

Under The Pavement- The Beach

Deportees

I feel sure
I've been here before
So I kissed my ugly gang goodbye
Walked out the door
I'll start the love
If you give me a go
I'm not fine
Waiting in line

Put the changes Put the changes On me
Under Pavements Under Pavements The Beach

I feel bored
Just like my friend
We talked about the wasted years
And how we'd pretend
That the changes would come

Put the changes Put the changes On me
Under Pavements Under Pavements The Beach

What if I die here? What if I remain?
It's not tasting like it used to do
It's not feeling the same
I saw a crack in the concrete
I saw a new rose
I look fine with the wind in my hair

Put the changes Put the changes On me
Put the changes Put the changes On me
Under Pavements Under Pavements The Beach
Under Pavements Under Pavements The Beach