

## Slow Club "Come On Youth"

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One final trip on to the coast  
To see the sea, and its host  
I had to stop my lips from making  
The most of foreign sounds

With one road in and one road out  
I never thought to pray for drought  
But even if I did  
I'd be talking to bones in the ground  
Because you're just a myth

And the chance you've killed the choir  
And the boy set him self on fire  
Come on youth, don't give in  
Like the very last bowling pin

Do you love to regret,  
Or forgive and forget?  
If you're going to forget it all  
Cold is comfort  
Comfort is cold  
This is cold

Fade back into the wallpaper  
And think about  
What you've done to her  
Don't cry yourself to sleep now  
It's a reaction at least

These satellites don't care for subtle moves  
As we push through knee-high waste seafood  
Picking up silver and gold  
From some flooded trophy room  
And you're just a myth

And the chance you've killed the choir  
And the boy set him self on fire  
Come on youth, don't give in  
Like the very last bowling pin

Do you love to regret,  
Or forgive and forget?

If you're going to forget it all  
Cold is comfort  
Comfort is cold  
Yes it's cold  
Oh it's cold  
Yes it's cold

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