

Boys Will Be Boys

Every Avenue

We saw the summer night,
We drank down the sober sky
Left our mark into the concrete
Burned up all our tires sleeping
Words flow as we are fading
Watch the canvas become our painting
Not all roads lead to Rome
'Cause this one leads to the hell back home

Oh oh, this is what we do.
Oh oh, this is what we do.

You can say, it's wasted ignorance.
But we're okay, just living in the wreckage.
Don't you get the wrong impression
It's just business with the worst intentions

We felt the floor fall out
And, well, I guess it's too late now
Guess we'll just count our losses
Fix it no matter what the cost is

Lie down with a view
Fell asleep on top of the roof
Remember when the sky turned orange
Or was it black the night before?

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