

Die Happy, It's All Over

Pockets full of frogs and broken toys
fishing with the boys
my hair in braids
selling flowers on the dusty street
yeah, I was really sweet
I loved to play
laughing, running,
hiding in the fields
chasing butterflies
telling little lies

NOW IT'S ALL OVER
NOTHING FEELS THE SAME
AND I DON'T LIKE IT
I WANT IT BACK AGAIN

Pockets full of keys and credit-cards
a chain of broken hearts
no time for games
painting pictures on my weary face
I miss the good old days
it's such a shame
working, running
trying to make a stand
missing butterflies
still telling lies