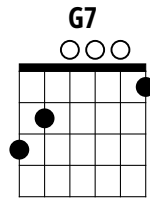


The Age of Cling

Telefís | A Dó (2022)



G7

There was a man
Who wanted to live outside of time
He lived
He worked
He slept
On a moving bus

Did it work
Or just hurt
We all want to know

Bunk bed
Clear head
Cling to
The "true" you

Sing, sing
Whistle and grin
Try not to think what peril you're in
Cling to your tribe
Your dream of your life

Move on and sing and cling

Just need to ride
And never arrive

The dates you missed
No longer apply
Sing, sing
Whistle and grin
All hail the Age of Cling

There was a woman
Who wanted to live outside of time
But that's outside Capital's memory line

Did it work
Or just hurt
We all want to know

Did it work
Or just hurt
Go on, have a go

Sing, sing
You know the thing
A burning boat or a plane with one wing
Just need to ride
And never arrive
All hail the Age of Cling

Sing, sing
Give in to whim
It's never too late to begin
Decades decay

Push them away
Embrace the Age of Cling

Sing, sing
Whistle and grin
Try not to think what peril you're in
Don't you let on that
It's not what you want
The future's wearing thin

Just need to ride
And never arrive
Muffle the clocks
Keep all out of sight
Sing, sing
Whistle and grin
All hail the Age of Cling