

Little Kids

Deerhunter

Kids drinking gin on the, the front lawn
The kids see that man walking down the dirt road These kids see the sky
And they think of him dressed in flames
Kids walk behind, slowly stalk that old man To get older still, to get older still
To get older still, to get older still These kids followed him into his shed
Where he turns on the radio and smokes a cig
These kids come ahead and gasoline
They strike a match To get older still, to get older still
To get older still, to get older
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