

Childhood

Beach House

beginning of the end
thought the harvest was my friend
the nature of that place
sends a sweet smell around my head
oh well
the hardest thing of all
the harboring of our lost
hiding all the time
we were cast out of everywhere
but not
last time
the last time i remember
the last time i remember
it was gone
how i want you know
how far else we will go
hand in hand let it low
all of our days in the slow
all our toys are dead
unraveled at the stairs
opened but who cares
whyyyyyyyyy

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