Childhood

ATOPICA

The beginning of the end,
Of the heart lost, was my friend.
The nature of that place,
Sends a sweet smell,
Around my head.
Oh well.

The hardest thing of all,
The heartbreak of our loss.
Hiding all the time.
We were cast out, of everywhere,
But not the last time,
The last time I remember, the last time I remember,
It was ?

How I want you to know,
How far west we will go.
Hand in hand they're in love,
Our loyal days in the snow.

All my toys are dead,
Unraveled at the stairs.
Open but who cares.
Why-h-hy-hy?

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written by PAJON, GEORGE JR/BOARD, PRINTZ/FRANTANTUNO, MIKE
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