

# Cementville

## Ghost Mice

We knew our stream would lead to a bigger stream  
And eventually the river, and out to the sea  
It never seemed like a possibility  
That we could go beyond our boundaries  
Beyond my mother's screams

We jumped over fences and we cut some down  
As the stream got deeper and winded around  
When we finally made it to it's mouth  
We stood in silence in what we had found  
We were afraid to make a sound

There was this warning, written in red  
This is the land of the cynics, keep out and then his master said  
We should not do this now huh? No we should turn around  
No we should not do this now huh? No we should turn around  
Make some plans then come back and attack

We went to school and we told the gang  
We all met up the next Saturday  
Armed to the team with BB guns, Rambo knives and machetes  
We were a wicked little team

We marched beside the new found stream  
There were an offense on the trees  
We found their club so easily  
We ripped up everything  
We showed no mercy

We painted lightening bolts  
And we left a note to let our enemies know that this war has begun  
We said, you got no rights to post that kind of sign  
This woods does not belong to you or anyone  
And your warnings don't scare us

Because, we move silently  
We hide in the shadows of the trees and we will not be seen  
We can disarm the traps, just set, set our own that you will trip  
Our arrows will fly straighter  
This woods does not belong to anyone, but if it must it will belong to us  
We have won this day, you should know our names  
We are the Gladiators

We made maps, we gave names to all the paths  
We found the place that gave our little town it's name  
It looked like a castle but it was where they made the cement at  
To us it was such a magic place

We made a temple out of wood and we filled it with the bones  
That we found in the woods so people would leave us alone  
We were young, we were dumb, we were having so much fun  
The new kings of the new kingdom

We enjoyed our victory  
We got a message from some one-named Gypsy  
He said your bones do not scare me  
This war's not over and I think that we should meet

The temple, this Friday at 3

I woke up early before school and I ran back to the spot  
It was filled with traps, just like I thought  
I tore them up and left a note and said is this some kind of joke?  
There's much more to us than just old bones  
And the top of the castle is where we would meet next  
This time the time and the place were things that we picked  
We said no weapons, we said no tricks  
We did the best to hide the fact that we were just some little kids  
We were just some little kids

I was scared when I saw him  
He looked much older and I thought that he might be a Vet  
His master climbed the wall and saw he had a rifle hidden on a rope hanging  
in the pit  
We said no weapons and we called him out on it

He didn't know how I could know until he turned around  
His master had climbed up right behind him  
And didn't make a sound  
And we really had him now

We talked for a while with this stranger about the natives of this land,  
Our gangs, and nature  
We got home again  
We didn't know what to think of him  
But it seemed like the war was over and the trees held no more danger  
I was sad to see it go

A few days later I ran in to him alone  
At the place that used to be his old gang's base  
He told me stories of their glory days  
Before his friends grew up or they moved away  
And we decided that day that we would build something  
We would build it together, it would represent our truce  
And as I got to know him, it got easy to see  
That he was just a kid who loved the woods like me  
He was a friend, he was not an enemy

We made our enemies our friends  
We should have never been enemies with them  
We made our enemies our friends  
And our gang got twice as big