

## 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 gives  
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 gives  
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 gives  
Be counted on and counted in

Misfits And Lovers...Be counted on and counted in  
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Misfits And Lovers...Just need the cover that it gives  
Be counted on and counted in