

## The Dictators

### "Latchkey Kids"

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Night crawls on old San Juan  
No person is missing, no one knows I'm gone  
I'm full of fire, never been better, never been higher  
Both butcher and the baker shake like earthquake  
Never felt faker I'm gonna watch the smoke slip into  
the sky

We are the remnant of the latchkey kids  
Assumed to pick up rules but we never ever did  
We were running out of mind just to help us unwind  
We would run into the field to find the things that were  
real

Digging tunnels through the sand  
Hold the earth within our hand  
Spend the night inside a dream  
Moving earth and changing things

We would run out to the field to hide the things that  
were real

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