Nostalgia

Proletarii

The night came down upon Us
The brave were left alone
Though life was loud and crowded
Some people never spoke
The digging out the traumas
The growing of our hopes
And we'll turn into a radio song
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could
Whistle and dance to It
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...
And we'll turn into a radio song
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could
Whistle and dance to It
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...
The night came down upon Us
We found ourelves alone
The hiding all the traumas

The reasons We'd asked for
And we'll turn into a radio song
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could
Whistle and dance to It
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...
And we'll turn into a radio song
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could
Whistle and dance to It
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...
Oh where have those good times gone?
You should have been given more should
Have been given love
And we'll turn into a radio song
We'll forget those red eyes and silly alibies
We'll say life is a song and It's one you could
Whistle and dance to It
Dance to It Dance to It Dance to It...

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