

A little violence  
A little thunder  
Old me is better now  
Off in the distance  
We used to climb  
The wall in the garden  
To get the ball from Mr. Harding

Now I'm just like you  
Hanging out with the dead end blues  
How do I forget about you  
Hanging out with the dead end blues

I'm dreaming of another life  
Where the good girls cry  
I'm going to Mexico to get a butterfly knife  
I'm dreaming of another life  
Where we left behind  
Everything that kept us in the place  
We swore we never die  
I'm dreaming of another life

A ten pack of regal  
And empty lager cans  
In the car park and needles  
Can I forget about you  
You bring me down with the dead end blues  
How do I forget about you  
Strung me out with the dead end blues

I'm dreaming of another life  
Where the good girls cry  
I'm going down to Mexico to get a butterfly knife  
I'm dreaming of another life  
Where the wrong girls right  
I'm going down to make sure she's not crazy  
Or staying up all night  
I'm dreaming of another life

I'm dreaming of another life  
Where the good girls cry  
I'm going to Mexico to get a butterfly knife  
I'm dreaming of another life  
Where we left behind  
Everything that kept us in the place  
We swore we never die  
I'm dreaming of another life