

We're all going to hell,
And I mean that in the best possible way.
For the second time in my young life
I put holes in hopes the size of days.
There's a new scene rising through these streets
And it's got more friends than me
So with a hole in my heart the size of a notebook,
I'll let you see through my for free.
We don't sleep around here anymore.
Don't Sleep. Dream.
Scrawled on every gaze from chain link island street corners
From too familiar liquor stores to these cold wrong island shores.
So let's hear it for living your life until you can't anymore.
Like it's always the darkest before dawn
And I was at my darkest for dawn.
But now it's me and luck, best friends and dunk again
And we're all going to hell.
And what I mean to say is that I mean that in the best possible
way
So let's hear it for living your whole life until your dead from it.
But it's worth dying on a steady diet of punk rock, alcohol and
friends.
So let's hear it for living your whole life like life itself
Owes you one more night on the town.
Next time I come around
I'm bringing souvenirs
Cause it's pretty clear it's not enough just to write it down.
DON'T SLEEP! DREAM!