

The Trial Of The Century

French Kicks

Wasn't having it all that day
Having thought I was there is fine
Don't know what can be hard to say, oh
That's a sign of a better time
You know now

The hours that go in front of me
Remind it how it used to be
And you down in the grass with me
The hours of choking century

I blame you
I thank you
I blame you

Wasn't fit to have you
But I will never run and hide
I don't feel so bad
And then I will not apologize

I am fit to hang
And in the falling rain
And I meant to make it out tonight

The hours that go in front of me
Remind it how it used be
And you down in the grass with me
The hours of choking century

I blame you
I thank you
I blame you

Yeah, you come to mind