

When We Were Young

Living With Lions

I dreamt last night I was 9 years old again.
Rapid eyes refreshing, rusted road signs and winding streets.
I ran to the corner store, I haven't felt like this before.
I haven't felt like this in forever.
Everything is bigger, the sun shines so much brighter.
I see the good in everyone around me, until I wake up and realize what surrounds this city.
Face of an angel shot down in the streets, covered up feelings behind these punk rock beats.
This place is so big, tied up in to a place so small it will never remember you.

I remember anticipation wrapped up under a tree or waiting for the seasons to change.
I remember singing songs about nothing, but they meant everything.
All that's left is love, laughter and lightning storms.
I was just a shit, now I see my self in a vacuum that sucked the life right out of me.

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