

The Field

Casualties of Cool

Young boy on the sun
The game has begun
Feel that the pressure is on
The outcome is dear
From the addle? to here
Run, run, hustle, and run
And if he falls
God help us all
The bend? is opening there?
We're all just kids
Trying to belong
Out for a breathe of fresh air
The fields are uneven
The players still small
The ball goes right over our heads
Me I'm in the background
Playing with daisies
Dreaming of days
Spent in bed
We're all just kids
Walking it off
As we run, run, hustle, and fall
There he spends the whole ride home crying
Their hands are frozen through to the bone
Me In the backseat watching the world pass me
Playing with the tube? in the dust
But we're all just kids
Making a mess
As we run, run, hustle and fall
Oh we fall