

## For Our Hero "Tell 'Em They're Dreaming"

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I'm just a boy in an empty city  
With vintage (mama) misery,  
A one night (ohoh) odyssey,  
So give my head a minute to get outta' living  
And broken bone you're so alone  
You just need that suede suit of skin to take you home  
Cause tonight you look like you could  
But you know you won't

Good luck kid i tip my head  
And hope, hope, hope you don't, don't need it  
Playing two-up on your window sill  
With a bitter, bitter, bitter, pill

Just one floor from a let down  
Hoping that your a hit enough to break my fall  
If only for the fame  
His dearest catch of the (dada) day late  
Well I've been told  
"you make this town feel old"  
The worst part's I already know  
I'm just a waistcoat with a peachy grin gathering dust  
on your bedroom floor

Good luck kid i tip my head  
And hope, hope, hope you don't, don't need it  
Playing two-up on your window sill  
With a bitter, bitter, bitter, pill

(uhuh)  
Toss a coin  
Fall in line  
With everything everyone's ever said about you  
You're an over night success story without the stars  
Blowing-off smoke from all the wrong pipes

Good luck kid i tip my head  
And hope, hope, hope you don't, don't need it  
Playing two-up on your window sill  
With a bitter, bitter, bitter, pill

Good luck kid i tip my head

And hope, hope, hope you don't, don't need it  
Playing two-up on your window sill  
With a bitter, bitter, bitter, pill

iwanttostayyoungwithyou.  
Bedtime boys singing silly ploys -  
Anything for a shot at the big time  
Or a little nightlife through our veins  
So waste your wishes on weightless dreams  
(with me)

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