

## Last Day Of 1888

### Kids In The Way

Crowded streets and the memories of all the faces you see  
you don't know who I am when you're looking at me  
Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light  
In the center of the square, murder's breeding in the air  
We're all innocent.  
The shadow's playing with our eyes  
Sharpened tongues and the loaded guns of all the fortunate sons  
you're the jack, back in black, ripping air from our lungs  
I'd cut my heart out of my chest and attach it to my sleeve  
If I thought you'd think differently of me