

## Distraction

### Angels & Airwaves

I'll be your distraction.  
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There's a field near by, with words written in stone.  
"My love will not die; please let it be known."  
This place is dead, it echoes through town.  
There isn't one voice. I havn't heard a sound.

The planes flew in; their bombs did too.  
The city fell flat; the fires they grew.  
When the smoke comes in, it'll color this town.  
But I'll still have you, so I'll say it out loud.

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The friendship we made, is a waste of our time.  
There's no one left here, to show a future that's kind.  
It's a world of hate, gone incredibly wrong.  
We cared too late; we just followed along.

And the boys went down, with a gun in their hand.  
Their weapon of choice, their knees in the sand.  
If that field near by, was still there to be used,  
Would you ever have known, those words were for you?

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