

Sixteen

Funeral for a Friend

Waltzing, daydream serenade
And preaching God and country, like lines on a telegraph
Seems like we all want to be
So very different but nothing changes Young and defenseless, waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Young and defenseless, waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one We all end up like magazines
Crumpled up discarded, cataloged, forgotten
Read the pages that are free
Living something careless, just sixteen all over Young and defenseless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one Young and defenseless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Beating hearts against a tide of one
We're all alone, we're all alone
Beating hearts against a tide of one Beating hearts against the tide
Beating hearts against the tide Young and defenseless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Beating hearts against a tide of one
We're all alone, we're all alone
Beating hearts against a tide of one, go

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