

# Children Of The Grounds

Midlake

There were too many years  
Under spells awry  
As the fortune appears  
It begins to die  
So I've come here to wait  
For the end of it all  
Till I'm gone from here  
I'm gone from here

Children of the grounds  
Are making warring sounds  
For those outside  
With no care for time  
They're full of love for life

Mother calling out  
To bring the end around  
We weren't quite done  
She blames it on the sun

We're raised in a town  
Where they jump on your back and sing  
Leave an imprint on your shoulder blades  
Wanna walk away