

Through The Dirt And The Gravel

We Were Promised Jetpacks

It's one for the will.
I'm already laughing give me what's mine and I'll go.
I've covered the course to my only funeral its back to
the drawing board. And I'll run.

I have soared higher than eagles.
But nothing compares to the feeling of being unstable.
I've climbed onto pieces of dead green.
I have always clung on to the things I have closest
around me.
I have stumbled through the hills, and now I'm in
trouble...

It's one for the will.
I'm already thinking give me what's mine and I'll go.
I've covered the course to my only funeral its back to
the drawing board.

It's one for the world.
I'm already laughing now...
Through the dirt and the gravel in the ground...

In the wild and ever...
I stumble in the ashes of winter.

And they'll piece us together again.
They'll stammer and stumble our way.
It'll always be better to go,
then always be making amends.

And they'll piece us together again.
They'll stammer and stumble our way.
I'll always be making amends.

It's one for the will.
I'm already thinking give me what's mine and I'll go.
I've covered the course to my only funeral its back to
the drawing board.

It's one for the world.
I'm already laughing now...
Through the dirt and the gravel in the ground..