

Grease

Future Islands

We've been here before
In a gravel lot, by the back door
We move the same
We say the same things
And the same song plays on the radio

Time for the show
And the road was long and slow
And I'm growing old
I was a boy not long ago

What happens to youth?
What happened to truth?
What happened to me?
This song won't change a thing

No, but the people want it all
The dancing bear, the bouncing ball

Oh, I hope they want it all
Or the same song plays on the radio

Time for the show
And the road was long and slow
And I'm growing old
And the highways take a toll

Time for the show
And the road was long and slow
And I'm growing old
I was a boy not long ago

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written by Cashion, William Hugh / Herring, Samuel Thompson / Welmers, John Gerrit
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