

Silverchair, Cicada

When he was just a little boy,
He only had one favourite toy.
And he had nothing on his mind,
He never left anything behind.
No.

As he got older, things got worse,
Like he'd been born under a curse.
Things started to fall apart,
They weren't like they were at the start.
No, it's like a civil war.

Growing up,
It's like a civil war.
Don't turn away,
It's something you can't ignore.
Growing up,
It's like a civil war.

And now that he was in his teens,
He'd started to learn what life means.
Problems were still appearing,
They didn't look like disappearing.
No.

[Chorus]

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