

Young Chasers

Circa Waves

Not much of assets, not much of a problem
We're both standing still outside of the fence
Don't go too far

Make your mind up
And I'll chase you through the seats
The chase will wind up
I got blood on the soles of my feet

So I was young for only a heartbeat
We'll bite our tongues and sleep on the concrete
Don't waste my time

Make your mind up
And i'll chase you through the seats
The chase will wind up
I got blood on the soles of my feet