

Seafood, Folksong Crisis

Walk hand in hand on roadsides clear
Swift to understand, but not quite there
But it's like they always say too much too soon
Will get you in the end so what's new

Meet in stolen cars on woodland plains
A view to a few a big mistake
To trust in anything in anyone
We'll catch up in the end let's move on
Let's move on

Try to catch a glimpse too many screens
Caught in the thought we can't compete
But it's like they always say too much too soon
(I told you I told you if I could)
Will get you in the end so what's new
(I told you I'll hold you if I could)

Lines to be drawn, I've got a system here complete to enjoy
The start of something hard to reach that much is clear
Too many questions asked before we could hear
I hope your wretched town...

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