

Hostiles

Damon Albarn

When the serve is done
And the parish shuffled some
And the May frequencies come
To keep you away
When your body aches
From the arms of dreams you keep
And the hours passed by
Just left on repeat

R: It'll be a silent day
I'll share with you
Fighting off the hostiles
With whom we collude
Hoping to find the key
To this play of communications
Between you and me

When the LCD
Are all the player ones you can be
Put your foot down in the right hand lane
If you are with me
'Til the trains re-route
And the rush-hour is come
And the May frequencies
Have sent you to sleep

R:

Don't burn so
Don't burn so
Don't burn so late
Don't burn so
Don't burn so
Don't burn so late

R: