

Hard to be Young

Strand of Oaks

It began, it was a beautiful day
Two Hands, Two Feet
We grabbed everything, we liked to eat
You grabbed the crackers, I grabbed the pop
We found a tree, then we shut up

It's a lonely time to be young
It's a lonely time

Then it was night, we heard the sound of machines
You started crying, I cracked another pop
There was screeching and searching
Screeching and searching
They're looking for us

It's a lonely time to be young
It's a lonely time

It's a window, a window, a window, a window

So we left, our wonderful tree
Two hands, Two feet
And the searchlights found both of us
You went first, I started to run

It's a lonely time to be young
It's a lonely time

Cornfields, Indiana breeze
It's hard to fight, when you're against machines
Cornfields, Indiana breeze
It's a window...
It's a window...

Two hands, two feet
Two hands, two feet
Two hands, two feet
Two hands...