

## Little Kids

## Kings of Convenience

Little kids playing in the park downtown  
Someone's dad is watching  
From the side of the ground  
I'm following my shadow so I cross the street  
Car passing stereo I like the beat

Open up the door  
Turning on the fan  
Dropping down the keys that I held in my hand  
And then start waiting for her steps  
To be heard in the staircase  
Enter the room and let down her bag  
Asking me all kinds of trivial questions  
Pretending an everyday life we don't have  
Pretending an everyday life we don't have  
Pretending an everyday life we don't have

Little kids playing in the park downtown  
Soon they'll be all gone as the sun goes down  
Little kids playing in the park downtown  
Soon they'll be all gone as the sun goes down  
And rises over, Brooklyn Bridge tomorrow  
Hours later I will follow  
Wake up to a life that's hollow without love  
Without love...  
Without love...