Kicking and Screaming

Funeral for a Friend

Growing old around these streets
Well, never really felt quite like, like anything
Expect nothing and have the chance
To really go somewhere that you can'tMy love is exploitation, not a passing celebration
And I don't wanna feel like a part of historyGonna' turn this town, upside down
We can die, well, in their eyes just to feel
The promise is broken at a quarter past five
Burning fires on the railway hillsidesMy love is exploitation, not a passing celebration
And I don't wanna feel like a part of history
And the grass is greener on the other side
That's where I wanna be, somewhere that she can really seeWe all go out like we come in kicking and screaming
We all go out like we come in kicking and screaming
We all go out like we come in kicking and screamingMy love is exploitation, not a passing celebration
And I don't wanna feel like a part of history
And the grass is greener on the other side
That's where I wanna be, somewhere that she can really see

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