

Keep the shadows off, off my back
And my melodies on your tracks
Silly cinematic trouble on my mind
Lonesome is the road to leave it all behind

Remember what you did and never let it go
Keep it all inside and never say so
In your eyes you're still a child stealing stones
Look into the mirror, see you're getting old
Looking at each other, we are getting older

We are all famous, we are all golden to anyone these days
We are all ageless, we are all chosen to anyone these days
To nobody, to nobody one day

Just like a smiling crescent moon
Only a vision gone so soon
And I know I'm the worrying kind
And oh, I'm only trying, only trying to find

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