

We The Living, 75 And 17

This city life and all
The lights are fading
Thought I'd feel the light
but all I feel's sedated.
The city life's about to swallow me whole
I thought I'd write ya
Using, using a pen and paper
Making barstrokes and you'll think
You'll think I'll forget ya
Is there a place for us?
Is there a place for us?
This city life will swallow all of me
I'm 75 I was just 17

And late at night when all the
walls are spinning
I remember time and time again
That I forget ya
The city life's about to swallow me whole
I start a new life in the
Saddest season
This city life's got no rhyme or reason
Is there a place for us?
Is there yeah?
I'll always want you to want me the way I want you everyday
I want to tell you you're beautiful
And kiss you so you can't say a thing
I'm 75, I'm 75, I'm 75 I was just 17

Is there a place for us?
Is there, yeah?
Well it swallowed me and it swallowed all of me
I'm 75, I'm 75, I'm 75 I was just 17.