

No Belts

Lower Than Atlantis

Our shoes are scuffed, our shirts are torn.
No belts to hold up our jeans and the knees are worn.
But we're still alright, still going out tonight.

This van is falling apart,
I hope we make it to the show before our set starts.

We get to play every day, it's our dream and we're stoked.
Got no money in the bank, doesn't matter that we're broke.
We don't have jobs and we don't want them.

No, we won't stay at home.
We've got debt up to our eyeballs and we won't be told.
The game we play, is a dangerous game.
We're playing our lives away.

We won't be told.