

# Liquido, Play Some Rock

Longing for the schoolyard  
Reaching for the scenes  
Reminded by the songs that will never disappear  
Random like the infants  
Outdated like the old  
Lying there in aimlessness listening to the cure  
Doing some rehearsal  
Exercising in the cold  
Lowering the standart  
For the six-string never rolled  
Whistling at the girls  
And saving for the fuel  
Making plans and knock, knock, knock on wood

Play some rock  
Play some rock  
Please don't stop  
Coming home, coming home(x2)

Sentenced by our faults  
That we were to make in time  
Pleasently aware  
Of our solitude in mind  
Saved me from the boredom  
Of what we disavowed  
Encouraged by the sound  
That was the sweetest one of all  
Admiring your senses  
Infected by your tongue  
Defenceless I believed  
That we'd face anything to come  
You innocently told me  
You'd catch me when I fall  
And solemnly we'd knock, knock, knock on wood

Play some rock  
Play some rock  
Please don't stop  
Coming home, coming home(X2)

I'm not the only one, I'm not the only one...

Play some rock  
Play some rock  
Please don't stop  
Coming home, coming home(X2)