

Cowboys Pirates Musketeers

Milow

In the summers of our innocence
We rode our skateboards hopped the fence
Fishing poles and earth worms in a tin
We were flying kites and skipping stones
Playing Indiana Jones
With scraped up arms and knees and sunburnt skin
We built a tree house we were young
We didn't care if we got stung
So we kept batting beehives just for fun
With our walkie talkies in our hand
And codes no one could understand
It was one for all and all for one

In those summer nights we'd sneak outside
Our bottle rockets lit the sky
Our sling shot aimed at lizards, birds and toads
We were cowboys, pirates, musketeers
And In our backpacks we would smuggle beers
We jumped into the river with no clothes
We were climbing walls in cut off jeans
And looked at dirty magazines
At night wet dreams, then blue balls in the sun
So with bows and arrows in our hands
And codes no one could understand
It was one for all and all for one

In the summers of our innocence
The world was small and still made sense
But time flies and we just turned 31
By the time that you turn 32
Darkness starts to follow you
But we won't surrender like in that Springsteen song
So with our guitars in our hands
And codes that no one understands
It's still one for all and all for one