

# We Will Become Silhouettes

The Postal Service

I've got a cupboard with cans of food, filtered water,  
And pictures of you and I'm not coming out  
Until this is all over  
And I'm looking through the glass where the light bends  
At the cracks  
And I'm screaming at the top of my lungs pretending  
The echoes belong to someone  
Someone I used to know

And we become silhouettes when our bodies finally go  
Ba ba ba...

I wanted to walk through the empty streets  
And feel something constant under my feet,  
But all the news reports recommended that  
I stay indoors  
Because the air outside will make our cells  
Divide at an alarming rate until our shells  
Simply cannot hold all our insides in,  
And that's when we'll explode  
(and it won't be a pretty sight)

And we'll become silhouettes when our bodies finally go  
Ba ba ba...

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Ba ba ba...

And we'll become

And we'll become