

Come On Youth

Slow Club

One final trip onto the coast
To see the sea at its host
I had to stop my lips from making
The most of foreign sounds

With one road in and one road out
I never thought to pray for drought
But even if I did
I'd be talking to bones in the ground

Because you're just a myth
Oh now Charles you've killed the choir
The boy set himself on fire
Come on youth, don't give in
Like the very last bowling pin

Do you love to regret
Or forgive and forget
If you're gonna forgive at all
Cold is comfort, comfort is cold

Fade back into the wallpaper
And think about what you've done to her
Don't cry yourself to sleep now
It's a reaction at least
These satellites don't care for subtle moves
As we push through knee-high waste seafood
Picking up silver and gold
From some flooded trophy room

Oh now you're just a myth
Oh now Charles you've killed the choir
The boy set himself on fire
Come on youth, don't give in
Like the very last bowling pin

Do you love to regret
Or forgive and forget
If you're gonna forgive at all
Cold is comfort, comfort is cold
Yes it's cold
Yes it's cold
Yes it's cold