

# Argonauts

## The Little Ones

Oh, where've you been with that fist so full of cracks?  
As we transcend, but we're making plans and we're on our own to  
night  
Blame it on the Argonauts and the still of the fallen nights  
Don't you wish that we were back again?

Lay down your swoon, there's a scratch upon my back  
Yeah, these are growing days that hustle for the chance to get  
it right  
Out on my perch now, where voices crackle all around  
Spitting sentences for hours and hours

You ought to kick and scream  
For every fallen dream, there's a hard knock on the door  
Like stones, yeah we'll never move to shore

Wake from your sleep in a town that slaps right back  
Do you hear the feet-trampling coming around the bend?  
I think we'll make it out, I think I hear the latest sound  
Now we're falling on our knees tonight

You ought to kick and scream  
For every fallen dream, there's a hard knock on the door  
Like stones, yeah we'll never move to shore

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