

# The Bastards, The Vultures, The Wolves

The Wonder Years

I'm angry like I'm 18 again  
And walls are closing in  
But the bastards, and the vultures,  
All want pieces of what's left  
We built this out of sweat and spit  
With our hearts in place of brick  
But I'll burn it to the ground  
Before you get your hands on it

So bury me at sea  
(Let's pretend it's all a bad dream)  
Let me get some sleep  
(We'll deal with it in the morning)

I'm waking up to gospel radio  
From sleeping with my clothes on  
I ended up as food for wolves  
For trying to take the world on  
I'm wondering where you would be without me  
Where you would be without me  
Where you would be without me  
Where you would be

I know I was an angry kid  
But I scraped and scratched for this  
Now I'm stuck holding a bomb  
With a fuse that's still lit  
They'll never let me rest again  
And yeah I came out swinging  
But I'm still walking out with two black eyes and a split lip

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(Let's pretend it's all a bad dream)  
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Jake says I got good intentions  
And I said that I hope he's right  
Cause I've been burning every bridge  
That I can fucking find tonight  
The devil's got a rifle on my front porch  
With me in his sights  
He knows I came looking for a fight

I came here looking for a fight  
I came here looking for a fight  
I came here looking for a fight

I came here  
(5x)