

Kings Of Convenience, Little Kids

Little kids playing in the park downtown
Someone's dad is watching
From the side of the ground
I'm following my shadow so I cross the street
Car passing stereo I like the beat

Open up the door
Turning on the fan
Dropping down the keys that I held in my hand
And then start waiting for her steps
To be heard in the staircase
Enter the room and let down her bag
Asking me all kinds of trivial questions
Pretending an everyday life we don't have
Pretending an everyday life we don't have
Pretending an everyday life we don't have

Little kids playing in the park downtown
Soon they'll be all gone as the sun goes down
Little kids playing in the park downtown
Soon they'll be all gone as the sun goes down
And rises over, Brooklyn Bridge tomorrow
Hours later I will follow
Wake up to a life that's hollow without love
Without love...
Without love...