

Sarajevo

The Hoosiers

We were the lucky few.
A luck we soon outgrew,
And now instead we drift again.
How I miss Sarajevo.

Oh we were lost at sea,
A pause for thought, the we
Slip beneath the foam and fall
Down to the seabed.

Good times die young,
For the Faraway Kids on the run.
Nowhere to hide.
The Faraway Kids.
The Faraway Kids.

At night, my soul sets sail
In minute detail.
When I wake, I cry. For I
I have lost Sarajevo.

Oh, the charges lacked all proof,
And failed to light the fuse
For the Little Brutes,
But I forsook Sarajevo.

Good times die young,
For the Faraway Kids on the run.
Nowhere to hide.

I can't outrun
The terrible things I have done.
I can't outrun
The Faraway Kids.
The Faraway Kids.