

## The Walls of Jericho

Fair to Midland

What dreams splendidly weaved from an atom bomb  
Retrieved from a teleprompter.  
Practical, you are not,  
Cause you break the ice with a cotton swab.  
A fever can cool us off, a handshake is a contact sport.

No one was waiting to throw out the pilot.  
We'll float on the back of the winds that you send us.

Another tomorrow, shedding the shade we made yesterday.  
Disguised as the lightning, dissolving all of the thunder, then  
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Appeasing our monsters under the acrylic skies.  
Another tomorrow..

Another tomorrow fills up my front window.  
Outlasting the west wind and building ourselves in  
So fly, and grab my hand here comes the crash  
I live for the strong impact that render's both our airbags.  
Seven folds take very letter you send, don't fold if you're mad  
e to bend, rekindle the feud again.

String up your harp, play like today will last five minutes.  
It won't take long to sing us a song to stop the sirens.  
Sing us a song to stop the silence.