

2080

Eboi

I can't sleep when I think about the times we're living in
I can't sleep when I think about the future I was born into
 Outsiders dressed up like Sunday morning

With no Berlin wall, what the hell you gonna do? It's a new year, I'm glad to be here

 It's a fresh spring, so let's sing

 In 2080 I'll surely be dead

 So don't look ahead, ever look ahead

 It's a new year, I'm glad to be here

 It's a fresh spring, so let's sing

 And the moon shines bright on the water tonight

So we won't drown in the summer sound If you find me, I'll be sitting by the water fountain

 Picket signs, letdowns, meltdown on Monday morning

 But it's all right, yeah, it's all right,

 Yeah, it's all right, yeah, it's all right

 It's all right

'Cause in no time, they'll be gone, I guess I'll still be standing here It's a new year, I'm glad to be here

 It's a fresh spring, so let's sing

 In 2080 I'll surely be dead

 So don't look ahead, ever look ahead

 It's a new year, I'm glad to be here

 It's a fresh spring, so let's sing

 And the moon shines bright on the water tonight

So we won't drown in the summer sound Yeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to be handsome farmers, yeah

 You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters

 And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us

We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contests Yeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to
 be handsome farmers, yeah

 You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters

 And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us

We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contests It's a new year, I'm glad to be here

 It's a fresh spring, so let's sing

 In 2080 I'll surely be dead

 So don't look ahead, ever look ahead

 It's a new year, I'm glad to be here

 It's a fresh spring, so let's sing

 And the moon shines bright on the water tonight

So we won't drown in the summer sound Yeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to be handsome farmers, yeah

 You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters

 And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us

We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contests
Yeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to
be handsome farmers, yeah

You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters
And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us

We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contests
Yeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to
be handsome farmers, yeah

You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>