

## 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