

Blow Out The Wick

70 bpm

Bm/D-Em-F#m

blow out the wick
it's time to quit this circus
it's a trapeze pinned down
it's a carnival without clowns
it's a town without houses
a forest without trees
it's the opposite of identity
a world without sound

we need you

you step into town
with a staff in your hand
you're a shepherd with a word
it's sharp like a sword
you're a breath of fresh air
you're a reason to look up
a clean piece of dirt
an electric chair unplugged

we need you

pull out the cork
it's time to roll this parade
you're a message in a bottle
the drink in this song
you're the red on the page
the gold in the streets
you're the soul's first stirring
a lion that can sing

