

Suburban Kids With Biblical Names, Seems To Be

Lost track of what I had to get done
Not meeting anyone
Stuck in one place while the snowflakes all come down
Oh they're coming down
Yeah, they're coming down now

Poke fun at my incompetence
Doesn't make that much sense
My qualification shrinks as I'm getting old
As i'm getting old
As i'm getting older
All the while

Love seems to be on my mind
Seems to be all the time
This is the way I always start my songs
Singing and swinging along
Singing and swinging along, well

Oh no, that anonymous feeling is true
So vague and pale- that blue
Spending all my quality time with the tv
Is the last thing i should do
it's the last thing i should do

So long for respectable thoughts
I roam
Plus fourty four long distance call
Making me wish I was not here at home
Now tell me all about rome
Tell me all about rome

Love seems to be on my mind
Seems to be all the time
Oh what a lovely way to spend your life
Not needing anything
Just walk around and sing

I took a train
I took a plane
I had to get out of this place
And find my love
Where had she gone?
She was lost in all this stress
Why must I work when I can just travel the world and have fun?

I'm a young boy with a lot of things on my mind

Love seems to be on my mind
Seems to be all the time
This is the way i always end my songs
Singing and swinging along
Singing and swinging along

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