

Bright Young Things

The Crookes

Who cares if they think that fragile youth's too kitchen sink?
Set hard times in ink.
Why would you say my days are through when I'm thinking of you?
If you doubt us then you'll find... we'll leave you behind.

Faceless crowds will sing in lazy praise of bright young things
.
Let their words sink in.
Why would you say my head's a mess?
You know I couldn't care less.
By the time we leave this hole, we'll see their heads roll.

Hearts are burning... we'll all flee this town
It won't drag us down again.

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