

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

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