

Our story starts when I was fourteen years old:
my friends and I snuck out for our first punk show.
We stuffed our beds and stole my sister's car,
and spent the whole way there playing our air guitars.
I had no clue what I was getting myself into.

A few years later, met some guys in a rock band,
picked up a keyboard and I started singing.
We wrote some songs and played our local bars
but never would've guessed that we would ever make it this far.
Now and then, I still remember it sinking in.

I called my mom on the way from NC to LA
'cause it helped me to feel close to home.
I told her not to worry, got my best friends with me,
now I'm livin' my life on the road.

Brought back some stories from the places we'd been to
and learned a lot from all the drama we went through.
Then cut a record, started building a name,
got a real fanbase and our first taste of fame.
It's funny how life has a way of just working out.

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We've come a long way since the old days,
and I'm proud to say I wouldn't change anything at all.
'Cause once this road comes to an end,
I'll have the memories of when:
I found it so hard to see but mom tried to believe
that life on the road isn't bad,
'cause sooner or later, we all have to leave,
but I'll never forget my way back.

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