

Youth Group, Shadowland

Released under watchful skies into a town
I didn't recognise
I was a tourist with no story, lost in this purgatory
Escaped the smell of chalk and shame,
pledged a classroom in my name
The PTA won't bless me and the yearbook will assess me
I walked down these familiar streets,
now filled with circus freaks
Your plans are as useful as a baby's hand -
there's no planning in shadow

Shadowland (x9)

I chased you round the chimney stacks, the burnt earth pressed into our backs
It was so dark I just don't know what I kissed and I couldn't even see what i missed
You walked me across freedom fields, my shadow was a forcefield
I want to float upon my memories, not sink into the gloaming seas
of

Shadowland (x20)

Weight loss, first frost, valium, sink fast
Life coach, guru, I turn and I find you