

Get Up Kids

"Woodson"

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We cannot work out what has to be said.
An image painted black in the back of my head.

It came so clear last night,
You showed me that your words mean more than
actions do,
I was listening to you.
Someone is listening,
That someone is you.

You build me up,
You break me down again,
And I take it.
You build me up,
You break me down.

An image painted black in the back of my head.
It came so clear last night,
You showed me that your words mean more than
actions do,
I was listening to you.
Someone is listening,
That someone is you.

You build me up,
You break me down again,
And I take it.
You build me up,
You break me down again.
You build me up,
You break me down.
Break me down.
Break me down.

If this night, if this kiss were something real.
If this night, if this kiss were something real.

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