

The 1900s

"A Coming Age"

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Bleeding tobacco from your eyes
The smoke from the evening dies
Now you step into morning light
Just when you thought everything was wrong
It turned out right

But you gotta go back to the visions of last night
Oh back to the dawning of time

When we stepped through the front door
It seemed much to erotic and clean
And you choose all you battles with your friends
Just when you thought you found something right
It always ends

But you gotta go back to the visions of last night
Oh back the the dawning of time

The wind sets sail to another world
Where all my fears beware
Of the coming age
That I've been waiting for with no delay
Oh no
But I feel so tired
The violence of light has just burned my eyes

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