

Ookla The Mok, Haydn Seek

Leaving behind the safe dark hiding place of the past
And treading warily out into the harsh daylight of now
I'm coming to find you ... I'm coming to find you
But I've been looking for something for so long now
But then when I look at you
Something in that open honest grown-up smile
frightens me terribly wonderfully
And we retreat once more into the haven
of irresponsibility and immaturity
And we are reduced once more to the awkward language of childhood
You walked right by me, I was right behind the hair, inside the clothes
Don't you get scared out here in the dark?
I know I would I mean I guess I am kinda but maybe if you hold my hand
I know it's sort of queer and all us both being big kids now and all
It's just that everytime I start to look I find you I thought
I know we're much too old you know but maybe this time I thought
And we are reduced once more to the awkward language of childhood
Grow up
Act your age
Don't be such a baby
Baby you're it