

## 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