

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 suppertime
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