

Commuter, Young Hearts

Try to make it last,
Nothing you can do,
In a photograph,
The innocence you thought you'd lost is staring back at you.
Wo-ooh..

Young hearts beat fast,
Driving down the road.
Rubber, plastic, metal, glass.
Why did you have to go?
Young hearts die young,
When they are all alone and there is no turning back now.

There is no turning back.

There is no turning back.

Knowing where you're bound,
It's coming in to you.
Then you turn around,
The innocence you thought you'd lost is now caught up to you.
Oooh, oooh, oooh..

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Time enough to live,
Never time to die.
All you had to give,
Taken by the one you loved and given to a lie.
Why?

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Wa-ha-hau..

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