

The Remains of Rock and Roll

Broken Bells

It's too long to wait around for everyone to decide
I'm off to the promised land if anyone needs a ride
It's a small car but we'll fit inside if we leave our bags behind
We'll entertain ourselves just watching the world go by

Is something wrong
You don't look like you're having fun
The road is long
Got to let go of the things you've done

We prefer good love to gold
And the remains of rock and roll
When the moment's right
In the middle of the night
We can almost see the way to go

So long to everyone, 'cause they don't know who we are
Tell them you're sorry, but you'll have to break their hearts
Sister you're old enough to take the wheel and drive
Your hands, your heart, your eyes, have made me realize

I hear your call
All of my senses are trend on
We're on a roll
Suddenly Earth is far below

We prefer good love to gold
And the remains of rock and roll
When the moment's right
In the middle of the night
We can almost see the way to go

Can't you see me floating
Forward, backwards
Won't you lend a hand and help me out
Hear me on your doorstep
Knocking, knocking
Won't you open up and help me out