

Some Came Running

Bane

out on the road little boys let their beards grow
oh so busy talking about the things that we don't know
all done worrying about the things we used to be
(i'm too busy finding out what i'm gonna be)
and finding weapons of mass destruction
to combat this boredom that claws at my eyes, my ears
no longer can i worry about whether these words
have touched you or failed you
fuck, you're too busy bitching about
clothes that do not fit
"so play the violins"
i'll keep getting in the van
worry about money for the rest of my life
just so that you can have this to talk about
our time is to spend time with you
and if you don't want it well that's fine too
walk right out that door
this room was growing cold with you
this room that is my home
and i cannot
and i must not
and i will not
let clean shaven boys that all look the same
toss hand grenades into this my faith