

# We Are to Follow

Blindside

These streets are as cold and wet  
As my eyes, flesh and bones are longing home  
I was taken out of context  
And to think you had me not speaking for a month or two  
But it's not you i know  
It's just me waiting  
Waiting for the sun to come out

We are to follow  
What if i could stand still and get moved

We are to follow  
We are nothing running blind  
We are to follow  
We are so sick of it now  
We are to follow  
But im scared to be left behind  
We are to follow  
Nothing now

The TV dies more and more for each day  
And the beauty of your eyes (in my hand)  
Makes the flashing lights behind me on the wall look even more  
pale  
Four o'clock and the sky is getting red  
And here i am, just me waiting  
Waiting for the sun to come out

Im throwing myself at you  
And i'm holding on for dear life  
Can i scream out of tune in this choir  
God help me scream

What if i would stand still and get moved  
By you