

Brolle

"Let Us Love"

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Saturday afternoon
The blood already boiling in the backroom
Sweet sweet music and cigarette smoke in the air

Laid-back but faking
Cause the six-packs make us ache
Because we we're too young
We're dreaming that the streets outside
Can take us anywhere

Let's get out before we fall apart
From nostalgia and broken hearts
I'm so loaded and it's getting so late
Let us love before we learn to hate

Now if God made the cities
Then the devil himself made the small towns
And we promised eachother
We'll never grow old in this place

But while we're still here
We'll be squeezing every drop out of this junk-life
We'll celan it till it shines while
We're waiting for the glory days

Let's get out before we fall apart...

Now some of us won't get away
And some of us will have to stay
But you can me we'll leave them all behind one day

Let's get out before we fall apart...

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