

Sing! Captain

Handsome Furs

There's a town, just a little town
Raining cloud, a hollow sound
When our lover gather round
And if they're cold
Then they're cold
Feed them wine, feed them chrome
We hate this place here
It's our home, It's our home

And your car-collapsing trees and I
Could turn them back to sound
With the torches in our hands we will reduce it
To the ground

I stood outside in the bright black night
Beneath their buzzing power lines
And I saw a number in the sky, in the sky
And if there's a God, he's a little gun
And he holds you closely inside these walls
But he hates his babies most of all

And your car-collapsing trees and I
Could turn them back to sound
With our torches in our hands we will reduce it to the ground
In the parliament there's a little
Hands that are reaching out
You can try and try and try but baby there's no way around

Sing Captain
Sing out loud
Sing, but we're bound
Bound
Sing Captain
Sing out loud
Sing Captain
We're Bound