

Funeral For A Friend

"Kicking And Screaming"

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Growing old, around these streets
Never really felt quite like, like anything
Expect nothing, and have the chance
To really go somewhere, that you can't

My love is exploitation
Not a passing celebration
And I don't want to feel
Like a part of history

Gonna' turn this town, upside down
We can die well, in their eyes
Just to feel
Promises broken, at a quarter past five
Burning fires, on the railway hillsides

My love is exploitation
Not a passing celebration
And I don't want to feel
Like a part of history

And the grass is greener, on the other side
That's where I want to be, somewhere that she can
really see
We all go out like we come in, kicking and screaming
We all go out like we come in, kicking and screaming
We all go out like we come in, kicking and screaming

My love is exploitation
Not a passing celebration
And I don't want to feel
Like a part of history

And the grass is greener, on the other side
That's where I want to be, somewhere that she can
really see

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