Folksong Crisis

Seafood

Walk hand in hand on roadsides clear Swift to understand, but not quite there But it's like they always say too much too soon Will get you in the end so what's new

Meet in stolen cars on woodland plains A view to a few a big mistake To trust in anything in anyone We'll catch up in the end let's move on Let's move on

Try to catch a glimpse too many screens Caught in the thought we can't compete But it's like they always say too much too soon (I told you I told you if I could) Will get you in the end so what's new (I told you I'll hold you if I could)

Lines to be drawn, I've got a system here complete to enjoy The start of something hard to reach that much is clear Too many questions asked before we could hear I hope your wretched town...

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