

Arena

The Skids

It's gross this loss of jaded sanity
Days are found recalling vanity

The guise the poise serving solitude
Days are found plating gratitude

Arena, I seen her misdemeanour, in the corner
Mural watching children screaming
Running running running running running run

The face, the grace of this attitude
Make mistakes onto platitudes

The race, the case the boys are innocent
These mistakes buy new testaments

Arena, I seen her misdemeanour, in the corner
Mural watching children screaming
Noble watchmen guard the children
Mural watching children screaming
Running running running running running run

All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh
All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh
All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh