

Funeral For A Friend "Sixteen"

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Waltzing daydream serenade
Preaching god and country like lines on a telegraph
Seems like we all want to be
So very different but nothing changes

Young and defenceless, waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Young and defenceless, waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one

We all end up like magazines
Crumpled up discarded, catalogued forgotten
Read the pages that are free
Living something careless
Just sixteen all over

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Beating hearts against a tide of one
We're all alone
We're all alone
Beating hearts against a tide of one

Beating hearts against the tide

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Beating hearts against a tide of one
We're all alone
We're all alone
Beating hearts against a tide of one

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