

## Sixteen

### Funeral for a Friend

Waltzing daydream serenade  
Preaching god and country like lines on a telegraph  
Seems like we all want to be  
So very different but nothing changes

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one

We all end up like magazines  
Crumpled up discarded, catalogued, forgotten  
Read the pages that are free  
Living something careless  
Just sixteen all over

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Cause we're all alone  
We're all alone  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Beating hearts against a tide

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
Beating hearts against a tide of one  
We're all alone  
We're all alone  
Beating hearts against a tide of one