Hunger at the Door

Balthazar

We'll get older,
We'll get bored out of our mind.
Get cold shoulders,
Walk a line.We'll get older,
We'll get bored out of our mind.
Get cold shoulders,
Walk a line.We live in the city of norms,
Spoon-fed from the day that we were born.
Yet the clown,
He promissed a balloon
To get us closer to the moon.
When there's hunger at the door
We start heading for the stars
What we're looking for we can't define,
Not this time.We'll get older,
We'll get bored out of our mind.
Get cold shoulders,
Walk a line.We'll get older,
We'll get bored out of our mind.
Get cold shoulders,
Walk a line.We wear this city's uniform
And even the hungry girls can't keep our kicks warm.
The clown,
He sold us a balloon
To get us closer to the moon.
One day when boredom hits us hard
We start heading for the stars.
What we're looking for we can't define,
Like it was Maria who was always on our mind.We'll get older,
We'll get bored out of our mind.
Get cold shoulders,
Walk a line.We'll get older,
We'll get bored out of our mind.
Get cold shoulders,
Walk a line.We'll get older,
We'll get bored out of our mind.
Get cold shoulders,
Walk a line.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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