

So Long, Soldier

All Time Low

Back in '95
a little boy from just outside of London
took a fated trip across the ocean..
And little did he know
that he would find
is voice in verse and chorus,
Making wishes on his broken stereo.

Can't shake the noise from his bones.
Hear it all play out in distant echoes.

So long soldier, cruise controller.
Satellite trajectory guide us into reverie
and come down to voice a generation.

Late 2005,
the boy's got plans as crazy as his friends
They take their chances driving west alone
Give 'em six more years
And see what time will do
for hopeless dreamers
Singing wishes to their broken stereo.

You can't shake the noise from his bones.
Hear it all play out in distant echoes.

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