

Idle Sons

"1903-70"

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In 1903 through 70
He came from nowhere, I fell from nowhere
All he had were his good looks

1903 through 70
He came from nowhere, I fell from nowhere
All he had were his good looks
On real ground
Float float float away
I'm on real ground
I forget to walk away

In 1903 to 70
He came from nowhere, we all fell from nowhere
But all he had was his good looks

In 1903 through 70
He came from nowhere, we all came from nowhere
All he had were his school books
On real ground
Float float float away
I'm on real ground
I prefer to walk away
I'm on real ground
I float, I float away
I'm on real ground
I prefer to walk away

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