

1, 2, 3, 4

Sitting on the old bridge catching all the shellfish
They all think we're selfish but they don't understand
The way we feel
Casting ancient magic, nothing is real
A crescent in the water, we seal the deal
Eating our bad habits with one big meal

Sitting on the old bridge, the sky is painted dark red
Running from the cool kids, 'cause they don't understand
The way we feel
Nothing is real
Nothing is real
Nothing is real