It’s cold down here

We’re struggling to stay on the straight and narrow

The rest is clear, how bittersweet the unknown

Goodnight my dear, goodnight my dear

20th century you mean so much to me

Tonight we’ll make it on our own.

And 20th century, you took so much from me

The final goodbyes are not our own.

And it’s us down here,

We’re guilty as charged, by our own admission

The end is near, how bittersweet the unknown

Goodnight my dear, goodnight my dear

20th century you mean so much to me

Tonight we’ll make it on our own.

And 20th century, you took so much from me

The final goodbyes are not our own.

Is this the way we thought we’d grow up, living like our father’s children

Is this the way we thought we’d walk, along the path of least resistance

Is this the way we saw the future, hanging like an awkward question

Is this the way we saw ourselves, smiling like the innocent

Is this the way we thought we’d emphasize the very point of living

Is this the way we thought we’d always terrorize our children’s future now

20th century you mean so much to me

Tonight we’ll make it on our own.

And 20th century, you took so much from me

The final goodbyes are not our own.

And it’s us down here,

We’re guilty as charged by our own admission

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