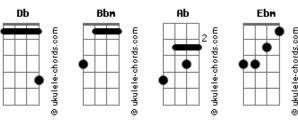


## **Beirut - Mount Wroclai**

## **Acordes**



you're in the halls
the bell gives way to a larger swell
without my heart
what can I do, oh
wroclai

and we grow fat
on the charms of our idle dreary days
seen the shadows grow
see an ominous display
with no alarm
could we say we'd have expected this way
under stars have died
give incent to play
wroclai