

# Hostiles

Damon Albarn

When the service is done  
And the parish have all sung.  
And the mid frequencies come  
To keep you awake.  
When your body aches  
From the unresolved dreams you keep.  
And the hours passed by  
Just left on repeat.It'll be a silent day  
I 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 LCDs  
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 rerun  
And the rush hour has come.  
And the mid frequencies sung have sent you to sleep.It'll be a silent day  
I 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.  
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.It'll be a silent day  
I 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.

