

Cave Painting

"Leaf"

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There's no point in holding on to the things we do
It'll bring us down, break us down
We could take the long walk back down the avenue
And you feel so cold, you feel so cold

You are not alone in all that you're going through
With this distance now, this broken ground
We could fake to send her back in the streets we knew
But I don't know how, I don't know how

Where the young go
Where the young go
Where the young go
Where the young go

I can hardly have a thought when the snow is new
There's a distant call, calls you on
You can take the long walk back down the avenue
And you feel so cold, you feel so cold

Where the young go
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Where the young go
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