In 95 (Words & Music by Kjetel A Idland)

With sharpened chimes, back In the days
Smoking hasj, under the trees
Darkened times, puppeteers
This Is a song from when we were young

Even when the lights go out at night
Messing with the heights & dazed insights
Even when the lights go out at night
At night

With same chimes we went on a trip
Freedom come, freedom come
Yeah on the road, back In the days
Smoking & thirst, less than worth
The skies were blue, 100 laughs
Some are still, nothing worth

Even when the lights go out at night
Messing with the heights & dazed insights
Even when the lights go out at night
At night

With sharpened knives as a metaphor
Bittersweet taste for our crooked steps
Sing this song to your precious ones
100 laughs still lingers here
Sing this song another round
Couse some are still, right on a trip

Even when the lights go out at night
Scaring living daylights In the night
Even when the lights go out at night
We will be right there at your door

Secret chimes
Secret chimes
Secret chimes
Secret chimes