

# Boardwalks

## Little May

Somebody told me you were leaving town,  
I swear I never thought you'd be the one who'd let me down,

Fold this part,  
Unfold this part..

Sticking to the walls sticking to this one way street,  
You could never run but you said you'd run with me,

Hold this heart,  
Hold this heart..

And I will not fall hard this time.

Cause' we are not afraid of who we are but of what we have become,  
And we are not afraid of what's to be when this road has just begun,  
So we will turn our backs and close the doors for the last time,

Give me back what's mine.

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