

Young Love

Coheed and Cambria

4 AM blank TV screen
Inside voice, the need to scream
The boards they creek
The wood it moans
If these walls could share the things they know
Oh, I had to let you go
Leave you alone, this broken home

You gave us so much
You believed in us
And we broke your trust
We made for the coast
And in the wrong hands
You were bruised, disposed...
Oh, please try and understand
It was Young Love
Learning its place, running away

Goodnight moon, goodnight Earth
This picture screams a thousand words
This portrait shows an unhappy man
Who did all he could, all he can

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Away
Running away
Away
Running away
Away
Running away