## **A Different Age**

## The Dead 60s

You don't wanna cross me or try to get in my way We'll give them back their glossy scheme and end that holiday
The thought of violence a relief the action brings you

grief

There's crooked walks on tilting floors It's been like this for years

All this time I never knew
You're reading from a different page
All this time I never knew
You're reading from a different page
Or just the same page
In a different age

This suits you down to the ground, I bet you've met your goals

We'll counteract the words beyond we keep no track of scores

Caught up in an empty high could you identify Stories of a conquest only seen in a mind's eye

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