

The Dead 60s

"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

Chorus:

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

Chorus

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