

PAPA, Young Rut

Don't look for me and all you see are memories
'Cause it's there
Bet that you'll find it, all your friends like enemies

I know you're scared for your mother
And you're scared for your father
But it's just your turn to run
I know you're scared for your mother
And you're scared for your father
But it's just your turn to run

Let go your hands and throw the ashes out the window
I'm just as sick of this place as you are
So come on, let's go

All you see are memories
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Don't know what I want but oh, Lord, I
I want it bad
Keeps me up all night, it keeps me so goddamn mad
Restless heart and impatient mind
Keeps me so far away from a better kind

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