

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

And we'll become
And we'll become