It's All Over

Die Happy

Pockets full of frogs and broken toys
Fishing with the boys
My hair in braids
Selling flowers on the dusty street
Yeah, I was really sweet
I loved to play
Laughing, running,
Hiding in the fields
Chasing butterflies
Telling little liesNow it's all over
Nothing feels the same
And I don't like it
I want it back againPockets full of keys and credit-cards
A chain of broken hearts
No time for games
Painting pictures on my weary face
I miss the good old days
It's such a shame
Working, running
Trying to make a stand
Missing butterflies
Still telling lies

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