

The Roof

New Bomb Turks

It's back to nature, boys.
It's back to town.
Back to where we grew up down.
Back to what comes natural to us,
like sucking up car exhaust.

Killing time and climbing of the roof.
This roof looks over everything.
We can look north, south or east, or west,
but never see anything.

I lose my mind, I lose control.
I take the stairs when I can take no more.
Killing time and climbing up the roof again.

So we stand there daring to jump off,
but stand still anyway.
The late summer wind zips right past us,
but we ain't going anywhere.

The sunset clouds look lovely, that's for sure.
But it's more fun watching bottles bust.
The rain feels cool, it might just clean us yet,
but not before the city rusts