

Misfits and Lovers

The Wallflowers

We wrote our names on the last day of summer
On the insides of each other hands
With empty cans and walls of graffiti
The kind just kids understand
It's not glass or the wires at our feet
That gets us dancing this way
It's the backbeat of these hearts that don't feel the world
That is slipping away

This overpass wasn't made for going down south
For them coming in or us getting out
A temple of concrete that sits
With losers and orphans under it
It's full of misfits and lovers that just need the cover that it give
s
Be counted on and counted in

The well is dry bags are full of grass
There's bottle caps in the rocks
It's louder than you thought and the best kinds of trouble
Happen when the gate is locked

This overpass wasn't made for going out west
For taking a shot or placing your bets
A temple of concrete that sits
With losers and orphans under it
It's full of misfits and lovers that just need the cover that it give
s
Be counted on and counted in

Counted in

It's not the hustle or the high that doesn't last
The dead leaves or the cheap romance
It's not the pills or the punches they pack
It's the magic that brings us back

This overpass wasn't made for going up north
For Taking a seat and going back and forth
A temple of concrete that sits
With losers and orphans under it
It's full of misfits and lovers that just need the cover that it give
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Be counted on and counted in

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