

## Young Love

Coheed and Cambria

4 AM blank TV screen  
Inside voice, the need to scream  
The boards they creek  
The wood it moans  
If these walls could share the things they know  
Oh, I had to let you go  
Leave you alone, this broken home

You gave us so much  
You believed in us  
And we broke your trust  
We made for the coast  
And in the wrong hands  
You were bruised, disposed...  
Oh, please try and understand  
It was Young Love  
Learning its place, running away

Goodnight moon, goodnight Earth  
This picture screams a thousand words  
This portrait shows an unhappy man  
Who did all he could, all he can

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Learning its place, running away

Away  
Running away  
Away  
Running away  
Away  
Running away