

Children Of The Grounds

Midlake

There were too many years
Under spells awry
As the fortune appears
It begins to die
So I've come here to wait
For the end of it all
Till I'm gone from here
I'm gone from here

Children of the grounds
Are making warring sounds
For those outside
With no care for time
They're full of love for life

Mother calling out
To bring the end around
We weren't quite done
She blames it on the sun

We're raised in a town
Where they jump on your back and sing
Leave an imprint on your shoulder blades
Wanna walk away