

The Dingeers, Latch Key Kids

Night crawls on old San Juan
No person is missing, no one knows I'm gone
I'm full of fire, never been better, never been higher
Both butcher and the baker shake like earthquake
Never felt faker I'm gonna watch the smoke slip into the sky

We are the remnant of the latchkey kids
Assumed to pick up rules but we never ever did
We were running out of mind just to help us unwind
We would run into the field to find the things that were real

Digging tunnels through the sand
Hold the earth within our hand
Spend the night inside a dream
Moving earth and changing things

We would run out to the field to hide the things that were real