

# Jump Little Children, First To Feel Like This

We are bored and pretty  
We are bruised and perfect  
Caught in the eyes of someone who is just like

We are the center of it all  
We are a big production  
Under the lights that catch our breath

We are the color  
And the blush fading into black  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

We're the first to feel like this  
We're the first to steal this kiss  
We're the first to feel like this  
And it slips away, away, away, away

We are sons and daughters  
We are barely breathing  
Giving it all away just to stand alone

We are far away from home  
We are poor and priceless  
Spending our days like so much loose change

We are the money  
And the show, paid to look the part  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

We're the first to feel like this  
We're the first to steal this kiss  
We're the first to feel like this  
And it slips away, away, away, away

We are the ones who were born with the right to lose it all  
All to lose...

We are the money  
And the show, paid to look the part  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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