

Young London

Angels & Airwaves

I'm not the one to complain of bad dreams
It's like disease, but without a life
It's all a scene with this great directive
That we're all lost and we're stuck in time
We feel alone in a strange blue ocean
And we're all scared as death to die

I'm not the one to admit it's helpless
I have a sense that we will be alright
I wish for peace with electric silence
To keep our hearts beating on our minds
And we will see that we're all connected
When we awake to the tunnel's light

Suit up, boys
We're on vacation
With endless stay and reservations
Saddest girls
Who will await while dying inside
How will they get by?
(x2)

Suit up, boys
Let's ride, it's the weekend
Get down, girls
And dance with your best friend
Show yourselves, and take what you ask for
Let it go, no fights on the dancefloor
(x4)

The night gets better, but wait, so wonderful
They move together and dance so colourful
And kiss like flowers that breathe with pheromones
Song's get louder, it feels so natural