Come on Youth

Slow Club

One final trip on to the coast
To see the sea, and its host
I had to stop my lips from making
The most of foreign soundsWith one road in and one road out
I never thought to pray for drought
But even if I did
Id be talking to bones in the ground
Because youre just a mythAnd the chance youve killed the choir
And the boy set him self on fire
Come on youth, dont give in
Like the very last bowling pinDo you love to regret,
Or forgive and forget?
If youre going to forget it all
Cold is comfort
Comfort is cold
This is coldFade back into the wallpaper
And think about
What youve done to her
Dont cry yourself to sleep now
Its a reaction at leastThese satellites dont care for subtle moves
As we push through knee-high waste seafood
Picking up silver and gold
From some flooded trophy room
And youre just a mythAnd the chance youve killed the choir
And the boy set him self on fire
Come on youth, dont give in
Like the very last bowling pinDo you love to regret,
Or forgive and forget?
If youre going to forget it all
Cold is comfort
Comfort is cold
Yes its cold
Oh its cold
Yes its cold

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