

Silverchair "After All These Years"

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SILVERCHAIR

After All These Years

Breathe in the night
That crusted tired sunrise
Born again the day
Brings young naivety

A laptop souvenir is worth the weight
In silver a golden son
You'll be home again
And I'll be home again

Mend in my sleep
I'm boxing under water
Waddle on the wake
Waking on the summer day (a summer day)

After all these years
Forget about all the troubled times
And after all these years
Forget about all the troubled times

And every father's pain
Casts a shadow over a broken son
You'll be whole again
And I'll be whole again

Munificent, artless and ascetic
Playing like a scared
Enthusiastic pawn

After all these years
Forget about all the troubled times
And after all these years
Forget about all the troubled times (the troubled times
)

All those years
I was hurting to feel
Something more than life

All those years
After all these years
Forget about all the troubled times
And after all these years
Forget about all the troubled times (the troubled times
)

All those years
I was hurting to feel
Something more than life

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