

## The Field

### Casualties of Cool

Young boy on the sun  
The game has begun  
Feel that the pressure is on  
The outcome is dear  
From the saddle? to here  
Run, run, hustle, and run  
And if he falls  
God help us all  
The bend? is opening there?  
We're all just kids  
Trying to belong  
Out for a breathe of fresh air  
The fields are uneven  
The players still small  
The ball goes right over our heads  
Me I'm in the background  
Playing with daisies  
Dreaming of days  
Spent in bed  
We're all just kids  
Walking it off  
As we run, run, hustle, and fall  
There he spends the whole ride home crying  
Their hands are frozen through to the bone  
Me In the backseat watching the world pass me  
Playing with the tube? in the dust  
But we're all just kids  
Making a mess  
As we run, run, hustle and fall  
Oh we fall