

## 20th Century

Brad

Well, I'm swearing to God.  
Yeah, I'm so nervous.  
I cannot feel anything,  
Save the tips of my fingers.  
Whenever comes.  
Just might not be the moment.  
Raise the roof, yeah, let's get out of this,  
My friends.

20th Century,  
My friends.  
My friends.  
Pay attention, y'all

To the signs.  
Pay attention to the questions.  
Let the energy rise to the moment.  
Yeah, that look in your eyes, no description,  
My friends.

20th Century,  
My friends.  
20th Century,  
My friends.  
20th Century,  
My friends.  
My friends.  
Just a little bit farther.