

Beneath the Waves

Young Guns

Dearly beloved we are gathered here today*
To lament the loss of honesty,
To the art of saving face.
Of vanity and opacity,
A generation lost beneath the waves.Loose lips sink ships,
And we're all going down.We're in the throes of vertigo,
Higher is impossible.
Sink like a stone,
Let it all go,
Higher is impossible.
The oceans rise to break the bow,
And I find peace within the sound,
Or water rushing in.
So bid farewell to all you know,
Take your place way down below,
We'll sleep beneath the waves.Loose lips sink ships,
And we're all going down.We're in the throes of vertigo,
Higher is impossible.
Sink like a stone,
Let it all go,
Higher is impossible.
Loose lips sink ships,
And we're on our way down.So slowly we drift down,
And all our Kings are dead now.

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