

Like a Kid

The Early November

So here's a story of a kid who had it all
Who almost lost touch but found control
Yeah she was talking that break it on her own
She was just like...I feel like a kid again
I feel like a kid again
on my way back home
Leaving a skill that stripped my soul We were on top of a wounded plane
But if we jumped off you would all just fly away
So forget our faces
When we hit ground on a solid front
You would drop bombs and just watch us try and run
And get on our races. so now I know my way back and up again
to find the lines to make me sound like him
and if I break I'll glue the seat again
and it's just like...I feel like a kid again
I feel like a kid again
on my way back home
Teaching a skill that strips the soul We were on top of a wounded plane
But if we jumped off you would all just fly away
So forget our faces
When we hit ground on a solid front
You would drop bombs and just watch us try and run
And get on our races. I feel like a kid again
as a criminal
I feel like a kid again

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