

Sixteen

Funeral for a Friend

Waltzing daydream serenade
Preaching god and country like lines on a telegraph
Seems like we all want to be
So very different but nothing changes

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one

We all end up like magazines
Crumpled up discarded, catalogued, forgotten
Read the pages that are free
Living something careless
Just sixteen all over

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Cause we're all alone
We're all alone
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Beating hearts against a tide

Young and defenceless, a waiting son at arms
Beating hearts against a tide of one
Beating hearts against a tide of one
We're all alone
We're all alone
Beating hearts against a tide of one