

When you get lost
And we're late for the evening show we still go
And when Helen said we're all but family
now that's dear to me

When you get out of the woods
Leave your clothes behind the wall
That time when your father stood and
Raised at my front door

Hold your breath and count to ten, we're
Losing touch, we're losing friends
But we're young
Yeah, we're young, you know we're still

When we get lost, and we'll
Meet by a corner stone and head home
and when those flowers by the road side, and you
Know what that means, they'll be the death of me

When you get out of the woods
Leave your clothes behind the wall
That time when your father stood and
Raised at my front door

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