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Maybe it stands to reason:
Boys set fire to the seasons.
They fight to beg, they try to be bigger than
The times will allow the times to be.
That's not to say
The Open Road or an open driveway
Will come to a view that suits us,
Or improves upon our purposes.
Something could be worse than this.
It's true: you're the one I came for.
Two people, they couldn't agree more.
Just my luck...
Who goes there?
'Friend of a Friend' again.
It's true: you're the one I came for.
Two people, they couldn't agree more.
Just my luck...
Who goes there?
'Friend or Accomplice to Horrible Ends.'
This trellis you really didn't make;
Well if I can't pass through, then who?
The flowers surround us, the power's a plus.
But if I can't get through, then who will get through?
If I can't get through, then who will get through to you?
It's true: you're the one I came for.
Two people, they couldn't agree more.
Just my luck...
Who goes there?
'Friend of a Friend' again.
It's true: you're the one I came for.
Two people, they couldn't agree more.
Just my luck...
Who goes there?
'Friend or Accopmplice to Horrible Ends.'
Byproduct of yesterday's trades, he is
Byproduct of yesterday's trades, he is
Byproduct of yesterday's trades, he is
Byproduct of yesterday's trades
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