

twenties

Coleman Hell

Let's stay forever young
Or die trying
We were just twenty-one
The times fly

When we feel low, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
We can hide, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
When we feel low, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
We can hide, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah

If we make it out our twenties alive
I swear I'll fucking bury you
If we make it out, if we make it out

Someday we'll both be gone
Let's stop waiting
Tonight, we'll fall in love
My heart's racing

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Déjà vu, we're doing, you and me we started shit like
Thousand times before we, far before we hit euphoria
All your friends say they can't, the can't recognize you no more
But they ain't know of half of, half of what we been through, i
ssues
After issues, this vanity fair's so fair, whether only reason w
e fight
The hate fuck feels better, only reason we love to hate, but we
'd never
Make or wake up like it should happen in your maker
Always like a fugitive but I know I'm no Clyde
And you not Bonnie, baby, if I came to die
We go about a-blazing over, raise the white flag is waving