The Early November

So here's a story of a kid who had it all Who almost lost touch but found control Yeah she was talking that break it on her own She was just like...

I feel like a kid again
I feel like a kid again
on my way back home
Leaving a skill that stripped my soul

We were on top of a wounded plane
But if we jumped off you would all just fly away
So forget our faces
When we hit ground on a solid front
You would drop bombs and just watch us try and run
And get on our races.

so now I know my way back and up again to find the lines to make me sound like him and if I break I'll glue the seat again and it's just like...

I feel like a kid again
I feel like a kid again
on my way back home
Teaching a skill that strips the soul

We were on top of a wounded plane
But if we jumped off you would all just fly away
So forget our faces
When we hit ground on a solid front
You would drop bombs and just watch us try and run
And get on our races.

I feel like a kid again
as a criminal
I feel like a kid again