

# The Symphony

Snow Patrol

Wooden floors, wooden floors whisper  
And they creak under your sockless feet  
A secret door, a door undiscovered  
You knock so gently in case you're heard  
A record plays a song that you've not heard  
It is perfect, it is home  
Everything, now everything's different  
It is sweeter on your tongue

Cause you can see the road ahead in your dream  
And the engine's more a sigh than a scream  
And your ghosts look more like angels from there  
And the coast comes like a raft of warm air

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A symphony, slow music of longing  
Plays in movements inside your head  
There are no ghosts, no ghosts that can shake you  
Like they used to, anymore

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If this is all you ever asked for  
Then this is all you'll get  
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