

Hope And Jump

The Bluetones

In the shadow of these black suburban hills
Dreamed by architects who've given up their will
There's an emptiness that never can be filled

Have you ever known a world to be so still?
Have you ever heard a silence be so shrill?
As you rise to smell the air before a kill
In the absence of distraction or a thrill

Always your first instinct
Compels you to jump headfirst in
The comfort you crave
Is not in the grave
But here in my arms

In the moments when your vices are innate
Are you left abandoned and afraid?
Do you question the decisions that you've made?
Are you haunted by the ghosts that you've betrayed?

Always your first instinct
Compels you to jump headfirst in
The comfort you crave
Is not in the grave
But here in my arms

Have you ever known a world to be so still?
Have you ever heard a silence be so shrill?
As you rise to smell the air before a kill
In the absence of distraction or a thrill

Always your first instinct
Compels you to dump all hope and jump
The comfort you crave
Is not in the grave
But here in my arms