

1967

yeule

Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Listen to the voices spit out all the grime
In my mama's satin dress, staring at the train line
Nurse said I was better, discharged on Monday night
Just kill me
Then, I sold Kate a Val', so I stayed till late July

He told me, "Meet on Sunday and take the Northern line"
I wish they didn't draft boys, boys who want to die
Boys who want to die
Boys who want to die

He tells me, "It's all broken," so I don't have to fight
Are you coming with me?
Wipe his diamond tears from the make-up that he cried
He's always so far away
Dressed like it's the 60s, he looks so fucking fly
He looks so fucking fly
But when they shaved his head, he cried and cried and cried

He told me, "Meet on Sunday and take the Northern line"
I wish they didn't draft boys, boys who want to die

Want to die
Where did you go
Go, go away?

Boys who want to, boys who want to, to, to, boys who want to die

Listen to the voices spit out all the grime
In my mama's satin dress, staring at the train line

Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah