

Kicking and Screaming

Funeral for a Friend

Growing up, around these streets
Never really felt quite like, like anything
Expect nothing, and have the chance
To really go somewhere, that you can't

My love is exploitation
Not a passing celebration
And I don't want to feel
Like a part of history

Gonna turn this town, upside down
Weekends on railway lines just to feel
Promises broken at a quarter past five
Burning fires on the railway hillsides

My love is exploitation
Not a passing celebration
And I don't want to feel
Like a part of history

And the grass is greener
On the other side
That's where I want to be
Somewhere that she can really see

We all go out like we come in
Kicking and screaming
We all go out like we come in
Kicking and screaming
We all go out like we come in
Kicking and screaming

My love is exploitation
Not a passing celebration
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That's where I want to be
Somewhere that she can really see