

# 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