

## Young London

### Angels & Airwaves

I'm not the one to complain of bad dreams  
It's like disease, but without a life  
It's all a scene with this great directive  
That we're all lost and we're stuck in time  
We feel alone in a strange blue ocean  
And we're all scared as death to die

I'm not the one to admit it's helpless  
I have a sense that we will be alright  
I wish for peace with electric silence  
To keep our hearts beating on our minds  
And we will see that we're all connected  
When we awake to the tunnel's light

Suit up, boys  
We're on vacation  
With endless stay and reservations  
Saddest girls  
Who will await while dying inside  
How will they get by?  
(x2)

Suit up, boys  
Let's ride, it's the weekend  
Get down, girls  
And dance with your best friend  
Show yourselves, and take what you ask for  
Let it go, no fights on the dancefloor  
(x4)

The night gets better, but wait, so wonderful  
They move together and dance so colourful  
And kiss like flowers that breathe with pheromones  
Song's get louder, it feels so natural