

(Motor) Way Of Life

Lower Than Atlantis

Tank full,
Open road,
Sat Nav programmed,
Let's go!
Speakers scream,
Siamese Dream,
The conversation flows.

And we are miles away
From the place where we're playing,
We won't abide by the law,
We are lads on tour.

Poor diet,
No sleep,
Queue at the merch - ten deep.
Really tired, grubby guys making memories to keep.

And we are miles away
From the place where we're playing,
We won't abide by the law,
We are lads on tour.

And we're going to play the roof off of the venue,
And I'm going to sing until my lungs collapse,
There's nothing more that I want when in this moment,
This is my calling so I'll answer it.

And we are miles away
From the place where we're playing,
We won't abide by the law,
We are lads on tour.