

The Pizza Song

The Bouncing Souls

On a dark street, on a cold night
Pizza's cooking in a storefront oven
On the corner a boy is waiting
The moonlight feels cold and desperate

Some hidden sadness has bound down
Attention lives all over town
Ready to burst open into driving, burning exploding sound

If these walls could sing, they'd sing us a hundred songs
And if these walls could talk, they'd say they'd seen it coming
all along, all along

Tony's making slice pies for the lunch rush
Stirring the sauce pounding out the dough
His brother left town with his girl
She ain't his girl no more

And some days they seem to never end
So mundane in this old town
Ready to burst open into driving, burning exploding sound.

If these walls could sing, they'd sing us a hundred songs
And if these walls could talk, they'd say they'd seen it coming
all along, all along

May all these walls we've made in our wasted years and days
Not stand in our way that we may feel the winds of change, change

If these walls could sing, they'd sing us a hundred songs
And if these walls could talk, they'd say they'd seen it coming
all along, all along