

Running With The Boys

Lights

We were kind of feral
Wicked little machines, captains and cavalries
Forming empires in the shade of the trees
Without hesitation
Kings of the forest town, holding the ocean down,
We were half this heavy and twice this loud

So turn up the noise
Dress to the nines
Running with the boys
Your hand in mine
Singing every song, loving every line
'Til the night is gone
Just like the old times

Was what you made it
We had our friends around, all the images and sounds
superimposed into all the backgrounds
Used to be clumsy
Lost in a thousand ways, captivated by the craze,
Those were hands down my favorite days.

So turn up the noise
Dress to the nines
Running with the boys
Your hand in mine
Singing every song, loving every line
'Til the night is gone
Just like the old times

Suspicion wasn't in our heads,
It was only underneath the beds
Saline eyes didn't have to hide
They were always open way too wide

So turn up the noise
Dress to the nines
Running with the boys
Your hand in mine
Singing every song, loving every line
'Til the night is gone
Just like the old times

Just like the old times
Again just the like the old times
We're gonna have it all