

The Mayfly

Millencolin

Everything's complete,
the newly wed syndrome.
The mayfly hit the street,
everybody in plus.
Burnt out as can be,
watching you go home.
It's crystal clear to me,
you no longer need us.
It's OK, we'll come around.

Now there's nothing left for us,
we're packing up, saying goodbye.
To a place no one can trust.
To a scene based on a lie.
I truly hope we won't retreat.
The same mistake we won't repeat.
The bond was stabile as a shed.
Love is mutual, love is dead.

Everythin went great
with lot's of beginners luck.
The mayfly on a skate,
timing in perfection.
Bored out as can be,
monkey's getting stuck.
The four of us agreed,
we need to follow the action,
where ever that might be...

Here I go,
I'm tired about what all you say.
-Just one show, you owe it to the kids, so play!
That's all bull,
the main thing's that we're having fun!
Said and done, said and done,
I don't owe a shit to anyone.