

Black Bomb A

"Facts Of Life"

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Do do do, do do do
Do do do, do do do

A boy is just a eleven age
Begin to growing high at a fast rate that they have
never done before
They develop curiosity and start to fantasise
About the things that have never thought of doing
before
These dreams are no more harmful than
The usual thoughts the boys have of becoming football
stars or millionaires
As long as they distinction fantasy and fiction remains
It's just a nature walk

It's just the facts of life
There's no master plan
Walk me home from school
I'll let you hold my hand
You're getting ideas
And when you sleep at night
They develop into sweet dreams
It's just the facts of life

A boy sits by the telephone, wanting to call a girl
But not dare to because she may say no
At last someone took have the courage first
And discovered someone else has asked her first and
she says yes
Now it's time to deal with the fear that have been
rejected
Now it gets into life being without hurt
At this point this boy is listening to this song
And is probably saying it's easy and said and done and
it's true

It's just the facts of life
There's no master plan
Walk me home from school
I'll let you hold my hand
You're getting ideas

And when you sleep at night
They develop into sweet dreams
It's just the facts of life

Do do do, do do do
Do do do, do do do

Small town detain defects from more urban situation
Seem ??? if these few places to go
And the lessons normally gather in a cafe or a arcade
If they have to almost anywhere will do
A family car, a decease ???
A rolling book or a shade
Experimentation, familiarisation
It's all a nature walk

It's just the facts of life
There's no master plan
Walk me home from school
I'll let you hold my hand
You're getting ideas
And when you sleep at night
They develop into sweet dreams
It's just the facts of life

It's just the facts of life (Sweet dreams)
There's no master plan (Ideas)
Walk me home from school (Sweet dreams)
I'll let you hold my hand
You're getting ideas (Sweet dreams)
And when you sleep at night (Ideas)
They develop into sweet dreams (Sweet dreams)
It's just the facts of life

It's just the facts of life (Sweet dreams)
There's no master plan (Ideas)
Walk me home from school (Sweet dreams)
I'll let you hold my hand

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