

# Sixteen

## Funeral for a Friend

Waltzing, daydream serenade  
And preaching God and country, like lines on a telegraph  
Seems like we all want to be  
So very different but nothing changes Young and defenseless, waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Young and defenseless, waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one We all end up like magazines  
Crumpled up discarded, cataloged, forgotten  
Read the pages that are free  
Living something careless, just sixteen all over Young and defenseless, a waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one Young and defenseless, a waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
We're all alone, we're all alone  
Beating hearts against a tide of one Beating hearts against the tide  
Beating hearts against the tide Young and defenseless, a waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
We're all alone, we're all alone  
Beating hearts against a tide of one, go

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