it down
We'll hold the truth by the neck
Kick in the doors and burn the books
Try to forget

If you look at the horizon there is always something
ducking out of sight
When you're looking at the treetops and they're
scratching out their patterns in the sky

Look up, open the clouds
Here comes the bombshell
On the way home...

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