

For Our Hero "Curtain Calls On Walkabouts"

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I wished away the bloody nose
Covered up the bruises
Sure I have my doubts but fathers so proud
He pats me on the back and sits me down
Says "good boy, you blew them out all by yourself"

The school-yards changing,
(keep you blurry)
The fist-fights samey
(an' headached heads a rolling)
I'm throwing punches
Your drop-drop-dropping again

Put tickets on me
I'll only keep'em to fly us home
The mic rings hollow:
This'll be my year
Check me in
The curtain-calls on walkabouts
Most of us are on the bench
Just itching to get back in

Give us something to write home about
Before I bluff another get-well to myself
Tell mama i'm a dreamer,
And father i'm a sinner
Don't bother with the in betweens

Fell in love with the lazy winners,
Kickin back our teens

Put tickets on me
I'll only keep'em to fly us home
The mic rings hollow
This'll be my year
Check me in
The curtain-calls on walkabouts
Most of us are on the bench
Just itching to get back in

Da da da da da

Put tickets on me
I'll only keep'em to fly us home
The mic rings hollow
This'll be my year
Check me in
The curtain-calls on walkabouts
Most of us are on the bench
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