

# Nostalgia

## Brous One

The night came down upon Us  
The brave were left alone  
Though life was loud and crowded  
Some people never spoke  
The digging out the traumas  
The growing of our hopes  
And we'll turn into a radio song  
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies  
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could  
Whistle and dance to It  
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...  
And we'll turn into a radio song  
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies  
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could  
Whistle and dance to It  
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...  
The night came down upon Us  
We found ourselves alone  
The hiding all the traumas

The reasons We'd asked for  
And we'll turn into a radio song  
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies  
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could  
Whistle and dance to It  
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...  
And we'll turn into a radio song  
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies  
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could  
Whistle and dance to It  
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...  
Oh where have those good times gone?  
You should have been given more should  
Have been given love  
And we'll turn into a radio song  
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies  
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could  
Whistle and dance to It  
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...

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