

There was romance in the air for sure  
There was romance in the air  
When the autumn sunlight Sharmon Palms  
There was romance in the air  
Sitting on the steps  
Shit-head drunks  
We had a crew and we called it the skunks  
Punk rockers, skinhead, misfits and misunderstood kids  
Me and Ben we spent years  
By the park trees drinking beers  
When the center of the universe was a street called Sharmon Palms  
There was romance in the air for sure  
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Nah nah nah nah nah, nah nah nah nah nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah nah nah, nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah  
Youth was exhausted  
Some take it harder then most  
My best friend he crumbled and he withered away (withered away)  
I went back to the palm trees  
The safest place Ben could ever be  
Mixed his ashes with the dirt  
He'll be safe there Yeah!  
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