

# Pompeii

above around away before begin begin bringing changed  
changed close close clouds darkness devices down eyes  
eyes eyes eyes grey hills love nothing optimistic  
optimistic tumbling walls were

## Bastille

I was left to my own \_\_\_\_\_

Many days fell \_\_\_\_\_ with nothing to show

And the \_\_\_\_\_ kept tumbling down

In the city that we love

Grey \_\_\_\_\_ roll over the hills

Bringing \_\_\_\_\_ from above

But if you close your \_\_\_\_\_

Does it almost feel like

Nothing \_\_\_\_\_ at all?

And if you close your \_\_\_\_\_

Does it almost feel like

You've been here before?

How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

We \_\_\_\_\_ caught up and lost in all of our vices

In your pose as the dust settles \_\_\_\_\_ us

And the walls kept tumbling \_\_\_\_\_

In the city that we \_\_\_\_\_

Grey clouds roll over the \_\_\_\_\_

Bringing darkness from \_\_\_\_\_

But if you \_\_\_\_\_ your eyes

Does it almost feel like

Nothing \_\_\_\_\_ at all?

And if you \_\_\_\_\_ your eyes

Does it almost feel like

You've been here \_\_\_\_\_?

How am I gonna be an \_\_\_\_\_ about this?

How am I gonna be an \_\_\_\_\_ about this?

Oh where do we \_\_\_\_\_?

The rubble or our sins?

Oh where do we \_\_\_\_\_?

The rubble or our sins?

And the walls kept \_\_\_\_\_ down

In the city that we love

\_\_\_\_\_ clouds roll over the hills

\_\_\_\_\_ darkness from above

But if you close your \_\_\_\_\_

Does it almost feel like

\_\_\_\_\_ changed at all?

And if you close your \_\_\_\_\_

Does it almost feel like

You've been here before?

How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

If you close your eyes

Does it almost feel like

Nothing changed at all?