

The Marching Band

Sorry

Down the street there's a marching band
Next to me there's a clarinet
I hold on like a beat to the drum
I laugh along
Will I laugh along?

So don't go cold on me, me
So don't go old on me, me

In the street there's a lullaby
A thousand people sing as one tonight
On the pavement all the girls look so young
And all the boys lookin' like their father's son

Maybe they'll go cold on me, me
Maybe they've grown old on me, me

And in the air the birds flew by
The red sky, I think I'll cry tonight
I feel heard (Ha, ha, ha, ha)
I laugh and cry

So before you go
Tell me what word that I don't know
Before the curtains close
Tell the band to play a song that I don't know
And we can dance as the light glows, to and fro