Young

Kins

Kickin' back in the salt & the sand
Couldn't help bring it down to the dust & the bland
I undid my chancesIn the heat of the moment
I grabbed your hand & the rest, then your other hand
I undid my chancesI'm in the ditch
You're right on track
I held myself back
To keep an eye on your backI need a sense of
Dispair to go on
Never did happiness
Get anyone anywhere...Like a kick in the teeth
Like a pain I'll never meet
I'm livin' up my walk in the park
Over the numb over the normI can see the light at the end
Dimming despite travelling
We'd better get comfortable
With these bricks, with these wallsCould it be, carefree, considerate, eternally... young?
You undid your chancesI'm in the ditch
You're right on track
I held myself back
To keep an eye on your backI need a sense of
Dispair to go on
Never did happiness
Get anyone anywhere...

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