

## **Great Bloomers**

### **"The Young Ones Slept"**

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The city yawns and stretches  
There's songs to sing  
With the voice of elder and the young ones slept  
Heavy eyes that see clear but can still dream  
And this feeling irks me  
But it's gone so quickly

And you're still new to me  
And you burn so brightly  
I just smile politely at everyone I see in case you  
suddenly appear  
Now I'm tired of waiting  
And this hesitation  
We buried the hatchet in our own back yard

We buried the hatchet in our own back yard...

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