

Every Avenue "Boys Will Be Boys"

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We saw the summer night
We drank down the sober sky
Left our mark into the concrete
Burned up all our tires sleeping

Words flow as we are fading
Watch the canvas become our painting
Not all roads lead to Rome
'Cause this one leads to the hell back home and

Oh oh, this is what we do
Oh oh, this is what we do

You can say, it's wasted ignorance
But we're okay, just living in the wreckage
Don't you get the wrong impression
It's just business with the worst intentions

We felt the floor fall out
And well, I guess it's too late now
Guess that we'll just count our losses
Fix it no matter what the cost is

Lie down with a view
Fell asleep on top of the roof
Remember when the sky turned orange
Or was it black the night before?

Oh oh, this is what we do
Oh oh, this is what we do, whoa

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But we're okay, just living in the wreckage
Don't you get the wrong impression
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