

First Degree

"How I Lost My Juvenile Smile"

Visit "[How I Lost My Juvenile Smile](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We're going home now,
We sit in a row,
In a silent row,
In the back seat, you know.

Dad is driving.
And the passenger's seat is empty you know,
No meeting cars on the road.

We're going home,
From a funeral.
Relatives and friends,
There were just a few of them.

People with gray faces,
Have their hankerchiefs in case of crying.
My dry eyelashes like cultures to a stache,
Do you know how huge it was?

Snowflakes are falling,
While the snow on the ground is melting away,
Makes the field brownish-gray.
Dad is driving.
And the state of the road is quite good you know,

The streetlamps lit on this road.

And every road,
Goes from a funeral.
I thought inside my head,
Does it matter if it's true or not?

Communities with houses,
There are life in all these houses,
They're sleeping there.

And if the neighbors feel alright,
In every window there is light,
Dim, peaceful light.

In livingroom and kitchen,

Men and women making wishes,
That won't come through.

They won't stop their choke to chuckle,
But everyone stops because my juvenile smile is now,
Away!

Visit [First Degree](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.