2080

ã‚´ã‚¹ãƒšãƒ©ãƒ¼ã‚º

I can't sleep when I think about the times we're living in
I can't sleep when I think about the future I was born into
Outsiders dressed up like Sunday morning
With no Berlin wall, what the hell you gonna do?It's a new year, I'm glad to be here
It's a fresh spring, so let's sing
In 2080 I'll surely be dead
So don't look ahead, ever look ahead
It's a new year, I'm glad to be here
It's a fresh spring, so let's sing
And the moon shines bright on the water tonight
So we won't drown in the summer soundIf you find me, I'll be sitting by the water fountain
Picket signs, letdowns, meltdown on Monday morning
But it's all right, yeah, it's all right,
Yeah, it's all right, yeah, it's all right
It's all right
'Cause in no time, they'll be gone, I guess I'll still be standing hereIt's a new year, I'm glad to be here
It's a fresh spring, so let's sing
In 2080 I'll surely be dead
So don't look ahead, ever look ahead
It's a new year, I'm glad to be here
It's a fresh spring, so let's sing
And the moon shines bright on the water tonight
So we won't drown in the summer soundYeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to be handsome farmers, yeah
You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters
And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us
We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contestsYeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to be handsome farmers, yeah
You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters
And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us
We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contestsIt's a new year, I'm glad to be here
It's a fresh spring, so let's sing
In 2080 I'll surely be dead
So don't look ahead, ever look ahead
It's a new year, I'm glad to be here
It's a fresh spring, so let's sing
And the moon shines bright on the water tonight
So we won't drown in the summer soundYeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to be handsome farmers, yeah
You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters
And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us

We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contestsYeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to be handsome farmers, yeah
You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters
And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us
We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contestsYeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to be handsome farmers, yeah
You can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/