

The Kids We Used To Be...

Your Demise

So this is the song I write for everyone who I never forgot.
The kids we used to be are all dead, gone and forgotten.
Black eyed boys and bright eyed girls,
Friday night love and Saturday morning regrets,
Summers came and went, but the love never left. So let's bring back the best years,
Nights spent hanging out not giving a fuck, being down on our luck.
Some people say that best friends stay same, but I'll prove you wrong. Sticks and stones never broke our bones,
Standing outside our homes watching the sun come up,
5am never looked so beautiful, and feeling beaten and jaded never felt so good.
I can't wait for tomorrow to come around.
I know I can still hear the singing from the basement and I know you can too.
The smoke still rises.

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