

Little Kids

Bradford Cox

Little kids playin' in the park downtown
Someone's dad is watching from the side of the ground
I'm followin' my shadow so I cross the street
Car passin' stereo, I like the beat
Open up the door, turnin' on the fan
Dropping down the keys that I held in my hand
And then start waitin' for her steps
To be heard in the staircase
Enter the room and let down her bag
Askin' me all kinds of trivial questions
Pretending an everyday life we don't have
Pretending an everyday life we don't have
Pretending an everyday life we don't have
Little kids playin' in the park downtown
Soon they'll be all gone as the sun goes down
Little kids playin' in the park downtown
Soon they'll be all gone as the sun goes down
And rises over Brooklyn bridge tomorrow
Hours later I will follow
Wake up to a life that's hollow
Without love
Without love
Without love

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