

You Make Dying Fun

Young Summer

From the moment the memories started
We get closer, closer to the secret garden
A little jealous of the dearly departed
Life looks easy from a tomb

Hovering above a broken hearted wasteland
You're in color you're the only one that's dancing
Everyone is apathetic coping with the anesthetic
Together, we're immune

While everybody else is on the run
If we're dying can we make it fun?
Is life a joke is on the tip of our tongues
You and I can make dying fun
We're turning into stars

Is this real or my imagination?
Laying here among the palms and sweet salvation
A long vacation or a twinkle in my eye in the sky with you

While everybody else is on the run
If we're dying can we make it fun?
Is life a joke is on the tip of our tongues
You and I can make dying fun

Two hearts to lay, fading away
What if we stay, two hearts to lay
Two hearts to lay, fading away

While everybody else is on the run
If we're dying can we make it fun?
Is life a joke is on the tip of our tongues
You and I can make dying fun
We're turning into stars now
We're turning into stars
Turning into stars now
Turning into stars now