

60 Thompson

Razorlight

The bell boy brings you coffee
There are letters from every shore
There are flowers of the season
Heels are capsized by the door

You're well protected
Cold as you must be to survive
But I know somewhere behind your barricade
There's a love that can be made

And in my blood
Your ghost is crying living tears
And I can't switch them off
Or turn them down or out

You are a night flower
You bloom as I fade
And you drag me in deeper
Behind your barricade

With the love that can be made
Behind your barricade
Yes, and how long can I stay?

And this addition of yourself
You don't believe in anymore
We'll face the chat show at 8:30
And we'll freeze in the applause

Who am I to argue?
Here everybody must get paid
May you bloom forever
Behind your barricade

Looking for a love that can be made
Behind your barricade
Yes, and how long can I stay
Behind your barricade?
Where true arrows seldom stray