

# Get Up

## Barcelona

Five days after black and red collide  
The motion sickness past, I'll be the first to stand  
Behind that weathered door, I thought it would be safest  
My head is dizzy now, I thought we'd overcome  
We might not make it home tonight  
Crawling on the ash, she's pitiful  
She lost her sense of light, she has to hold my hand  
Had I known we might be two kids without their jackets  
My fear would come alive, I wouldn't loathe her now  
She might not make home tonight

Get up  
Get up  
Get up  
Get up(I need you) Get up  
Get up  
Get up  
Get up  
Get up  
Get up  
Get up  
Get up

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