

# 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