

American Idle

Less Than Jake

We were the kids from the cul-de-sacs
That got out somehow without looking back
It's over
It's over

We were the ones that grew up too fast
On the front porch steps when we still had friends
It's over
It's over

We were the kids who were laughing last
With big ideas and failed attempts
It's over
It's over

Repeat it now, repeat it with me

It's in the way
We can't explain
Why we were the ones who got away

It's in the way
These memories will fade
So we always keep them locked away
Lock them away

We were the kids who would scrape and save
And wait around for some better days
It's over
It's over

We were the kids that looked one-by-one
We said we would when we were young
It's over
Yeah, it's over

Repeat it now, repeat it with me

It's in the way
We can't explain
Why we were the ones who got away

It's in the way
These memories will fade
So we always keep them locked away

It's in the way
We slowly replace
The pieces we left in yesterday

Repeat it now, repeat it with me
Repeat it now, repeat it with me

It's in the way
We can't explain
Why we were the ones who got away

It's in the way
These memories will fade
So we always keep them locked away

It's in the way
We slowly replace
The pieces we left in yesterday

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