

Get Up, Get Up, Get Up

Barcelona

Five days after black and red collide.
The motion sickness past, I'll be the first to stand.
Behind that weathered door, I thought it would be safest.
My head is dizzy now, I thought we'd overcome.
We might not make it home tonight.

Crawling on the ash, she's pitiful.
She lost her sense of light; she has to hold my hand.
Had I known we might be two kids without their jackets.
My fear would come alive, I wouldn't loathe her now.
She might not make home tonight.

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