

Raine Maida, Yellow Brick Road

I remember the days when we talked for hours
And we were young; we thought we had superpowers
We kissed the sky, expanded our minds, thought we could fly
We were dreamers, and we'd never die
We were young punks but we showed potential
Us against the world, we weren't sentimental
We weren't our problems, our age or our paychecks
And we weren't taking anybody's shit

If I knew now what I knew then, I'd
Back up do it all again, I'd
Take a bow, take it real slow
Take a ride down the yellow brick road

Knew now what I knew then, I'd
Back up do it all again, I'd
Take a bow, take it real slow
Take a ride down the yellow brick road

Come on, come on rise up
Come on, come on rise up
Come on, come on rise

The winters were cold but we had your parents basement
This underground was for sinners and we embraced it
Magic pills, fairy tales, Syd Barrett's ghost
Oh we'd all get on that spaceship
We measured our lives in coffee spoons
And those Friday nights quickly turned into Sunday afternoons
We want our money, our muscles or our regrets
We were having a mere life experience

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