

# Hostiles

Damon Albarn

When the serve is done  
And the parish shuffled some  
And the May frequencies come  
To keep you away  
When your body aches  
From the arms of dreams you keep  
And the hours passed by  
Just left on repeat

R: It'll be a silent day  
I'll share with you  
Fighting off the hostiles  
With whom we collude  
Hoping to find the key  
To this play of communications  
Between you and me

When the LCD  
Are all the player ones you can be  
Put your foot down in the right hand lane  
If you are with me  
'Til the trains re-route  
And the rush-hour is come  
And the May frequencies  
Have sent you to sleep

R:

Don't burn so  
Don't burn so  
Don't burn so late  
Don't burn so  
Don't burn so  
Don't burn so late

R: