

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