

A Different Age

The Dead 60s

You don't wanna cross me or try to get in my way
We'll give them back their glossy scheme and end that
holiday
The thought of violence a relief the action brings you
grief
There's crooked walks on tilting floors
It's been like this for years

All this time I never knew
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In a different age

This suits you down to the ground, I bet you've met your
goals
We'll counteract the words beyond we keep no track of
scores
Caught up in an empty high could you identify
Stories of a conquest only seen in a mind's eye

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