

# Like Kids

## The London Suede

Oh, through the red lights, the amber,  
The silent mannequins,  
The crumpled mothers in their seats. Pull into morning through the stations,  
The smell of chemicals.  
Do I want you because you're out of reach? Oh, it's all there for us,  
Oh, it belongs to us,  
Oh, and there's nothing we can't reach. Oh, we hold it all in our fist  
Like kids, like savages.  
And we'll run in the playground  
If you just stay with me. Oh, through the red lights, the amber  
I steal a look at you  
Behind the wheel of another car. Oh, and nothing matters but these moments.  
I conjure the imagery  
Of a different life, another path. Oh, it's all there for us,  
Oh, it belongs to us,  
Oh, and there's nothing we can't reach. Oh, we hold it all in our fist  
Like kids, like savages.  
And we'll run in the playground  
If you just stay with me. Oh, it's all there for us,  
Oh, it belongs to us,  
Oh, and there's nothing we can't reach. Oh, we hold it in our pretty fist  
Like kids, like savages.  
And we'll run in the playground  
If you just stay with me.

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