

These Are the Days

Kids In the Way

The cold October air is blowing in my hair
And I'm losing everything I never thought I would
Where is that old playground? Where is that old sundown
When I would come home late an hour or two?These are the days when we will see
All our yesterdays are memories
The tides will rise, the winds will turn
We are drowning, growing from the burnThe red October leaves hold on to barren trees
And frailty is where we became so strong
Where is that old gun fight? Where is that old twilight
When fire flies were on the run?These are the days when we will see
All our yesterdays are memories
The tides will rise, the winds will turn
We are drowning, growing from the burn[Incomprehensible]These are the days when we will see
You, you, you, you, youThese are the days when we will see
All our yesterdays are memories
The tides will rise, the winds will turn
We are drowning, growing from the burnThese are the days, these are the days
These are the days, these are the days
These are the days

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