

Roundabout

Tsunami Bomb

1 A.M., the club is closing down. It's been a long day
We're on a great big road trip from coast to coast
The map is in our hands, wave goodbye and off we go
Tell you what we wanna do
This adventure is our history, we're out here on our own

Whoa, here we go
We'll never get there, we'll never get there
If we didn't, who would care?

6 A.M., the sky is turning light. Wish I could go home
LA to Salt Lake in one long night
The sun is coming up but my body feels cold inside
What am I doing?
This adventure is our history, we're out here on our own

Then there are times when
I feel so alone and no one knows who I am
Then there are times when
The only thing I wish for is a friend
Then there are times when
The kids we meet mean more to us
Than we ever thought they could

Whoa, here we go
We'll never get there, we'll never get there
If we didn't, who would care?

Driving all day, driving all night
Asking for direction, should've taken right
Sleeping on the floor, driving through the snow
A sweaty, smoky venue at every single show
El Diablo is our home ooo
Still one question: where'd the time go?

Whoa, here we go
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If we didn't, who would care?

Whoa, here we go
We'll never get there, we'll never get there
If we didn't, who would care?