

## **Dead 60s, The "A Different Age"**

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You don't wanna cross me or try to get in my way  
We'll give them back their glossy scheme and end that  
holiday  
The thought of violence a relief the action brings you  
grief  
There's crooked walks on tilting floors  
It's been like this for years

All this time I never knew  
You're reading from a different page X2  
Or just the same page, in a different age

This suits you down to the ground  
I bet you've met your goals  
We'll counteract the words beyond we keep no  
Track of scores  
Caught up in an empty high could you identify  
Stories of a conquest only seen in a mind's eye

All this time I never knew  
You're reading from a different page X2  
Or just the same page, in a different age

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