

Marching Orders

Editors

I can open my mind
But there's no makings of a dreamer in you
In these desperate times
I'm walking home
Walking home to you

I will fall with the rain
I will flicker with the flame
The fire

I used to write down my dreams
Now they're gone when my eyes open on you
Well even though you've fucked up
There's still the makings of a dreamer in you

I will fall with the rain
I will flicker with the flame

I will fall with the rain
I will flicker with the flame
The fire
The fire

These are the marching orders
These are the rules that we break
These are the doubts we cling to
Tryin' to get more
Tryin' to get more

These are the marching orders
These are the rules that we break
These are the doubts we cling to
Tryin' to get more
Tryin' to get more than we take

(ohhh)

Tryin' to get more
Tryin' to get more

These are the marching orders
These are the rules that we break
These are the doubts we cling to
Tryin' to get more
Tryin' to get more

(ohhh)

(Tryin' to get more)
(Tryin' to get more)

Tryin' to get more

Tryin' to get more
(Tryin' to get more)
(Tryin' to get more)...

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