

## A Different Age

The Dead 60s

You don't wanna cross me or try to get in my way  
We'll give them back their glossy scheme and end that  
holiday  
The thought of violence a relief the action brings you  
grief  
There's crooked walks on tilting floors  
It's been like this for years

All this time I never knew  
You're reading from a different page  
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You're reading from a different page  
Or just the same page  
In a different age

This suits you down to the ground, I bet you've met your  
goals  
We'll counteract the words beyond we keep no track of  
scores  
Caught up in an empty high could you identify  
Stories of a conquest only seen in a mind's eye

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