

Lovers Who Uncover

The Little Ones

Where do all the lovers meet with one another,
In an effort to uncover what has happened to their salad days?
The sprite ones on the corner, dream of something warmer
A semblance of their old ways, what has happened to our handmade days?

Oh no!

Way back when, we were the latest around
We lined and we painted this town
Their faces are green and they don't know what they've done.

We can pull a map out detailing the direct route
Young ones grow anxious to proclaim their advances to the fray
If you don't wake up and the truth never comes up
We will never have our old way; we will never have a right of way

Oh no!

Way back when, we were the latest around
We lined and we painted this town
Their faces are green and they don't know what they've done.

Won't you show us where your heart is?