

## **Bombs Over Providence "Broken Records"**

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Well, it was all roses and wine circa 1999.  
Back when my mentors spoke through headphones  
and my victories all had soundtracks.  
I'm only getting back there just today  
By the good graces of those to whom I ache to say  
"Thanks for playing the way you play."

"cause all I stand for are these broken records.  
And all I stand for are these broken records.

You know what? Screw the kids.  
Screw the battles I won't win due to the condescending  
ways by which I try to promote change.  
Because when all is said, My heroes are all dead,  
Save for those precious few who stayed as strong as  
the backbones of their protest songs.

Just when that needle hits the groove, walls shake,  
floors break, this body moves.  
The smoky nightclubs are where I grew in 4/4 time.  
Revolt, resist, and press repeat, I'm fighting with my  
tapping feet.  
This time, this song, they're mine.  
The local halls where I grew a spine.

I came alive again tonight watching the great blow  
minds  
Simply by taking the time to convince us we're in a  
mismatches fight.  
You know I wouldn't change a thing.  
To have grown up this way, nothing will ever be the  
same, nor could I go back to quieter days.

Just when that needle hits the groove, walls shake,  
floors break, this body moves.  
The smoky nightclubs are where I grew up in 4/4 time.  
Revolt, resist, and press repeat, I'm fighting with my  
tapping feet.  
This time, this song, they're mine.  
The local halls where I grew a spine.  
And heart. And eyes. And a tongue to cut 'em all down  
to size.

You must excuse these tired lines, but they've always  
suited me fine.  
I get what it means to gamble hard, to flirt with losing  
all but heart.  
Got a dancehall putsch? Hey, you know I'm in it.  
All for 78 revolutions a minute.

Just when that needle hits the groove, walls shake,  
floors break, this body moves.  
The smoky nightclubs are where I grew up in 4/4 time.  
Revolt, resist, and press repeat, I'm fighting with my  
tapping feet.  
This time, this song, they're mine.  
The local halls where I grew a spine.  
And heart. And eyes. And a tongue to cut 'em all down  
to size.

This time, this song, they're mine, all mine.  
They're ours.

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