

A little violence
A little thunder
Old me is better now
Off in the distance
We used to climb
The wall in the garden
To get the ball from Mr. Harding

Now I'm just like you
Hanging out with the dead end blues
How do I forget about you
Hanging out with the dead end blues

I'm dreaming of another life
Where the good girls cry
I'm going to Mexico to get a butterfly knife
I'm dreaming of another life
Where we left behind
Everything that kept us in the place
We swore we never die
I'm dreaming of another life

A ten pack of regal
And empty lager cans
In the car park and needles
Can I forget about you
You bring me down with the dead end blues
How do I forget about you
Strung me out with the dead end blues

I'm dreaming of another life
Where the good girls cry
I'm going down to Mexico to get a butterfly knife
I'm dreaming of another life
Where the wrong girls right
I'm going down to make sure she's not crazy
Or staying up all night
I'm dreaming of another life

I'm dreaming of another life
Where the good girls cry
I'm going to Mexico to get a butterfly knife
I'm dreaming of another life
Where we left behind
Everything that kept us in the place
We swore we never die
I'm dreaming of another life