

# BB Guns And Dirt Bikes

The White Buffalo

We were ridin' out  
With heads in the sky  
We were ten and twelve and thirteen  
We got BB guns and dirt bikes  
And heads full of crowded dreams

We always won  
In the hot suburban sun  
We were kings of the west side track  
These new kids over cross Slater Street  
Comin' on like a heart attack

Mama says  
Where are ya going?  
And when will you be comin' home?  
With my brother and my memory  
I'll bring my history home

Sealed with piss and with pride  
through the streets we would ride  
Over cracks in the dirt and weeds  
We'd best be home by supertime  
Just in time to craft a scheme

If you've got my back  
Here's the plan of attack  
Listen up if you would boys please  
We'll hit these pussies 'round midnight  
And roll off like a band of thieves

With quiverin' eyes  
And our fear in disguise  
We gathered all that would burn in the breeze  
We hit the asphalt howlin' like hellfire  
Had no time to get weak in the knees

Under the cover of night  
When the timing was right  
Like a furious army of three  
We'd light up the sky like the fourth of July  
And race home like it was a dream

And Mama yells  
Where have ya been?  
And where the hell are ya comin' from?  
With my brother and my memory  
I'll bring my victory home  
With my brother and my memory  
I'll bring my history home