

The Few

Buchanan

Hey,
This's not going nowhere
This's here to stay
Here to stay

Like bowling pins,
You keep knocking us down,
You know, the ones that wanna work
Don't

And heed a call,
Call aires old, but lately,
Leaves will fall,
Fall before our faces

Several markets fell and crashed into,
Moments asking for a little patience
For my fall won't last any longer than your hold
Oh that small and focused few

You,
With your bag full of promise
Yet a notice of absence got you down
But hey,
We're not going nowhere,
No we're not going nowhere,
No!

Make,
Don't fear another change
Make,
Don't fear it other ways
Make,
Don't fear another change
Make

Break
Break
Break

Break

And heed a call,
Call aires old, but lately,
Leaves will fall,
Fall before our faces

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Oh that small and focused few

La-la-la
La-la-la

Lyrics submitted by Tim Ling.

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