

The Submarines, Fern Beard

In the beginning, we all start as a tiny seed, then a tender sprout
With water, light and the hope of love,
We grow up towards the skies above
The streets of our towns like garden rows
That reach so high in the cities glowed
With climbing vines and tendrils strong
The sun comes up and the sun goes down
We're gonna take this town back
We're gonna take this town back