

411

"Buscemi"

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It's these shaking walls and the sound and the roar that brings us all to life, ten years used to take so much more but that's alright. It's these old ideals of the hearts that still keep beating in 4/4, those restless and reckless souls that live forever in the heartwood of a song. Those hearts still beat so incomplete, so sorry but I'm not waiting to die. But the world keeps turning and we'll keep it tight tonight. It's a humid night and singing to the sky and knowing we can never die with the midnight special and a dream that started moving in 1989. And the suburbs throw up their light like groundburst stars and the sound of breaking bottles will be our applause. It's shivering through nights and it's shaking nights away, it's a broken watch and voice and old pair of shoes. So we're gonna hold on now we're gonna let the fever explode to keep up with the rhythm and stay down with the blues. So when all the stories have been told and the lesson shave been learned and all the punks are ready to meet the saints, you'll see, it's just empty pockets now and it's walking all night long and the voices that still chant s-t-a-y f-a-s-t

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