

# It's all over

## Die Happy

Pockets full of frogs and broken toys  
fishing with the boys  
my hair in braids  
selling flowers on the dusty street  
yeah, I was really sweet  
I loved to play  
laughing, running,  
hiding in the fields  
chasing butterflies  
telling little lies  
NOW IT'S ALL OVER  
NOTHING FEELS THE SAME  
AND I DON'T LIKE IT  
I WANT IT BACK AGAIN  
Pockets full of keys and credit-cards  
a chain of broken hearts  
no time for games  
painting pictures on my weary face  
I miss the good old days  
it's such a shame  
working, running  
trying to make a stand  
missing butterflies  
still telling lies

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