

Birds of Tokyo

"Broken Bones"

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Salute the army at hells hand,
Salute the reasons why...

My conscience it wades me,
With five-a-side,
I'll never get out,
I'll never make my stand.

And when I awake,
I'm not about to listen to them,
For I can't wait,
It's not about me.

Stare down the longest line,
Of course this is falling apart,
You fooled me like a rat trap baited,
But I, refuse to bite.

I'm shell-shocked and I've lost my sight.
But I can still hear you calling me.

And when I awake,
I'm not about to listen to them,
For I can't wait,
I'm not about to listen to...

I'm on a highway that leads to the end,
I'm on a highway that leads to the end,
I'm on a highway that leads to the end,
I'm on a highway that leads to...

These broken bones,
This busted smile,
My head it hurts,
I should be leaving now.
I hear your words,
They call my name,
I won't go back,
You must be outta your head.

You say I'm wrong,

You say I'm mad,
If I stay here,
I'll never make it back.
I hear your words,
They call my name,
I won't go back,
You must be outta your head,
You must be outta your head.

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