The Mono Jacks "We're All Getting Older"

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On a race to nowhere, On a crazy ride, Fight the fire with fire Searching for the light

Land without borders
Like the promise land,
We are tired of scouting
So come give us a hand

Aiming for perfection,
But we're losing sight,
Now all the angels are gone,
It's not so right.

We're all getting older Reaching out to God! (bis)

Aiming for perfection,
But we're losing sight,
Now all the angels are gone,
It's not so right.

We're all getting older Reaching out to God! (bis)

How much more we'll get along
How much more we will try
We'll be questioning everything
Till the end of time

On a race to nowhere
On a crazy ride
Now all the angels are gone

It's not so right

We're all getting older Reaching out to God! (bis)

> We're all alike As we are One. (bis)

We're all getting older Reaching out to God! (bis)

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