

Just A Boy

Mojave 3

Don't it make you feel good
when the world spins another way
and it's all in your head
And every little thing thing she said
is a call to arms?
A vote for the underclass-yeah, the underdog

Still holding fast

And I don't talk much, no
I don't think much, no
I'm just a boy who hangs around
I keep my eyes clean, yeah
I keep my nose clean, yeah
Just a boy who hangs around

I hear you calling
Don't you know I'm falling?
I keep my back to the world
And Rita takes time to say it's all right
She always had some time to steal

A summer of hate,
no holy crusade, and the wars on TV
are lost on me-yeah, they're lost on you
The battles we fight are all our own,
they're shabby and light and stupid and sad
They're all we have

Yeah, they're all we have

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