

The Bell

First Aid Kit

Don't place your bets on me
I'm tired and I'm lonely
With nothing to offer you
Nothing to offer you

The pavement stares gray and cold
Our lives are a story told
Coming to an ending
It's coming to an ending

How could I turn around?
Face the sound of the bell that chimes?
Ringing out, shrill and loud
To drag me back down

But I'm not coming home

Been out here for so long
The road it just stretches on
Till I stop pretending
Till I stop pretending

But the world is an empty frame
And now you are just a name
I'll keep it that way
It's staying that way

How could I turn around?
Face the sound of the bell that chimes?
Ringing out, shrill and loud
To drag me back down

But I'm not coming home

I tried hard to be brave
I tried hard not to be afraid
But trying wasn't enough

I tried hard to be brave
I tried hard not to be afraid
But trying wasn't enough

I'm sorry, I'm sorry
Can you hear the bell?
Can you hear the bell?
The bell, the bell

Can you hear the bell?
Can you hear the bell?
The bell, the bell

From the rust that lies deep in its throat
I hear solemn monotone notes
The danger, the ebbs, and the flows
In the silence of night it lets me know
That I'm not coming home
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