

# Kids (Radio Edit)

## Global Deejays

The water is warm,  
But it's sending me shivers.  
A baby is born,  
Crying out for attention.  
Memories fade,  
Like looking through a fogged mirror. The water is warm,  
But it's sending me shivers.  
A baby is born,  
Crying out for attention.  
Memories fade,  
Like looking through a fogged mirror  
Decision to decisions are made and not bought  
But I thought,  
This wouldn't hurt a lot.  
I guess not. Control yourself.  
Take only what you need from it.  
A family of trees wanted,  
To be haunted. Control yourself.  
Take only what you need from it.  
A family of trees.

Songwriters

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