

Van Beers

Tiny Moving Parts

I see a sunset fade into the haze
Of a dim lit cigarette you roll to smoke and call it a day.

We have poor hygiene far from clean but never felt so pure.
We reek a fresh sweat and stale beer.
It smells like paradise here

When we grow up we may lose touch,
But we gotta stay strong because we're so young.
Please stay strong!

All we know are these highway roads.
Sketchy parking lots we consider our homes.
I know it sounds crazy, yet
We fall hard asleep, it's rare that we worry
We're only here until we are gone
So somebody will you tell me what's the hurry?

Fingers crossed that the cops don't come,
And I'm 100% positive
That we'll never find all the empty cans
Under the van seats.

We're too busy sharing stories
And laughing about how boring
Any situation can be
If there is nobody trying to make the best of everything.

Enough is never quite enough,
Unless we cherish what is given to us.
Oh dear what you love for fear of us.

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