

I remember walking down the A406
Holding bags of mother sent cornflakes
Guessing somebody might have noticed
A little boy big head small ears
Whilst making a ballad through a Sunday mist
Sure we've all been there, done it
Prepare a little time to reminisce
On all that eventually fall into nothingness
Oh, all will be gone
After all
Before we all get to the knowing
All will be gone

I went back to where life seemed promising at first
Gambling on memory's lane
I tried a trip through all the pavements and fields
But I lost cause all had changed
Like the road I used to cross to school
Is now full of prostitutes
No wonder why the priest is dead
No wonder why the priest is dead
Oh brother, when did you get married?
Neighbours, where did you vanish to?
If it was to a wonderland,
Well, it's not known to my kind, mankind

All will be gone
After all
Before we all get to the knowing
All will be gone

And what about relationship?
What is it about relationships that we just don't get?
Here we are always thinking we've learnt
Only to get smacked and realize we are
But mere students of life
And feels like
We've been fighting a lost battle
To have always realize at the end on it all
It feels like
We've been thought to a royal banquet,
Just to be served a brew and a wretched floor
But I say
It doesn't matter anymore,
It doesn't matter
All because I'm here now
I can't go back, it's too late
And so I will get it all going
Whilst it all gets lost and gone.