It’s cold down here

We are struggling to stay On the straight and narrow

The rest is clear A bittersweet ??? unknown

Goodnight my dear Goodnight my dear

Twentieth century It means so much to me

Tonight we’ll be on our own

Twentieth century It took so much from me

The final goodbyes are not our own

And it says down here

The village charged by our own admission

The end is near A bittersweet ??? unknown

Goodnight my dear Goodnight my dear

Twentieth century It means so much to me

Tonight we’ll be on our own

And twentieth century It took so much from me

The final goodbyes are not our own

Is this the way we thought we’ll ??? Living like our father’s children

Is this the way we thought we’d go Along a 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 parts of living

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

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