

## Maccabees, The "Young Lions"

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Roses in the car  
Roses in the car  
Bony saddle, bony street  
Corrugated iron sheet  
This bed is not concrete  
This bed in which you sleep  
Flesh is flesh til blood runs cold  
And blood is blood, so I am told

Your carbon makes a star  
Your carbon makes a star  
And after all, that's all we are  
After all, that's all we are  
That's all we are  
That's all we are  
That's all we are

All these young men, these young lions  
All these young men, these young lions

You don't know if it's true  
Or if to believe in you  
There are tunnels through the stone  
Where weaker hearts have made a home

Their roses in a car  
Their roses in a car  
And after all that's all we are  
After all that's all we are  
And isn't it bizarre  
The adults that we are  
Still playing  
Follow the leader

Body don't break  
Body don't break  
Body don't break  
Til broken  
Body gonna make  
Body gonna make  
Body gonna make

Another body  
Don't want to be the last to leave.

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