

La La La

Naughty Boy; Smith, Sam

Don't be naive, don't deny what you see
Where lies the truth? Hidden deep, in between
Dance through the night from sublime to extreme
Lift your voices high from a whisper to a scream

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Dance through the night from sublime to extreme

Lift your voices high from a whisper to a scream

You hang your head down low like a slave to the scene
But you'd be pretty and pure or abducted in your teens

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There has to be a little passion in your life

You've got to put the world to rights

Before too long when I was young

I thought that everything was good

But how it slowly fades away

I'll be going away soon to the war

Whoa ooh, to the war, whoa ooh

Don't be naive don't deny what you see

Where lies the truth? Hidden deep, in between

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