

Pompeji

Eh, eheu, eheu

I was left to my own devices
Many days fell away with nothing to show
And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love
Grey clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?
And if you close your eyes
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 were caught up and lost in all of our vices
In your pose as the dust settled around us
And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love
Grey clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?
And if you close your eyes
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?

Eheu, eheu

Oh, where do we begin?
The rubble or our sins?
Oh, oh, where do we begin?
The rubble or our sins?

And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love
Grey clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?
And if you close your eyes
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?

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Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?