

# Get Cape Wear Cape Fly "The Chronicles Of A Bohemian Teenager (Part One)"

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I am stuck in minor chords  
I've been here once before  
With environmental echoes  
By your baggage on my floor  
So get over here  
Lets grab ourselves another beer  
Drink until tomorrow to forget that we're stil alive.

Drinking to forget  
Somehow breaths regrets  
And disillusion faces upon friends we've sledom met  
I do believe that my  
Self-constructed alibi  
Is cracking under pressure whilst I'm breaking on the  
inside

I'm sick of making a show  
I'm sick of sitting with my hands trapped falling down  
my back  
And telling people I know  
More than they needed to know  
And this song is more, than the self indulgant rantings,  
closure for the times that have let you down  
You know I need you around

Well I'm still here,  
Long overdue,  
But I finally found a home that's new

So this ones for the friends  
If not so for themselves  
And this new lifes directing us  
Remind us in a town  
You made us feel at home  
Broken backs on floors of stone  
But I'd rather wake there any day  
Than wake up here alone

Ba ba ba ba ba x6

So this ones for the friends

If not so for themselves  
And this new lifes directing us  
Remind us in a town  
You made us feel at home  
Broken backs on floors of stone  
But I'd rather wake there any day  
Than wake up here alone

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