

# In Our Final Hour

Go Radio

She was screaming bloody murder and I'll never forget  
How look of her eyes or the taste of her sweat said  
Boy you gotta get away, get away while you can  
They've been hiding in the darkness and on every road  
And there is nothing you can do that might save your soul  
And they're hiding in the shadows and they're here to control  
Cause you can't control yourself

So whoa-oh-oh-oh  
This is the way it goes  
Cause you find me bound and chainless in another's arms  
And go-oh-oh-oh  
I'm singing it straight to you  
Cause I'm leaving you honest  
Just say what you promise  
We can't all be gods and superstars

And superficial cigarette burns a storm in the gate  
Leaving lovely little letters telling me how to taste  
And you can hear him singing chorus after chorus, your fate  
Is going to take us to the top  
She's got the ashes on her wrist you watch her move her to the beat  
And every eerie of the new with everybody she needs  
She knows the riddle of the city she can feel it in the streets  
She would rather feel a change

So whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh

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Why do we have to fight fair  
This doesn't have to be our hour  
We lose ours  
And take my hand here  
It shouldn't be that hard to be  
Just her and me

So whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh

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