

## 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