

## **Crawling With Kings**

### **"The Boss"**

Visit "[The Boss](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The wind blows so cold through the streets tonight  
Stepping outside of the taxi that drops us downtown.  
I'll play the man with you by my side  
And you'll play the little lady who needs me around.  
I'm around.

Enter the first bar we see to get our heads on right.  
The smell stings like desperation, lite beer and  
perfume.  
And you raise your voice and say, "This ain't my tribe."  
We'll then hurry up darlin and finish your drink,  
anyplace will do.

Then the Boss comes over the stereo singing  
something about Vietnam  
And the frat boys yell for the USA, they think it's a rally  
song

They'd never suspect something is wrong.  
Something is wrong.

Further down the road we're feeling more at home  
And everyone I see looks like me and they're likely to  
be  
Feeling so completely alone with their friends so near  
And the beer light lights up the lead singer who's  
words I can't hear

And their song comes over the blown PA you know it's  
something about living to die.  
The bassist looks like Dylan in '68 and you ask me is  
everyone high.  
I can't look you straight in the eye.

Visit [Crawling With Kings](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.