

Little Kids (Ladytron Fruits of the Forrest Mix)

Kings of Convenience

Little kids playing in the park downtown.
Someone's dad is watching
From the side of the playground.
I'm following my shadow so I cross the street.
Car passing stereo I like the beat.
Open up the door,
Turning on the fan.
Dropping down the keys that I held in my hand,
And then start waiting for her steps
To be heard in the staircase,
Enter the room and let down her bag.
Asking me all kinds of trivial questions,
Pretending an everyday life we don't have. Little kids playing in the park downtown.
Soon they'll be all gone as the sun goes down.
Little kids playing 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.

Songwriters

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