

Lay Low

Fiddlehead

In a wasteland of adolescence
I can feel the grievance
Of a youth spent on the wrong kid
Who never knew the meaning
To live a life in the now, or
Hold on to friends, somehow

Now shivering. Now singing
About the chill of youth leaving

So
Lay low: when they seem cold
Lay low: when you see them go
Lay low: to their fields of gold

Watch your kids grow - see them leave home
In a breeze without ease, feel your throat choke
Watch your friends go - see your hair grow
Black to grey in a day and see yourself old
Its too much for me
I gotta lay low