

## Sarajevo

The Hoosiers

We were the lucky few.  
A luck we soon outgrew,  
And now instead we drift again.  
How I miss Sarajevo.

Oh we were lost at sea,  
A pause for thought, the we  
Slip beneath the foam and fall  
Down to the seabed.

Good times die young,  
For the Faraway Kids on the run.  
Nowhere to hide.  
The Faraway Kids.  
The Faraway Kids.

At night, my soul sets sail  
In minute detail.  
When I wake, I cry. For I  
I have lost Sarajevo.

Oh, the charges lacked all proof,  
And failed to light the fuse  
For the Little Brutes,  
But I forsook Sarajevo.

Good times die young,  
For the Faraway Kids on the run.  
Nowhere to hide.

I can't outrun  
The terrible things I have done.  
I can't outrun  
The Faraway Kids.  
The Faraway Kids.