

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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