

# After All These Years

## Silverchair

Breathe in the night that crushed a tired sunrise  
Born again the day, brings young naivety  
A laptop souvenir is worth the weight in silver and golden, son  
You'll be home again and I'll be home again  
Mend in my sleep, I'm boxing under water  
Waddle on the wake, waking on the summer day, a summer day  
And after all these years  
Forget about all the troubled times  
And after all these years  
Forget about all the troubled times  
And every father's pain casts a shadow over a broken son  
You'll be whole again and I'll be whole again  
Munificent, artless and ascetic  
Playing like a scared enthusiastic pawn  
After all these years  
Forget about all the troubled times  
And after all these years  
Forget about all the troubled times, the troubled time  
All those years, I was hurting to feel  
Something more than life  
All those years  
After all these years  
Forget about all the troubled times  
And after all these years  
Forget about all the troubled times  
And after all these years  
Forget about all the troubled times, the troubled times  
All those years, I was hurting to feel  
Something more than life

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