

# Funeral For A Friend, Kicking And Screaming

Growing up  
Around these streets  
Never really felt quite like  
Like anything

It's where nothing  
Has a chance  
To really go somewhere  
That you can't

My love is exploitation  
And the passing celebration  
And I don't want to feel  
Like a part of history

Going through this town  
Upside down  
Weekends are railway rides  
Just a few  
Promises broken  
At quarter past five  
Burning fires  
On the railway hillsides

My love is exploitation  
And the passing celebration  
And I don't want to feel  
Like a part of history

And the grass is greener  
On the other side  
It's where I wanna be  
Somewhere that she can really see

We all go out like we come in  
Kicking and screaming

We all go out like we come in  
Kicking and screaminggg

We all go out like we come innn  
Kicking and screamingggg!

My love is exploitation  
And the passing celebration  
And I don't want to feel  
Like a part of history

And the grass is greener  
On the other side  
It's where I wanna be  
Somewhere that she can really see