

# Kicking And Screaming

## Funeral For A Friend

Growing old around these streets  
Well, never really felt quite like, like anything  
Expect nothing and have the chance  
To really go somewhere that you can't  
My love is exploitation, not a passing celebration  
And I don't wanna feel like a part of history  
Gonna' turn this town, upside down  
We can die, well, in their eyes just to feel  
The promise is broken at a quarter past five  
Burning fires on the railway hillsides  
My love is exploitation, not a passing celebration

And I don't wanna feel like a part of history  
And the grass is greener on the other side  
That's where I wanna be, somewhere that she can really see  
We all go out like we come in kicking and screaming  
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We all go out like we come in kicking and screaming  
My love is exploitation, not a passing celebration  
And I don't wanna feel like a part of history  
And the grass is greener on the other side  
That's where I wanna be, somewhere that she can really see

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