Young Lions

The Maccabees

Roses in the car Roses in the car Bony saddle, bony street Corrugated iron sheet This bed is not concrete This bed in which you sleep Flesh is flesh til blood runs cold And blood is blood, so I am told

Your carbon makes a star Your carbon makes a star And after all, that's all we are After all, that's all we are That's all we are That's all we are That's all we are

All these young men, these young lions All these young men, these young lions

You don't know if it's true Or if to believe in you There are tunnels through the stone Where weaker hearts have made a home

Their roses in a car Their roses in a car And after all that's all we are After all that's all we are And isn't it bizarre The adults that we are Still playing Follow the leader

Body don't break Body don't break Body don't break Til broken Body gonna make Body gonna make Body gonna make Another body Don't want to be the last to leave