You Think

Exit Clov

It was, a sudden panic attack,
Gave up our firstborns, and we don't look back,
Track hit records, sad, sad songs,
In the end we know maybe it's better to go.One falls after another,
The indie bands, the emo brands,
The old-school stays the old-school ways,
And the kids get up to go.Then we get together, swear forever,
We'll save this dying scene,
How did we fall in love,
With this safari industry?It's been real, was a helluva year,
All of the great bands, have disappeared,
We tracked hit records, some sad, sad songs,
In the end they know, it's only better to go.One falls just like the others,
The indie bands, the emo brands,
The old-school stays the old-school ways,
And the kids get up to go.Then we get together, swear forever,
We'll save this dying scene,
How did we fall in love,
With this safari industry?

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