It’s cold down here

Struggling to stay on the straight and narrow

The rest is clear A bittersweet the unknown

Goodnight my dear Goodnight my dear

Twentieth century Gave me too much to me

Tonight who may on our own

Twentieth century It took so much from me

The final good byes are not our own

And it sits down here

Feeling is charged by our own ignition

The end is near A bittersweet the unknown

Goodnight my dear Goodnight my dear

Twentieth century Gave me too much to me

Tonight we meet on our own

And twentieth century It took so much from me

These final goodbyes are not our own

Is this the way that we thought we’d grow up Living like our fathers our children

Is this the way that we’d walk Along the path of least existence

Is this the way that we saw the future Hanging like an awkward question

Is this the way we saw ourselves Smiling like the innocent

Is this the way that we thought we’d emphasize para? Point of living

Is this the way that we’d always tell our lives to our children’s future

Twentieth century it means so much to me

Tonight we mate on our own

And twentieth century It took so much from me

Final goodbyes are not our own

And he sits down here

Feeling is charged by our own ignition

The end is near Bittersweet the unknown

Goodnight my dear Goodnight my dear

Twentieth century You mean so much to me

Tonight we meet on our own

And twentieth century It took so much from me

These final goodbyes are not our own

It’s cold down here