

Youth Group, The Frankston Line

The day is grey, don't love you anymore
The sun smiles on the red tiles, I don't love you anymore
The Frankston Line's full of teenage crime
And the cops can't do no more
Hooded topos, cigarettes at stops, I don't love you anymore

I'll leave you, I won't leave you
The sea's so beautiful

The council plans for seaside plans mean beauty writ of law
Views of seas in legalese, I don't love you anymore

I searched through your house for my skin
We end to begin
The sea dog will say it's alright
We'll be alright