

Youth

Morning Parade

Sit and wish the world would settle down
Sit and hope the silence in your heart would drown
Writing lists of all the things unsaid
And wasting days by spending them in bed

With your youth and your time
And your bruises and bites
With your airs and your graces
Oh c'mon kid, you'll let it all go to waste

So find the cure that's feeding your design
The antidote that keeps your poison out of mind
Cos' sticks and stones they never broke your bones
They lit the burning fire in your soul

With your youth and your time
And your bruises and bites
With your airs and your graces
Oh c'mon kid, you'll let it all go to waste

Cut your heart in two
Half for me and half for you
Pull your inside out
Take yourself the long way around

Cos' you are so untrue

With your youth and your time
And your bruises and bites
With your airs and your graces
Oh c'mon kid, you'll let it all go to waste