

We Used To Protest/Gamble

To Kill a King

She sings songs 60 years old 40 years too late
Resounding voice down our estate
It's only when she asks of you, finds herself come unglued
Oh my singer missing screws
Never knew you as this man, just a boy cap in hand
Take me out in borrowed shoes

If we'd grown old together
If we'd grown old together

Eyes might age and places fade
Skin gets thicker but I hope, I hope, I hope we'll feel the same
Gambling

She sings songs 60 years old 40 years too late
Resounding voice down our estate
They would stand side by side, placards pinched in their fists
Staring dead across the picket lines
How he'd cup a cigarette, saying 'I know we'll get there yet'
And I knew we would stood with you

If we'd grown old together
If we'd grown old together

Eyes might age and places fade
Skin gets thicker but I hope, I hope, I hope we'll feel the same
Gambling

She sings songs 60 years old 40 years too late
You can see it in her face
So I put you on a train going Sheffield to Boston
You find work, I'll work right here
Never knew you as a man, just a boy cap in hand
And your kisses were free

If we'd grown old together
If we'd grown old together

Eyes might age and places fade
Skin gets thicker but I hope, I hope, I hope we'll feel the same
Gambling

If we'd grown old together
If we'd grown old together

Eyes might age and places fade
Skin gets thicker as our bodies wrinkle
Hair fall out as our ideas falter
Kingdoms crumble but I hope, I hope, I hope we'll get the same
Gambling