

# 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 topes, 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